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TREE- AND PILLAR-WORSHIP.

BY REV. H. J. DUKINFIELD ASTLEY, M.A., F.R.HIST.S.,
F.R.S.L.

[Read January 28th, 1903.]

No apology, I feel sure, is needed for bringing before the members of this Society the subject with which the following pages are to deal ; for, although it is not one which can perhaps be called “literary,” I shall yet hope to treat it in a “literary” manner, such as may make it worthy of attention ; and it is, moreover, one which bulks large, if not in modern, yet in all ancient literature, more especially in the mythology and folklore of the past, and in that of primitive peoples to-day. One aspect of the subject also, I may remind you, has been already brought before this Society in the learned and exhaustive paper, entitled “Dendrophoria,” by Dr. Phené.

My range to-night extends over wider limits both of time and space, and, so far as is possible in one paper, I shall endeavour to do something more than merely touch the fringe of a vast subject. It is my purpose to co-ordinate its various branches, and from customs surviving in a mutilated and half-hearted fashion, more particularly within our own Islands, to deduce the origin and meaning of “Tree-worship” in the past. The subject is one which touches both anthropology and folklore, and in both these aspects it is worthy of consideration by the members of a learned Society such as this.

Tree-worship has indeed been very fully explored, from the point of view of both anthropology and folklore, by many modern writers, and I can do little more than make use of their investigations, and, from an archæological point of view, plead for the continuance and revival of customs which, stripped of their old pagan associations, are innocent and harmless enough in themselves, and of real practical advantage to the community. Bastian, in 'Der Baum,' and Mannhardt in his 'Baumkultus,' have gathered a vast store of facts from all parts of the world, which prove the universal prevalence of "Tree-worship" among primitive peoples in all ages, and of the facts collected by them Mr. Frazer makes large use in 'The Golden Bough,' as also does Prof. Tylor in his 'Primitive Culture.' The latter adduces the facts to support his theory of primitive "animism;" the former carries the investigation further, and, by means of his demonstration of the idea of the "Tree-spirit," enters the region of Polytheism.

Bötticher has written a long and elaborate treatise on 'Tree-worship among the Greeks,' and Dr. Arthur Evans, by his wonderful discoveries in Crete, has demonstrated the existence of the same worship among the Cretans of the Mycenæan and pre-Mycenæan ages. To these I shall refer more fully in the course of my argument. Our investigation to-night is more especially concerned with what may be learnt as to primitive Tree-worship from its relics among ourselves, and we shall only make use of the wider researches of the writers named, and of others who have dealt with the subject, to illustrate the fact that customs still to be found in England

and Scotland and Ireland to-day go to prove the truth that so universal a form of worship has its roots deep in the mystic past of our race. These customs, floating like wastrels on the sea of time, meaningless in themselves, and apparently confused and shapeless, are yet full of instruction as to the origin and significance of Tree-worship to the careful observer. As long as they are regarded separately and apart their meaning is hidden—each one, like the Cyclops in Virgil, if the illustration may be used, is just “*monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum* ;” as it is with the facts of natural science, so it is with the facts of anthropology and folklore: arrangement and co-ordination cause the light to spring forth.

Few, for example, would at first sight associate the customs connected with May Day and the Vernal Festival with “Tree- and Pillar-worship,” at least in its most primitive form. They have been explained as survivals of the old *Floralia* of the Romans, without, at least until recently, any attempt being made to carry the investigation any further back into the dim past of our race; and yet, when they are examined with attention, they will be found to be eloquent of the old worship of trees, with which was intimately connected, though as a later development, the worship of pillars, whether of wood or stone—a worship which has come down to us from Neolithic ancestors as it did to the Babylonians, Canaanites (from whom it passed to the Israelites), Cretans, Greeks, and Romans of old.

The customs connected with May Day are too well known to be described in detail. A general account

will suffice, together with certain pregnant details drawn from separate localities. In their later development, as they were practised down to the days of our fathers, and are still in some quiet country villages not yet disturbed by the whistle of the locomotive or the hum of the motor-car, these customs consisted in the gathering of the villagers on the green in the early morning. There they proceeded to erect, in the centre of the green, the May-pole. This was a tall young sapling from the forest, stripped of boughs and leaves, but gaily decked instead with garlands of flowers, and hung with many-hued ribbons and strips of coloured paper. Round this the young people, carrying branches, the maidens also crowned with garlands, danced to the strains of lively music, and the rite was not complete until one maiden, chosen as the fairest of them all, was proclaimed Queen of the May.

This is merely a rough generalisation. We will now look at some details belonging to the celebration, taken from places in our own country in which they may be found still extant.

In a paper read before the British Archæological Association in 1899 by Mr. Chas. Dack the following interesting account is given of old May-day customs at Peterborough, together with examples of the May Songs, and these may be compared with the customs in other parts of Northants described in the 'East Anglian' for April, 1902 :

May Day is still a great day with children ; from early in the morning till the afternoon you see groups of children carrying garlands carefully covered with a white cloth. These garlands are made with hoops and half-hoops, gaily

decorated with flowers, foliage, ribbons and coloured paper, and in the centre, generally, the best doll to be had. The structure is fastened to a pole, and two girls carry it. The little girls are gaily dressed in their Spring clothes, with wreaths of tissue-paper roses and streamers on their heads, and also coloured tissue-paper trimmings and streamers on their dresses. Then there are their attendants, also similarly dressed; but the most important is the young lady who carries the money-box, who is keenly watched by several pairs of interested eyes. They come round to the various houses, and when the door opens they begin to sing their songs (several of which I have copied), and uncover the garland, and the money-box is rattled. Generally, the doorway is filled with all the family, and a penny is usually given, and off the party trudge to the next house and the performance is continued; sometimes, for a larger gratuity, more verses will be sung. In the afternoon their mothers take the money, and a high tea is provided; and, if fine, the children still sport their finery, and a very pleasant evening is spent.

On old May Day the custom is repeated; but it depends for its success upon the state of the weather on May 1st.

May-day Garland Songs.

I.

Good morrow, Lords and Ladies!

It is the first of May,

We hope you'll view our garlands,

They are so bright and gay.

Chorus—To the greenwoods we will go,

To the greenwoods we will go,

To the greenwoods we will go, go, go,

To the greenwoods we will go.

This bunch of May it looks so gay,
 Before your door it stands ;
 It is but a sprout, but it's well spread out
 By the work of our Lord's hands.
 Chorus—To the greenwoods, etc.

The cuckoo sings in April,
 The cuckoo sings in May,
 The cuckoo sings in June ;
 In July she flies away.
 Chorus—To the greenwoods, etc.

II.

Come, see our new garland,
 So green and so gay ;
 'Tis the firstfruits of spring
 And the glory of May.
 Here are cowslips and daisies,
 And hyacinths blue,
 Here are buttercups bright,
 And anemones too ;
 Here are pansies weary,
 And hawthorn so sweet,
 And the violets fragrant
 Together do meet.
 But yet there's no garland
 That we may entwine,
 Like the garland of virtue
 Entwinèd divine.

III.

Awake, awake, good people all,
 Awake, and you shall hear ;
 Awake, awake, lift up your voice,
 And pray to God in fear.
 Hallelujah ! to the Lamb, who died on Mount Calvary,
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! to the Lamb.

A bunch of May have I brought you,
 Before your door it stands;
 It's only a sprout, but well spread about
 By the work of our Lord's hands.
 Hallelujah! to the Lamb, who died on Mount Calvary,
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to the Lamb.

Take the Bible in your hands,
 And read the Scriptures through,
 And when the Day of Judgment comes,
 The Lord will think of you.
 Hallelujah! to the Lamb, who died on Mount Calvary,
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to the Lamb.

I have a purse within my pocket,
 It's lined with silk and string,
 And all I want is silver now
 To line it well within.
 Hallelujah! to the Lamb, who died on Mount Calvary,
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to the Lamb.

It is also sung with this chorus:

And a Maying we will go.
 And a Maying we will go, go, go.

IV.

Remember us poor Mayers all,
 And hear how we begin
 To lead our lives in righteousness,
 For fear we die in sin.

For if we die, and die in sin,
 The Lord will to us say,
 "Begone, begone, you wicked ones,
 For I know not your way."

Here I've been wandering all the night,
 And almost all the day;
 And just returned back again,
 And brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May I've brought you here,
Before your door to stand ;
It's but a sprout, but it's well spread about,
For it's the work of our Lord's hand.

The fields and meadows are so green,
As green as any leek ;
And our heavenly Father waters them
With His heavenly dew so sweet.

Here is a well where water flows
To quench the heat of sin ;
There is a tree where knowledge grows—
Lord, lead our lives therein.

Awake, awake, my pretty maid,
Out of your drowsy dream ;
And step into your dairy room
And fetch a bowl of cream.

If not a bowl of your good cream,
A mug of your strong beer ;
For the Lord doth know where we shall be
To be merry another year.

Now take your Bible in your hand
And read your chapter through ;
And when the Day of Judgment comes,
The Lord will remember you.

And now my song is almost done,
No longer can I stay ;
God bless you all, both great and small,
I wish you a joyful May.
And I hope you'll find your money-box
Before we go away.

A variant of these Northants verses is found at Abingdon, in Berks, where the young people

formerly went about in groups on May morning singing a carol, of which the following are two of the verses :

We've been rambling all the night,
And some time of this day ;
And now returñing back again,
We bring a garland gay.

A garland gay we bring you here,
And at your door we stand ;
It is a spront well budded out,
The work of our Lord's hand.

At Narborough, in Norfolk, down to twenty years ago, on May-day morning the boys and girls of the village used to gather. A donkey-cart was procured, in which was placed a large cartwheel, and into the hub of the wheel was placed erect a gaily decorated pole. Streamers of ribbons hung from the top, which the children held, and a boy rode in the cart to drive the donkey. As they went through the village they danced round the cart singing :

It was Nature's fine gay [? gala] day,
And a bright smiling May Day,
When the lads and the lasses tripped lightly away ;
'Twas then that he wooed me,
'Twas then he subdued me,
And promised me more than I venture to say.
etc., etc.

Money was collected, which was afterwards spent in a feast for the children, and dances were held on the green in the evening.

At the villages of Saffron Walden and Debden, in Essex, on the 1st of May little girls go about in

parties from door to door singing songs almost identical with the above and carrying garlands; a doll dressed in white is usually placed in the middle of each garland. Similar customs have been and still are observed, as Mr. Frazer says, in various parts of England, and to his exhaustive list I would here refer. Northampton, Uttoxeter, Watford, Abingdon, the village of Bampton-in-the-Bush, Oxon., Sevenoaks, Cambridge, Salisbury, all figure in his catalogue of English examples, to say nothing of his list of places in all parts of Europe where this custom exists, in essence one and the same, but everywhere with local variants. The garlands are generally in the form of hoops intersecting each other at right angles. These hoops are covered with any wild flowers in season, and are further ornamented with ribbons. Sometimes the garlands are fastened to the end of a stick carried perpendicularly, sometimes they hang from the middle of a stick borne horizontally by two children.

In Northants also a young tree ten or twelve feet high used to be planted before each house on May Day so as to appear growing. An ancient custom, still retained by the Cornish, is that of decking their doors and porches on May 1st with green boughs of sycamore and hawthorn, and of planting trees, or, rather, stumps of trees, before their houses. The town of Helston, in Cornwall, had, and I believe still has, a custom peculiar to itself, which, however, took place on May 8th, instead of on the 1st, that is, on the octave of the May-day Festival. I saw it myself some twenty years ago. At a very early hour in the morning a party of

men and boys go into the country, and return about 7 o'clock, bearing green branches, and announcing in a very melancholy ditty that "winter is gone, and that they have been to the merry greenwood to fetch home summer in its place." Having perambulated the town and accepted money from all who will give, they retire from the scene, and the town, for the remainder of the morning, is enlivened by the continuous arrival of carriages from the country and neighbouring towns, bringing visitors to take part in the coming gaiety.

At 1 p.m. a large party of ladies and gentlemen, in summer garments, and lavishly adorned with flowers, gather opposite the Town Hall, and, preceded by a band of music, begin a peculiar kind of dance called "the furry," first tripping on in a double row, and then, at a change in the tune, wheeling round in couples. These evolutions are not confined to the street; for, here and there, where the doors have been thrown open, the dancers enter the houses, band and all, pass through the courts and gardens, and may presently be seen coming out by another door, if the house has more than one, than that by which they entered. In this way they traverse the whole town, presenting an appearance as gay as it is unusual, especially while winding through some of the very beautiful gardens for which this town is celebrated, and which at this season, the lilacs and laburnums being in full flower, are arranged in their showiest livery. Later in the day other parties go through the same performances, and it is not till quite late at night that the little town returns to its wonted quiet.

This custom is of immemorial antiquity, and it may be noted that the air played while the dancing is going on is still traditional in Wales and Brittany, countries inhabited by the same race as the Cornish, and carrying back the celebration, therefore, to at least a time when the forefathers of these three peoples were the dominant race in Gaul and Britain.

The custom of erecting a Maypole was at one time universal in England and on the Continent, though in some parts of the latter the pole was not erected till June 23rd, the Eve of St. John. This is the case in Sweden, in Bohemia, and also in the Basque country round Bayonne. In this last the erection of the pole is associated with two other customs, to which I will only allude here—the lighting of the great bonfires, the Beltan, at night, into and over which the cattle are driven, and round which the youths and maidens join hands and dance, from time to time themselves passing through the fire. In this scene of wild barbaric festivity, picturesque and interesting beyond measure, I have myself taken part. The other custom was that which survives in one form or another in many localities, that young maidens should arise at the earliest dawn on Midsummer morning, and, passing swiftly and silently from the house *in statu naturæ*, should bathe in the dew-covered, sun-flecked grass of the meadow, after which, provided no eye had seen them, they would be sure to secure the husband of their choice in the course of the ensuing year.

A few examples of the May-day Maypole will be sufficient to supplement the general description

previously given. Borlase, the historian of Cornwall, says:—"From towns they make incursions, on May Eve, into the country, cut down a tall elm, bring it to the town with rejoicings, and having fitted a straight taper pole to the end of it, and painted it, erect it in the most public part, and, upon holidays and festivals, dress it with garlands of flowers." In Northumberland, down apparently to near the end of the eighteenth century, young people of both sexes used to go out early on May morning to gather the flowering thorn and the dew off the grass, which they brought home with music and acclamations; then, having dressed a pole on the green with garlands, they danced about it. A syllabub made of warm milk from the cow, sweet cakes, and wine, was prepared for the feast; and a kind of divination to discover who should be wedded first was practised by dropping a marriage ring into the syllabub and fishing for it with a ladle. The mention of the gathering of the thorn and the marriage divination reminds one of the common European custom of placing a green bush on May Day before or on the house of a beloved maiden. In some parts of England this custom took the form of placing a sprig of thorn in the maiden's window, but it should be noted that great care needed to be exercised, for if it should be of *black* thorn instead of *white* (the *real* May) dire disaster was portended, and *white* thorn in bloom is very rare in England on May Day! Mr. Dack describes this custom at Peterborough, with a slight variation in the meaning, as follows:—"On May Day a curious custom was observed: the ardent lover would place a piece of

May in bloom in the window, or the hole of the window-shutter, of the house in which his lady lived; but if there had been a quarrel, a piece of blackthorn was used instead of the May-blossom, so that the neighbours would know the state of affairs." This was a universal European custom, as will be noted later on, although in most places it took the form of putting a green bush in or upon the maiden's dwelling. The usual custom was to bring in a new May tree each year, though in England, in later times, it seems to have been permanent. This was due to forgetfulness of its original meaning.

It will be remembered that in speaking of the May garlands mention was made of a doll in connection therewith. This doll was called the "Lady of the May," and leads us on to the next point—the choice of the fairest maiden to be "Queen of the May;" but before passing to this, the most poetic and romantic part of our subject, we must not forget the procession of leaf-clad mummers, with one specially distinguished at their head, which seems to represent the correlative idea, though in a degraded form, of the "*King* of the May." In England the best known example is the "Jack-in-the green," a chimney-sweep who walks encased in a pyramidal framework of wicker, covered with holly and ivy, and surmounted by a crown of flowers and ribbons. Thus arrayed he dances on May Day at the head of a troop of chimney-sweeps, who collect pence. Chimney-sweeps were probably chosen for the purpose because by May Day the need for fire was supposed to be over, and the sweep

would have no chance of earning money at his trade until the following winter.

As regards the May Queen, she is very familiar to us in England, and is common in France and other parts. In the south-east of Ireland on May Day the prettiest girl used to be chosen Queen of the District for twelve months. She was crowned with wild flowers; feasting, dancing, and rustic sports followed, and were closed by a grand procession in the evening. In some places both a king and queen, or lord and lady, were chosen. I remember when I was at Grenoble in 1873 seeing on the 1st of May a king and queen chosen, and set on a throne in view of the assembled crowd. In England there is a custom at Headington, near Oxford, for each garland to be carried by two girls, followed by a lord and lady,—a boy and girl linked together by a white handkerchief, of which each held an end, and dressed with ribbons, sashes, and flowers. At each door they sang a verse similar to those already quoted, and on receiving money the lord put his arm about the lady's waist and kissed her.

A custom that seems to point simply to the idea of the revival of vegetation in spring was once prevalent in the Highlands of Scotland, and has been thus described:—"Upon the night before Candlemas it is usual, in the Hebrides, to make a bed with corn and hay, over which some blankets are laid, in a part of the house near the door; when it is ready, a person goes out and repeats three times, 'Bridget, Bridget, come in; thy bed is ready.' Another account gives it as 'Brüd is come, Brüd

is welcome.' One or more candles are left burning near it all night."

The rites connected with Sacred Trees must not be forgotten in this connection. In our own country, as Mr. Tylor reminds us, names like *Holyoake* and *Holywood* record our own old memories of the holy trees and groves, memories long lingering in the tenacious peasant mind; while Jakob Grimm even ventures to connect historically the ancient sacred inviolate wood with the later royal forest, an ethnological argument which would begin with the savage adoring of the spirit of the forest and end with the modern landowner preserving his pheasants.

In Ireland, Sacred Trees are met with in many localities, and are of a variety of species. The mountain-ash is popularly supposed in that country to have a peculiar virtue against the attacks of fairies, witches, or malign influences generally. When the dairymaid churns for a long time without making butter, she will stir the cream with a sprig of vewem, and strike the cow with another, thus breaking the spell. The ancient Irish believed that the first man sprang from an alder, the first woman from a mountain-ash. Both trees are still believed to be endowed with mystic properties. On May Eve, withes made of the branches of the mountain-ash are tied round the horns of cows; temporary hoops, formed in the same way, are placed round churns, to counteract the spells of the fairies, always busily engaged before sunrise on May morning, trying to steal the butter of the farmers.

There seems to be some connection in the sacred ash of Ireland with the sacred World-ash of the

Scandinavian mythology. This World-ash of the Eddas, generally called Yggdrasil's Ash, is one of the most interesting survivals of Tree-worship. It is described by the Sibyl in 'Völuspa': "I know an ash called Yggdrasil, a high tree sprinkled with white moisture (thence come the dews that fall in the dales); it stands ever green by Urd's spring. Thence come three maids, all knowing, from the hall that stands under the tree"; and as a sign of the approaching doom she says, "Yggdrasil's ash trembles as it stands; the old tree groans."

ERRATA

- P. 16, line 13 from bottom, *for* "vowem" *read* "rowan."
 P. 21, line 12 from bottom, *for* "Bill" *read* "Bell."
 P. 27, line 13 from bottom, *delete* "as we have seen."
 P. 41, line 16 from bottom, *before* "Eddas" *insert* "the."

spring of knowledge. The sacred character of the Ash may also be deduced from the number of place-names connected with it to be found in England. For example, we have "Æscendun," now Ashdown, where Alfred won his great victory over the Danes. On the borders of Kent and Surrey we have "Ashdown Forest;" in Kent there is the town of Ashford, and in Surrey Ashtead; while in Suffolk we have two places called simply "Ash" or "Ashe," "Ashby," "Essham" or "Asham," and "Ashfield;" and in Leicestershire, "Ashby-de-la-Zouch."

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Grímnismál says that the gods go every day to hold judgment by the ash, and further speaks of the serpent Nidhögg who gnaws at its root. The connection between tree- and serpent-worship, so well described in Fergusson's monumental work on the subject, lies beyond our province on this occasion, but it is to be noted that, unlike other mythologies, the snake is here the destroyer, not the protector of the tree. The ash is the oracle, the judgment-place of the gods, the dwelling of the Fates, the source of the spring of knowledge. The sacred character of the Ash may also be deduced from the number of place-names connected with it to be found in England. For example, we have "Æscendun," now Ashdown, where Alfred won his great victory over the Danes. On the borders of Kent and Surrey we have "Ashdown Forest;" in Kent there is the town of Ashford, and in Surrey Ashtead; while in Suffolk we have two places called simply "Ash" or "Ashe," "Ashby," "Essham" or "Asham," and "Ashfield;" and in Leicestershire, "Ashby-de-la-Zouch."

In Scandinavian poetry there are frequent allusions

to the old worship of trees, combined with references to the dragon Fafnir, who guarded the tree that was decked with the golden treasure. These occur as "Kennings" or metaphors, but they point to a time when the belief was alive. As Mr. Collingwood remarks in the introduction to his beautiful translation of the "Kormaks-Saga," recently published by the Viking Club: "The Skalds liked a round-about way of expressing themselves; many poets do. Men are called gods of the sword or spear, or 'staves' of the spear, because they carry it; and so the 'trees' of anything they 'bear,' " and ladies are trees decked with ornaments. "The primitive custom of hanging offerings on sacred trees, fetish trees, may have suggested the idea" (no doubt this is the origin of it); "and so, when we read of the Fir-tree wreathed in silk or gold, or carrying shields, we see a picture by no means absurd, though alien to our current coinage of poetical diction, and a symbol, ready to the mind of those days, for a lord and a lady."

For example, when Cormac sings of Steingerd, "She's a ring-bedight oak of the ale-cup," or addresses her as "sweet stem with the dragon's hoard shining," we know at once what he means; while of himself he sings: "I'm a tree that is tricked out in war-gear," and Bersi replies, when asked by Steingerd how it had fared at the Holungang when Cormac and he had fought, "They call him, and truly they tell it, a tree of the helmet right noble." Indeed, the image is so common, and so evidently belongs to the habit of thought of the people, that it could only have arisen as the result of a universal and deep-seated belief.

The Sacred Tree also, as will be remembered, plays a large part in the story of Jeanne d'Arc, only the spirits or divinities have become, in the fifteenth century, fairies. One of the articles of her accusation was this: "A woman doth say that at the age of thirteen or thereabouts she did with her bodily eyes see St. Michael and St. Gabriel, in bodily form. Since then she hath seen a multitude of angels, and St. Catherine and St. Margaret have shown themselves to her in bodily form, etc. These latter have also formerly spoken to her near a spring which flows at the foot of a great tree, called in her neighbourhood 'The Fairies' Tree.' This spring and this tree nevertheless have been, it is said, frequented by fairies; persons ill of fever have repaired there in great numbers to recover their health."

When questioned as to this tree Jeanne replied, "Not far from Domremy there is a tree that they call 'The Ladies' Tree,' others call it 'The Fairies' Tree'; near by there is a spring where people sick of the fever come to drink, as I have heard, and to seek water, to restore their health. I have heard that the sick, once cured, come to this tree to walk about. It is a beautiful tree, a beech. Often I have heard the old folk—they are not of my lineage—say that the fairies haunt this tree. As for me, I never saw them that I know of. I have seen the young girls putting garlands on the branches of this tree, and I myself have sometimes put them there. Since I was grown up, I do not remember to have danced there. I have sung there more than danced."

Article V of the "Seventy Articles" prepared for

her accusation, is as follows:—"Near the village of Domremy there is a great tree, big and ancient; it is called 'The Charmed Tree of the Fairy of Bourlemont'; near by it is a spring; round this tree and this spring live, it is said, evil spirits called fairies, with whom those who own witchcraft are accustomed to come and dance at night." "What have you to say in answer to this article?" To which Jeanne replies: "For the tree and the spring I refer to my previous answers. The rest, I deny."

Some of the witnesses provide interesting details. For example, one says: "On the subject of the Fairies' Tree I have heard that the fairies came there long ago to dance; but since the Gospel of St. John has been read under the tree, they come no more. At the present day, on the Sunday when in the Holy Church of God the Introit to the Mass, 'Lætare, Jerusalem,' is sung, called with us 'the Sunday of the Wells,' the young maidens and youths of Domremy are accustomed to go there, and also in the spring and summer and on festival days; they dance there and have a feast. On their return they go dancing and playing to the Well of the Thorn, where they drink and amuse themselves gathering flowers." Another says: "It was the custom to go every year, on the Sunday of Lætare, which we call 'the Sunday of the Wells,' to play and walk round this tree. Jeannette went with us, we each brought provisions, and, the meal ended, went to refresh ourselves at the well." Another tells us how "there is a tree called by us the Ladies' Tree, because, in ancient days, the *Sieur Pierre Granier*, *Seigneur de Bourlemont*, and a lady called *Fée met*

under this tree and conversed together. I have heard it read in a romance." ('Jeanne d'Arc,' edited by T. Douglas Murray, pp. 366, 20, 214, 217, 221, 219.) From all this it is evident that the ancient beech tree was either itself, or that it occupied the place of, the sacred-Fetish, or Juju-tree of the primitive dwellers of Domremy.

The whitethorn, associated in Christian tradition with the Crown of Thorns, was a sacred tree long before. Hence it is not surprising that the Irish consider it unlucky to cut down the holy tree. "Don't tamper with the 'lone bush,'" is a rustic warning everywhere in remote parts of Ireland. It is unlucky as well as dangerous to meddle with any tree accounted sacred. There is a sacred tree in the parish of Clenor, co. Cork, known as the *Cramm a hulla*. It is a stunted ash, growing in a lofty, bleak situation, and is probably not more than 300 years old. Most likely it is an offshoot from the parent tree. Although quite unprotected, and fuel scarce in the neighbourhood, yet so much as a branch was never lopped off. Another sacred ash, called the "Big Bill Tree," is growing to this day in co. Tipperary, at least its *remains*. It looks like two trees, but is all that has survived of a trunk formerly 30 ft. round. Tradition records that if the smallest portion of this tree was ever burned in any house, that house also would in time be burnt.

In Norfolk the following tree and plant superstitions are still to be found with many others:

ASH.

It is said that if the "ash keys" fail any year, it portends changes in the Government, or a death in the Royal

Family. Up to 1848, when there were very few, a good crop had not failed for sixty years or more.

YEW.

If a bough of yew is brought into a house before Christmas, some one present will die before the next Christmas.

HOLLY.

It is unlucky to bring holly (locally called "Christmas" or "hulver") into the house before Christmas Eve; and if in taking down the decorations at Candlemas a piece be accidentally left, it is a sign of the death of some one belonging to the family.

WHITE AND BLACK THORN.

The bloom of either the whitethorn or blackthorn (the former known as "May") should not be brought into the home, or sickness may follow.

ELDER.

To bring in elder is also very unlucky, and the same applies to burning green elder.

BROOM AND PALM.

This belief in ill-luck applies also to palm and broom, and we have the couplet—

A sprig of broom in May
Will sweep the head of the house away.

APPLE-BLOSSOM.

Apple blossom after Michaelmas portends the death of a member of the family during the coming year. The same belief applies to the appearance of any fruit in flower out of season.

Everybody is familiar with the "Gospel Oaks," which are to be found in many parts of our own country, and are traditionally said either to be, or to occupy the spot where stood, the original oak tree under which the first preachers of Christianity stood and proclaimed the Gospel.

The tradition may very likely have a basis of truth, but the sacred character of these trees or their congeners ascends into the dim and distant past. We have all learnt from Cæsar of the sacred character attached to the oak in the mystic rites of the Druidical faith, and Pliny describes the solemn cutting of the mistletoe (which was a sacred plant only when it was found growing on the oak tree) by the white-robed priest with a golden sickle, under the light of the full moon. True, the researches of later critical historians and students have proved a good many things formerly attributed to the "Druids" to be without foundation, and doubt has even been thrown on the existence of any such special class as the "Druids" at all among our British ancestors;* but at any rate there is no doubt whatever that the worship of sacred trees, particularly the oak, and perhaps the mistletoe on the oak, and the veneration paid to sacred groves, formed a very large part of the religion of our Celtic and pre-Celtic ancestors.

* The most up-to-date information as to the "Druids" is contained in 'Social England,' vol. i, pp. 111—115, and 59. They were only found among the *Gaelic* Celts, and continued among them the traditions of the old pre-Celtic Iberian religion. They were not a *caste*, but an *order*, in which there were three classes—the Druids proper, Bards, and *Ovates*, *i. e.* *Vates*. They were finally destroyed A.D. 61 in the battle of Mona, as described below.

Cæsar (vi. 13) represents Druidism as being on the wane in Gaul, and as having originated in Britain, whither those who wished to study it thoroughly had to resort. "But," says Prof. Rhys,* "as there is no convincing evidence to identify it with any Brythonic tribe in this country, while there is evidence of its prevalence among the Goidels of Mona in the time of Agricola, and of its surviving in Ireland in the time of St. Patrick, and in the Pictland of the North in that of Columba, we infer that *it was a system evolved by the Continental Goidels, or RATHER ACCEPTED BY THEM FROM THE ABORIGINES*" (*i. e.* the *Iberian Picts*, etc.). In later Welsh the word "Druidecht" came to mean the arts of magic.

The Druidism of later times was a new creation. There is no proof of any formal connection between the Druidic priesthood and the Bardic system as it appears in Wales in the twelfth century. "Druidism was suppressed by the Romans, and there is nothing to show that the sacerdotal class, practically destroyed by Paulinus, ever regained its authority or maintained its organisation."

No one will forget the fine words in which Tacitus describes the destruction of the British army, and of the Druids, by Paulinus in the great battle at the Menai Straits, and of the subsequent doings of the Roman soldiers: "Stabat pro littore diversa acies, densa armis virisque, intercurantibus feminis; in modo Furiarum, veste ferali, crinibus dejectis, faces præferabant. Druidæque circum, preces diras sublatis ad cælum manibus fundentes, novitate aspectus perculere milites, ut quasi hærentibus membris, immo-

* Rhys, 'The Welsh People,' pp. 83, 112, 255.

bile corpus vulneribus præberent. Dein cohortationibus ducis, et se ipsi stimulantés, ne muliebre et fanaticum agmen pavescerent, inferunt signa, sternuntque obvios, et igni suo involvunt. Præsidium posthac impositum victis, excisique luci, sævis superstitionibus sacri. ~ Nam cruore captivo adolere aras et hominum fibris consulere deos fas habebant.” It reads like an account of our own doings lately in the Ibo country in West Africa, and of the destruction of the great Juju in the depths of the African forest. We need not, however, make too much of these and other descriptions of the religion of our ancestors, when we remember that Christianity itself was set down by these same writers as a “*sæva superstitio*,” and the Christians were accused of cannibalism and other horrid practices in connection with the celebration of the Holy Mysteries.

In his ‘*Germania*’ Tacitus gives us some further information as to the sacred groves, saying, “*Lucos ac nemora consecrant, deorumque nominibus appellunt secretum illud quod solâ reverentiâ vident.*”

With Christianity comes, alike in Germany, Britain, Brittany, and elsewhere, a furious crusade against the Holy Trees and Groves. Constant denunciations were hurled at the practice—first from one Council of the Church, and then another, as at Arles in 452, at Tours in 567, and Toledo in 692.* In England in the reign of Canute we find the worship of stones and all kinds of trees and wood expressly prohibited, as also in a Canon of Edgar

* At Arles it was declared that “if in any diocese an infidel kindled torches, or worshipped trees, fountains, or stones, or refrained from destroying them,” he was to be held guilty of sacrilege (“*sacri-legii reum se esse cognoscat*”).

in 967. In Brittany the cult obtained to a very considerable extent, for in 658 a Council held at Nantes, after declaiming against the pagan rites then existing, specially refers to "oaks and stones still in the depths of the woods before which the people burn fires and place offerings;" and then the decree proceeds to strictly enjoin the Bishops of Brittany to have the trees thus worshipped torn up and burnt, and the stones before which idolatrous practices occurred cast down and hidden from those who sought to do them reverence. In spite of everything, however, the old ideas lingered on in the minds of the people, and even at the present time the greatest reverence is paid to the *menhirs* by the peasantry, and Breton women desiring offspring lay at their foot fruit and flowers, besides performing still more curious acts of propitiation. (Worsfold, 'The French Stonehenge,' pp. 13—15.) St. Boniface, with an ardour as keen as that of the soldiers of Suetonius at Mona, hews down, in the presence of the priests, the huge oak of the Hessian Heaven-god, and builds of the timber a chapel to St. Peter. In spite of all such efforts, the old religion of Sacred Tree and Grove, and the rites connected therewith, continued to survive in Europe, and the customs we have been considering to-night are the proof thereof. For the most part, however, the Church showed her wisdom in dealing with this aspect of ancient paganism, by adapting it to her own purposes. Just as she took over the old gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome, and made of the days and seasons sacred to them the festivals of Christian saints and martyrs, and of Christ Himself, so she

adapted Tree-worship to her own purposes; she turned the Cross itself into a Sacred Tree (Gal. iii, 13), as in the words of the glorious hymns, *Verilla Regis*, and *Pange Lingua* :

“ O Tree of glory, Tree most fair,
Ordained those Holy limbs to bear.”

“ Faithful Cross, above all other,
One and only noble Tree;
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be.

“ Bend, O lofty Tree, thy branches,
Thy too rigid sinews bend,
And awhile thy stubborn hardness,
Which thy birth bestowed, suspend,
As the limbs of Heaven’s high Monarch,
Gently on thine arms extend.”

She connected the whitethorn, as we have seen, with the Crown of Thorns, and at Glastonbury with St. Joseph of Arimathea; and of the month of May, sacred above all, as we have seen, to the rites of Tree-worship, she made the month of Mary. For this we may be most thankful, for to it is largely due the survival of those ancient rites, and the possibility of our discovering their meaning, and it would be well if modern missionaries were to act more generally in the spirit of the same high common-sense, both for the good of the native races themselves, and for the benefit of folklorists of future ages.

This is the question it remains for us to discuss. Employing that method of co-ordination of which I have spoken, what is the idea, or what are the ideas,

that lie at the root of Tree-worship, and of Sacred Trees and Groves ?

Mr. Frazer, pursuing through all the intricate windings of his three massive volumes the thread that shall lead to the solution of the mystery of "the Golden Bough," deals only with the question as it affects the Aryan races, though in the course of his investigation he arrives at two ideas, one of which is practically identical with, and the other a development of, Professor Tylor's principal hypothesis. Mr. Frazer's thesis is confined to discovering the meaning of that "Golden Bough" which was the passport of *Æneas* to *Avernus*, as described in *Æn. vi*:

"Ipse volens facilisque sequitur
Si te fata vocant.
Primo avulso non deficit alter *Aurens*,"

and of the rites connected with the priesthood of *Nemi*, the lake beside whose waters stood the *Arician* grove, so exquisitely portrayed in *Turner's* well-known picture, and described by *Macaulay*:

"The still glassy lake that sleeps
Beneath *Aricia's* trees,
Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain."

With this main thesis we have nothing to do. He may, as far as we are concerned, be right, or he may be as mistaken as *Mr. Lang* has endeavoured to prove him in his '*Magic and Religion*,' but no one can dispute the infinite labour and industry which *Mr. Frazer* has displayed in the pursuit of illustra-

tions from all possible sources, and his book is a perfect mine of folklore and folk-religion; but when he comes to discuss Tree-worship as a modern survival in Europe from antiquity, he goes no further back than the antiquity of the Aryan races. His words are: "In the religious history of the Aryan race in Europe"—(this includes all of the Aryan stock—Celts, Teutons, Greeks, and Romans)—"the worship of trees has played an important part. Nothing could be more natural. For at the dawn of history Europe was covered with immense primeval forests, in which the scattered clearings must have appeared like islets in an ocean of green. Down to the first century before our era the Hungarian forests stretched eastward from the Rhine for a distance at once vast and unknown. Four centuries later it was visited by the Emperor Julian, and the solitude, the gloom, the silence of the forest appear to have made a deep impression on his sensitive nature. In our own country the wealds of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex are remnants of the great forest of Anderida, which once clothed the whole of the south-eastern portion of the Island. . . . In the forest of Arden it was said that down to modern times a squirrel might leap from tree to tree for nearly the whole length of Warwickshire." The same, he goes on to show, holds good of Italy and Greece, and proofs of the prevalence of Tree-worship in ancient Greece and Italy are abundant.

All this is perfectly true, and yet we make bold to say that Mr. Frazer does not go far enough back; and the very examples that he proceeds to cite from the customs of modern savages, and from the sur-

vivals among ourselves and in the rest of Europe, prove this.

Tree-worship was, indeed, old before an Aryan set foot in Europe; and though, as we shall see, they had themselves passed beyond the most primitive stage before their arrival here, they probably found the aborigines still in that stage, and hence the fact that the survivals of Tree- and Pillar-worship among ourselves show traces of both the most primitive and the later ideas.

The most primitive stage is that to which Professor Tylor has given, as I have shown elsewhere, the appropriate name of *Animism*; and to this stage many of the details in the customs already described evidently belong, while others are as unmistakably derived from the succeeding stages when animism was becoming merged in, or developed into, polytheism. To the savage, whether in Australia, or the islands of the Pacific, or many parts of Africa to-day, or among the primitive races of mankind, the world in general is animate; stocks and stones, plants and trees, animals and men, are all alike animated, and share an interchangeable life. Man conceives of them all as having souls like his own, and treats them accordingly. This is very noticeable in the case of sacred trees when the individual tree is regarded as a conscious personal being, and as such receives adoration and sacrifice. But the fact that Tree-worship originated in this stage of thought accounts for its being usually, if not always, found united with other cults, especially with the worship of stones and pillars, which equally embodied a life-principle of their own. This earliest

stage of animistic thought must have characterised the first inhabitants of Europe after the passing away of the great Ice Age, and survived among the pre-Aryan Neolithic races down to the beginning of history. As Mr. Clodd remarks: "The warm climate of Europe at the close of the great Ice Age favoured the growth of vegetation. This, in large degree, explains why, amidst the varied objects of their worship, which included stones as well as living things, that of trees played so leading a part among the (aboriginal inhabitants and their) Aryan (successors). All through Nature there are the ever-recurring events of birth and death, of fruitfulness and decay; hence all the festivals rich in flowers and fruits, and the honour specially paid to trees as the embodiment of the great principle of reproduction. Trees and plants grow, bleed when cut (this feature appears also in a Persian story referred to below), sounds issuing from them sometimes when wounded, wither, become old and die. The life, apparently locked up in the tree during the long winter, bursts out in spring, in summer, in autumn, in bud and leaf, and flower and fruit. The leaves and branches murmur in the zephyrs, moan in the breeze, and shriek in the gale. Was not all this a proof of the indwelling soul, that slept and woke, that died and came to life again?" In this aspect the Vernal Festival of the May-time, the garlands and the dances and the rejoicings, is the celebration of the awaking of the tree-soul to life again, the annual revival of Nature, the festival of reproduction and new birth. The Mycenaean religion, and the Tree- and Pillar-cult of the ancient Cretans, described by Dr. A. J. Evans,

probably continued at this stage from its origin up to 1500 or 1000 B.C., though at the period covered by his discoveries its development into the succeeding stage had already been effected, and the Neolithic peoples, who never got beyond it, have left its impress deeply on the peasantry among the cultured races of to-day, notwithstanding the migrations, and wars, and changes of 3000 years.

The connection between trees and stones as sacred objects is seen as a living belief among the natives of Central Australia to-day; *e. g.* in the rites performed at the *Intichiuma*, or sacred ceremony performed by the members of the Honey-ant Totem, with the object of increasing the numbers of the totemic honey-ants. At early morning on the appointed day the men assemble at the men's camp, where they decorate their foreheads, arms, and noses with twigs of the *Udnerringa* bush, and smear their bodies all over with dry red ochre. They then march in single file, and, after various performances, group themselves round a pit-like depression in the rocks, which is surrounded with a horseshoe-shaped wall of stone, open at the western end. "On the east side is an ancient mulga tree, which is the abode of the spirit of an Alcheringa man" (the *Alcheringa* were the mythical ancestors of the present Australians), "whose duty it was to guard the sacred ground. In the centre of the pit is a stone which projects for about eleven inches above the ground, and is the *Nanja* of an Alcheringa man who originated here and performed *Intichiuma*." The *Nanja* is some natural object, such as a tree or stone, which arose to mark the spot where an ancestor of the mythical

past (*Alcheringa*) went into the ground (sometimes he went up to the sky), leaving behind his spirit-part associated with his *Churinga*, *i. e.* the sacred stone or stick of the Arunta tribe, corresponding to the bull-roarers of the other tribes. The tree or stone is the *Nanja* of that spirit, and also of the human being in the form of whom it undergoes reincarnation. The *churinga* is the *Churinga nanja* of the human being. The ideas of the Australian natives as to marriage and birth are peculiar, and most interesting in their witness to a belief in a world of spirits on the part of people who are still in the lowest stage of Neolithic culture, and they point to a time when our own Neolithic ancestors held the same beliefs. They may be thus described:

The Australian believes that in the "Alcheringa" times, the furthest to which his imagination or tradition leads him, "lived ancestors, who, in the native mind, are so intimately associated with the animals or plants the name of which they bear, that an Alcheringa man of, say, the kangaroo totem may sometimes be spoken of as a man-kangaroo, or as a kangaroo-man. The identity of the human individual is often sunk in that of the animal or plant from which he is supposed to have originated. Going back to this far-away time, we find ourselves in the midst of semi-human creatures endowed with powers not possessed by their living descendants, inhabiting the same country, and divided into totem groups, according to the animal or plant with which they had affinity; and these totemistic groups are reproduced in the tribal arrangements to-day.

"Each of these Alcheringa ancestors is represented, as carrying about with him, or her, one or more of the sacred stones, or 'churinga,' and each of these 'churinga' is intimately associated with the idea of the spirit-part of

some individual. Where they originated, or stayed, or camped for a time, there were formed what the natives call *Oknanikilla*, each one of which is a local totem centre; the result being that the whole country is dotted over with *Oknanikilla*, each, of course, connected with one totem. At each of these spots a certain number of the *Alcheringa* ancestors went into the ground, each one carrying his 'churinga' with him. His body died, but some rock or tree arose to mark the spot, while his spirit-part remained in the 'churinga'; and from these have sprung, and continue to spring, actual men and women who of necessity bear the totem name of the 'churinga' from which they came. The tradition of the natives is that when the spirit-child goes inside a woman, the 'churinga' is dropped. When the child is born, the mother tells the father the position of the tree or rock near to which she supposes the child to have entered her, and he, with one or two of the older men, searches for the dropped 'churinga.' Sometimes it is found, sometimes not; but in either case the natives firmly believe that it is always dropped by the spirit-child." Those found are always of stone: but if lost, wooden ones are made instead. "We have evidently," continue our authors, "a modification of the idea which finds expression in the folklore of so many peoples; and according to which primitive man, regarding his soul as a concrete object, imagines that he can place it in some secure spot apart, if needs be, from his body; and thus, if the latter be in any way destroyed, the spirit-part of him still persists unharmed. The idea according to which the spirit can undergo reincarnation is peculiar to the Central tribes, so far as the Australians are concerned, though there are not wanting indications of it among other tribes. According to the ideas of the *Arnta* tribe (one of the largest tribes of Central Australia), the 'churinga' is the dwelling-place of the spirit of the *Alcheringa* ancestors. He does not regard it as the abode of his own spirit-part. If anything happens

to it—if it be stolen—he mourns over it deeply, but does not imagine that damage to the ‘churinga’ means of necessity destruction to himself. When the spirit-part has gone into a woman, and a child has, as a result, been born, then that living child is the reincarnation of that particular spirit individual.”*

Each totem tribe has its *Ertnatulunga*, or place of safety, in which the “churinga” are deposited and kept. No woman is ever allowed to see them; for no woman, in the natural condition of the tribe, dare go near the gap in which is the sacred rock-painting, and near to which lies the *Ertnatulunga*. The youth approaching manhood only sees them after a long and painful process of initiation—

* Allied to this is the idea firmly held by the natives that the child is not the direct result of intercourse, that it may come without this, which merely, as it were, prepares the mother for the reception and birth also of an already formed spirit-child, who inhabits one of the local totem centres. So fixed is this idea, that it is held that the mere fact of a young woman passing one of these centres may lead to conception. For example, in the locality of the plum-tree totem, near Alice Springs, is a special rounded stone which projects from the ground about three feet. This stone is called *Erathipa*. The story is that in the Alcheringa time a plum-tree woman lost her *Nurtunja* (or sacred pole, emblematic of the totem animal or plant). Thinking it had been stolen, she put her baby boy, whom she had with her, into the hollow where the *Nurtunja* was broken off, and leaving with him a large number of “churinga,” she went in pursuit of the thief. The boy went into the ground, taking with him the store of “churinga,” and the *Erathipa* stone rose to mark the spot. The woman went straight up to the sky, and died of grief, because she could not find her *Nurtunja*.

To return to the *Erathipa* stone: there is on one side of it a round hole, through which the spirit-children are supposed to be on the look-out for women who may chance to pass near, and it is firmly believed that visiting the stone will result in conception.

If a young woman has to pass near to the stone, and does not wish to have a child, she will carefully disguise her youth, distorting her face, and walking with the aid of a stick. She will bend herself double like a very old woman, the tones of whose voice she will imitate, saying, “Don’t come to me; I am an old woman.”

which constitutes him a fully recognised adult member of the tribe.

Again, in describing the magic of the natives, Messrs. Spencer and Gillen say, "Just as the stones marking the spot where the thin animals and men died" (as previously described) "are associated with magic, so we find the same to hold good in the case of other stones and trees which are associated with special individuals of the Alcheringa. Near to Charlotte Waters, for example, is a tree which sprung up to mark the spot where a blind man died. This tree is called the *Apera Okilchya*, i. e. the blind tree, and the spot where it stands, the *Mira Okilchya*, or blind camp. Should this be cut down, it is supposed that the men of the locality in which it grows will become blind; or if anyone wishes to produce blindness in an enemy, all that he has to do is to go alone to the tree, and while rubbing it mutter his desire and an exhortation to the *Arungquitha* (the magic evil influence) to go forth and afflict his enemy. (Spencer and Gillen, 'The Native Tribes of Central Australia,' pp. 187, 265, 336, 337, 552.)

It is curious that the word *Ju-ju* is not West African at all, but a modification of the French word *Jou-jou*, a toy or doll (cf. the May-doll, in the English May-day customs). Miss Mary Kingsley preferred to use the word *Fetish* to describe the West African religion, but she says of it, "Professor Tylor, most unfortunately for us, confines the word to one department of his theory of animism only, viz. to the doctrine of spirits embodied in, or attached to, or conveying influence through, certain material

objects; but," she continues, "it cannot be used only in this restricted sense; you want the whole of his grand theory of animism wherewith to describe the religion of the West Africans. For, although there is in that religion a heavy percentage of embodied spirits, there is also a heavier percentage of unembodied spirits—spirits that have no embodiment in matter, or only occasionally embody themselves in matter." Again: "To the African there is, perhaps, no gap between the conception of spirit and matter, animate or inanimate. It is all an affair of grade, not of difference of essence; the African will point out a lightning-stricken tree, and tell you that its spirit has been killed. In every action of his daily life he shows you how he lives with a great, powerful spirit-world around him." He is in the Neolithic stage of culture as regards his religious ideas, though the tools and implements of his daily life proclaim him to be in the Iron Age.

Again, she says that "the higher form of the Fetish idea is Brahmanism," and quotes the following beautiful lines to illustrate her meaning:

"God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the lily and the bee,
The mighty tide of being flows
In countless channels, Lord, from Thee.
It springs to life in grass and flowers,
Through every range of being runs,
And from Creation's mighty towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns."

(Miss M. Kingsley, 'West African Studies,' pp. 96, 102, *seq.*)

The study of Dr. Evans' 'Mycenæan Tree- and Pillar-cult,' in which he describes and illustrates

his remarkable discoveries in Crete, shows that at the period to which his finds belong the worship of Sacred Trees and Pillars was the predominant factor in Mycenaean religion, as a mere glance at the extent of the objects depicted which present this feature is sufficient to prove, consisting, as they do, of cylinders (like the Chaldaean), lentoid gems, crystal and gold signet rings, and other articles innumerable; and it had reached that stage in which the sacred tree and its cognate pillar represented the *numen* of the indwelling divinity. As Dr. Evans says: "This dual cult is, indeed, so wide-spread that it may be said to mark a definite early stage of religious evolution" (as we have seen, it is not the *earliest*). "In treating here," he continues, "of this primitive religious type, the cult of trees and pillars, or rude stones, has been regarded as an identical form of worship." (We have seen how this appears in the customs belonging to May Day, and in much so-called folklore—cf. Tylor, 'Primitive Culture,' ii, pp. 160 *seq.*, and 215 *seq.*) "The group," he goes on, "is, indeed, inseparable, and a special feature of the Mycenaean cult scenes is the constant combination of the sacred tree with pillar or dolmen. The same religious idea—the possession of the material object by the *numen* of the divinity—is common to both. The two forms, moreover, shade off into one another; the living tree can be converted into a column" (as in the case of the May-pole) "or a tree-pillar, retaining the sanctity of the original. No doubt, as compared with the pillar form, the living tree was in some way a more realistic impersonation of the godhead, as a depository of the divine life

manifested by its fruits and foliage. In the whispering of its leaves and the melancholy sougning of the breeze was heard, as at Dodona, the actual voice of the divinity. The spiritual possession of the stone or pillar was more temporary in its nature, and the result of a special act of ritual invocation." (For the corresponding ideas of the early Hebrews, cf. Gen. iii, 8, and xxviii, 18.)

"In India," he proceeds, "this worship is best illustrated to-day; and in the Druidical worship of the West the Tree divinity and the Menhir or stone pillar are associated in a similar manner, and lingering traditions of their relationship are still traceable in modern folklore. To illustrate this we have to go no further afield than the borders of Oxfordshire and Warwickshire. Beside the prehistoric fence of Rollright the elder tree still stands hard by the King Stone, about which it is told that when the flowery branch was cut on Midsummer Eve, the tree bled, the stone 'moved its head.' " (Evans, *loc. cit.*, pp. 8, 9.)

I have quoted Dr. Evans at some length because the positions which he upholds are those which form the thesis of this paper, and because his discoveries in the Minoan palace at Knossos and elsewhere in Crete have proved to be among the most valuable and interesting of the results of recent archaeological spade-work, and have succeeded in bringing to light a flood of evidence as to the life and thought of the people of the Mycenæan Age, which, previously to his investigations and those of Dr. Schliemann at Troy and Tiryns and Mycenæ itself, had been wrapped in the impenetrable mists of prehistoric antiquity.

There is thus no doubt that Dr. Evans' discoveries at Knossos prove that in the second millennium before Christ, as the Cretans were then passing into the Bronze Age, so, under the influence of Egypt, and of Phœnicia, derived from Babylonian sources, they were passing, or had passed, into the second stage in Tree-worship described below. The representations of altars with sacred trees, and aniconic pillars, prove that, as with the Babylonians, Phœnicians, and Hebrews, the tree and pillar have become the abode of deity, and are no longer regarded as themselves inherently divine.

The same idea is seen as universally prevalent on Assyrian and Chaldaean cylinders and bas-reliefs, in Egyptian representations of the *Ba*, or soul, receiving the lustral water from a tree-goddess, in a Mexican manuscript, in the Bodhi-tree of the Buddhists, in Greek representations of Dionysus and Apollo and Artemis, with the sacred tree and the laurel branch and the olive spray. On an imperial coin of Myra, in Lycia, the bust of the goddess is represented in the foliage of the tree, and in the Christian cathedral of St. Mark's, at Venice, the same idea may be seen surviving as ornament when its significance has been lost, for there we find, "embedded in the walls, high above one's head, a number of ancient sculptured slabs, on each of which a conventionalised plant, with foliage most truthfully and lovingly rendered, is set between two fabulous monsters, as fantastic and impossible as any to be met with in the whole range of heraldry."*

* For this and some of the preceding references I am indebted to 'The Sacred Tree,' by Mrs. J. H. Philpot, where also illustrations may be seen.

Representations of the sacred tree, or trees, are also found in Norman sculpture on the tympana of doorways, as at Ashford, in Derbyshire; or on fonts, as at Burnham Deepdale, in Norfolk; though these, as well as, perhaps, those at St. Mark's, may be more directly derived from the story of Paradise in Genesis, with its sacred trees, the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and the speaking Dragon-serpent. Mention of this, however, at once reminds us that we have in that story the later Hebrew version, purified and adapted to moral ends, of ideas of world-wide prevalence, which were as common in China as they were in Egypt and Chaldæa, which are found in Greece in the shape of the tree which bore the golden apples of the Hesperides, guarded by the Dragon, slain by Heracles, and which are seen in their latest living significance in the Yggdrasil tree of Eddas, already referred to. Whether the stone set up "for a pillar" by Jacob at Bethel and the stones set "for a witness" at Gilgal belonged to the same stage of development may be uncertain, but at least we may see in them a testimony, conscious or unconscious, to the old connection between Tree- and Pillar-worship, and the association of tree and pillar, apart or, as usually, together, with the presence of the divinity. The patriarchs, from Abraham downwards, erected their altars beside the giant oaks or terebinths, just as "amongst the Canaanites every altar to the gods had its sacred tree beside it; and when the Israelites established local sanctuaries under their influence, they set up their altar under a green tree, and planted beside it as its indispensable accompaniment

an *ashéra*, which was either a living tree or a tree-like post. This *ashéra* was undoubtedly worshipped as a sacred symbol of the deity, for 'in early times Tree-worship had such a vogue in Canaan that the sacred tree or the pole, its surrogate, had come to be viewed as a *general* symbol of deity.' " * As Dr. Evans points out, the pillars in front of Phœnician temples, the idea of which Solomon borrowed in the two pillars *Jachin* and *Boaz* (the names are significant) † in front of the temple at Jerusalem, and which reappear in the Mycenæan cult in Crete and elsewhere, though they may have originally served a *structural* purpose in the primitive wooden buildings as Pillars of the House, yet served a far more important religious purpose, as being themselves the shrine and symbol of deity, and ensuring the presence of the divinity, and his support and blessing to the House.

Among Mohammedans very interesting survivals of both Tree- and Pillar-worship may still be discovered. The Persians have the legend of the Sacred Tree from which blood oozed when it was felled—a story which is also found in many widely scattered localities; and they tell of the *túba*, the Tree of Happiness, which stands in the Palace of Mohammed, above the Seven Heavens, immediately under the Throne of God; while Dr. Evans gives a graphic account of this worship as he actually witnessed it carried out at a place called 'Tekekeöi, in Macedonia, and similar examples abound in the seldom-trod byways of the East.

* Philpot, 'The Sacred Tree,' p. 8.

† Jachin = He will establish; Boaz = In Him is strength.

The Persian Tales, as told recently by Mr. Wilfrid Sparroy in the 'Morning Post,' are as follows:

LEGEND OF THE SACRED TREE.

Meanwhile my guide, having struck up acquaintance with a countryman of his from Hamadan, was engaged in conversation with him. This new friend, Murshid Khan by name, was a tall swarthy fellow. He had come to buy a chip of the sacred tree talh', an acacia which has small round golden blossoms, whereof he related the following legend:—"Many centuries ago a certain peasant went to cut wood in a forest near the city of Hamadan. This he had been wont to do every winter in order to eke out his livelihood during the cold weather, as is still the custom among the peasantry in our parts. Now it chanced that his axe struck against a branch of a talh' which, as it happened, was in the way of the tree he was felling. To his consternation a stream of blood oozed out, followed by cries the most pitiable he had ever heard. They seemed, in their distressful anguish, to come from the heart of a mother that had lost her child. The axe fell from the peasant's hand, and he himself sank to the ground in a faint. When he recovered consciousness it was to look for the talh', . . . only to find it gone! He returned to the city as fast as his legs would carry him, and there he told his story, which was spread abroad among the people. And from that day to this the wood of the talh' has been regarded as sacred. Children use it in the place of mázus, and barren women, if they hang a chip of it above their beds for the space of forty consecutive Fridays, will bear children in due course. This is so."

Here the guide, Seyyid 'Alí, interrupted the speaker, saying, "Light of my heart, thou speakest the truth. In my country, in the town of Behbahan, near Shíráz, we have a famous way of protecting our womenfolk against the attacks of Aal—that cursed ogress who comes to cut out the liver of every mother after the birth of her child.

First we draw four lines round the walls of the house ; then at each of the four corners we plant a branch of the tall' tree ; and a dagger, with an onion atop, is stuck in the ground facing the door. This is the only possible way of keeping Aal out—may she be accursed !”

THE TREE OF HAPPINESS.

The prayer most acceptable to God is that of Nodbeh, which must be said by the pilgrims on Mount Arafat, with tears pouring from their eyes. The belief is that all the houris of Paradise listen to the pilgrims' supplications from the open verandahs of their heavenly palaces. To tell you the truth, I saw some lovely houris on the earth itself. The Prophet rose to a noble conception of the next life. He not only believed that the pure-hearted will see God ; he also proclaimed that blessing to be the height of heavenly bliss. The Muslim Paradise, therefore, in its material aspect unalloyed, is the invention of the tradition-mongers. According to the orthodox among them, it is situated above the seven heavens, immediately under the Throne of God. Some say that the soil of it consists of the finest wheat flour, others will have it to be of the purest musk, and others again of saffron. Its palaces have walls of solid gold, its stones are pearls and jacinths, and of its trees, all of which have golden trunks, the most remarkable is the tree of happiness, túba, as they call it. This tree, which stands in the palace of Mohammed, is laden with fruits of every kind, with grapes and pomegranates, with oranges and dates, with peaches and nectarines, all of which are of a growth and a flavour unknown to mortals. In response to the desire of the blessed, it will yield, in addition to the luscious fruit, not only birds ready dressed for the table, but also flowing garments of silk and of velvet, and gaily caparisoned steeds to ride on, which will burst out from its leaves. There will be no need to reach out the hand to the branches, for the branches will bend down of their own

accord to the hand of the person who would gather of their products. So large is the túba tree that a man "mounted on the fleetest horse would not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in a hundred years." All the rivers of Paradise take their rise from the root of the tree of happiness; some of them flow with water, some with milk, some with wine, and others with honey. Their beds are of musk, their sides of saffron, their earth of camphire, and their pebbles are rubies and emeralds. The most noteworthy among them, after the River of Life, is Al-Káwthar. This word Al-Káwthar, which signifies abundance, has come to mean the gift of prophecy, and the water of the river of that name is derived into Mohammed's pond. According to a tradition of the Prophet, this river, wherein his Lord promised him abundance of wisdom, is whiter than milk, cooler than snow, sweeter than honey, and smoother than cream; and those who drink of it shall never be thirsty.

In the Zend-Avesta of the old Persians we read of a tree named *Hom*, or *Haoma*, which imparts immortality, and is called the King of Trees. This *Hom* or *Haoma* was a white tree said to grow in the middle of the mythic sea Vouru-Kasha. It would be by drinking of its juice on the day of resurrection that man would become immortal. Everywhere, even in New Zealand, we find the same stories. In Babylonian, and Persian, and Hebrew legend, either in a Paradise of the past, or, as adapted by the Christian Apostle and by Mohammed after him, in a Paradise of the future, grows the Sacred Tree, with its multiplicity of life-giving fruits and its healing leaves, and beside it is situated the Sacred Fountain. Look where we will, we find "that man," casting an intelligent eye over the wrongs and in-

equalities of this earthly life, "has ever looked on this present world as a passing scene in the shifting panorama of time, to be followed by some period of millennial glory."

The ceremony at Tekekeöi is thus described by Dr. Evans :

"A roomy, mud-floored antechamber, made for the convenience of the worshippers, communicated by an inner doorway with the shrine of the stone itself. The 'holy of holies' within was a plain square chamber, in the centre of which rose the sacred pillar. Like the bætylie * stones of antiquity, it might be said to have 'fallen from heaven,' for, according to the local legend, it had flown here over a thousand years since from Khorassan. The pillar consisted of an upright stone of square section, with bevelled angles, about $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet high and $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick, supporting another smaller and somewhat irregular block. Both were black and greasy from secular anointing, recalling the time-honoured practice of pouring oil on sacred stones as Jacob did at Bethel."†

Dr. Evans then describes the surroundings, the antique candlesticks standing on a sunk hearthstone in front of the pillars, and the fleeces of sacrificed rams strewing the floor, and continues :

"Taking his stand on a flat stone near the pillar, the suppliant utters a prayer, and afterwards embraces the

* It has been suggested that the Greek terms *βαίτυλον* and *βαπτύλιον* (applied in a special way to the stone which, according to Cretan legend, was swallowed by Kronos under the belief that it was his son) are derived from Bethel, or some parallel form, indicating the stone as the temporary place of indwelling for a divinity.

† Gen. xxvii. 18; xxxv. 14. Robertson Smith, 'Religion of the Semites,' p. 232. Cf. Ps. xlv. 7, and the existing custom of anointing kings and ecclesiastical dignitaries.

stone in such a way that the finger-tips meet at its further side; some also kiss it. The worshipper who would conform to the full ritual, now fills a keg of water from a spring that rises near the shrine—another primitive touch” (cf. the water drawn from the pool of Siloam at the Feast of Tabernacles in the Jewish ritual, a primitive survival)—“and makes his way through a thorny grove up a neighbouring knoll, on which is a wooden enclosure surrounding a Mohammedan saint’s grave or Tekhi. Over the headstone of this grows a thorn-tree hung with rags of divers colours, attached to it—according to a wide-spread primitive rite—by sick persons who had made a pilgrimage to the tomb. The turbaned column itself represents in aniconic shape the visible presence of the departed saint, and conjointly with the thorn-bush, a material abode for the departed spirit, so that we have here a curious illustration of the ancient connection between Tree- and Pillar-worship.”

Various other ceremonies, including the sacrifice of a young ram, remain to be performed, after which the worshippers return to the shrine. “Here,” says Dr. Evans, who himself took part in the ceremonies, “beneath the same roof with the stone, and within sight of it through the open doorway, we were bidden to pass the night, so that the occult influences due to its spiritual possession might shape our dreams as in the days of the patriarchs.” (Evans, ‘Mycenæan Tree- and Pillar-cult,’ pp. 104—106.)

The Persian legends point back to the earliest stage—that which I have called Neolithic or pre-Aryan—in Tree-worship; the custom described by Dr. Evans is a survival of the second stage, which we will now proceed to discuss.

This second stage, at which the Aryan peoples

had for the most part arrived by the time history takes cognizance of them, is to regard the tree, not as a body animated, like man himself, by a living soul, but as the home and abode of a tree-spirit, though it is not always possible to fix the dividing line with perfect exactness. Thus when we read, as in Ireland, of sacred trees which may not be cut down because they are the seat of spirits, we cannot always say with certainty in which way the presence of the spirit in the tree is conceived. The familiar lines of Shelley, quoted by Prof. Tylor, well express this hesitancy :

“ Whether the sensitive plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.”

But in many cases, even where no mention is made of wood-spirits, we may generally assume, says Mr. Frazer, that when trees or groves are sacred and inviolable, it is because they are believed to be either animated or inhabited by sylvan deities. In Greek classical thought, the “ Dryads ” were the spirits or tutelary divinities of the woods. Like most of the Olympians, Artemis was connected not only with beast-worship, but with plant-worship. She was known by the name of Daphnœa and Cedreatis. At Ephesus, not only the olive, but the oak was sacred to her. At Delos she had her palm tree. Her idol was placed in or hung from the branches of these trees, and it is not improbable that she succeeded to the honours of a tree worshipped in

itself and for itself, or of the spirit or genius dwelling in and informing it. Artemis was therefore originally a wood goddess. Dionysus also was originally a tree-spirit, just as he was also an animal god, absorbing in his rights and titles various older forms of both tree- and beast-worship. He was called *Dendrites*, and as such succeeded, like Artemis, to the cult of certain sacred trees; just as, says Mr. Lang, St. Bridget in Ireland succeeded to the cult of the fire goddess and to her ceremonial. He is also called *ἐνδενδρως*, or the "god in the tree." As a god he is not only the patron of the vine and of the fig tree, but also of all pleasant trees; the festival of the *δενδροφορία*, as described in the 'Edipus Tyrannus' of Sophocles, is held in his honour, and our May-day festivities are but a faint and far-off and innocent echo of the Bacchanalia, and, like them, embody in their rites the relics of the elder primitive faiths.

Similar examples of one creed inheriting the holy things of its predecessor are common enough, where either the missionaries, as in Mexico and China, or the early preachers of the Gospel in Brittany or Scandinavia, appropriated to Christ the holy days of pagan deities, and consecrated fetish stones with the mark of the Cross. Unluckily we have no historical evidence as to the moment in which the ancient tribal totems, fetishes, and sacrifices were placed under the protection of the various Olympians, in whose cult they survive like flies in amber. But that this process did take place is the most obvious explanation of the rude factors in the religion of Artemis, as of Apollo, Zeus, or Dionysus—as also of the rustic May sports of the English and

European peasantry in the twentieth century of Christianity. (Lang, 'Myth, Ritual, and Religion.')

So also all the attributes of Diana, the goddess of the Arician grove, are those of a tree-spirit or sylvan deity. Every grove was her sanctuary. Like a tree-spirit she helped women in trouble; she was the protectress of domestic cattle; she made the rain to fall, the sun to shine. (Frazer, 'The Golden Bough.')

Still, in this later stage, when a tree, or trees in general, have come to be looked upon no longer as embodying a tree-spirit, but as its home, which it can quit at pleasure, a real advance has been made. Animism is passing, by way of anthropomorphism, into polytheism. Hence in classical art the deities of the woods and forests, like all the gods and goddesses, are depicted in human shape.

Among savages, it is the tree-spirits who make the crops to grow, the herds to multiply, and through them women are blessed with offspring. Hence Dionysus is the god of reproduction, and Diana, under the name of Lucina, presides over childbirths.

The tree-spirit, being free to depart and take up his (or her, for, as we may understand from the later mythology here referred to, tree-spirits were conceived of as male and female, and could be even married together) abode when and where he (or she) would, might select a pole or a stone as equally suitable for a dwelling-place, and a relic of this ancient thought is contained in the lines attributed to our Lord in the Oxyrrhynchus Papyrus :

“ Raise thou the stone, and find Me there ;
Cleave thou the wood, and there am I.”

What has been said, therefore, explains the origin of the Maypole. It takes the place of the sacred tree, and is endowed with all its properties. Hence the May trees set up in Germany at the doors of stables and byres. Hence the green bough of a tree which, as Camden says of the Irish, "they fasten on May Day against the house, to produce plenty of milk that summer." Hence the common European custom, already referred to, of placing a green bush on May Day before or on the house of a beloved maiden, which probably originated in the belief of the fertilising power of the tree-spirit. Hence the reason why customs like the May tree or Maypole are so universal in the popular festivals of European peasants.

A still later stage is that represented by the May-doll carried in the garlands, and by the King or Queen of the May, viz. when the tree-spirit is conceived as detached from the tree and clothed in human form, as in the imperial coin from Myra in Lycia, mentioned above, and even as embodied in living men and women; when it is on the way, in fact, to becoming a divinity, which finally takes shape as Dionysus and Artemis, Bacchus and Diana; or, the dignity of the male divinity, who only survives as Jack-in-the-Green, being dropped, the Queen of the May becomes clothed with all the virgin glories and splendid possibilities of the ever-blessed Mary, the Queen of Heaven.

We have not touched to-night on many other interesting customs, more or less surviving to the present day, in our own and other lands, connected with other seasons of the year, or with Church

Festivals, which undoubtedly bespeak a connection with the old worship of trees as plainly as do the May-day customs and other rites we have dealt with. Such, for example, are the customs of decking the church with flowers and fruit at the revived Harvest Festivals now so universal, and those with which we are all so familiar at Christmas. In that festival we find combined the Saturnalia of Rome, the ancient Yule-tide Festival of Scandinavia, and the Christian Feast of the Nativity. Then the churches and houses are decorated with holly and evergreens, and not only so, but the Sacred Tree itself is annually reproduced, to the delight of old and young, in the shape of the Christmas Tree. As Mrs. Philpot well says, "modern as it is in its present form, the Christmas Tree epitomises many most ancient ideas; is the point to which many streams converge, whose source is hidden in a far-distant antiquity. It is the meeting-point of the old pagan belief in the virtues vested in the tree and of the quaint fancies of the Middle Ages, which loved to see spiritual truths embodied in material forms. Christ, the Tree of Life, blossoming on Christmas Eve in Mary's bosom; the fatal tree of Paradise whence sprang the Cross, the instrument of man's salvation—that 'fruit-bearing, heavenly nourished tree, planted in the midst of redeemed men,' so often represented in mediæval art; the miracle of nature so stirred by the wonder of the event as to break forth into blossom in the midst of winter,—all these ideas, so characteristic of mediæval thought, become grafted together with observances derived from solstitial worship, upon the stock of the sacred tree, laden with

offerings and decked with fillets. Indeed, the Christmas Tree may be said to recapitulate the whole story of tree-worship—the May tree, the Harvest tree, the Greek eiresioné, the tree as the symbol and embodiment of deity, and last, but not least, the Universe tree, bearing the lights of heaven for its fruit, and covering the world with its branches.”

The question has been asked, Why should you not ascend higher than the Neolithic Age in seeking for the origin of Tree- and Pillar-worship? The answer is simple, viz. that we are led hereby to the period of the passing away of the last great Ice Age, and we know too little of the ideas of the Palæolithic races to be able to say anything with certainty as to them—else were it easy to see in the worship of both trees and serpents an evidence of the arboreal habits of the first evolved specimens of the human race, and to say that living in the trees of the forest the only creature whose attack early man had to fear was the serpent, and that therefore, by a natural instinct, he worshipped the tree that sheltered him, and the serpent whom he dreaded. This is certainly plausible, and may, no doubt, contain an element of truth.

To revert to that which has formed the principal subject of our consideration this evening: the main details of the May-day Festival, and the other rites and customs connected with Sacred Trees, as they still survive in, alas! too few and a rapidly diminishing number of localities in modern England, are seen to have their roots fixed in a far-distant past, when the races inhabiting Europe were in the stage

of development represented by the native Australians and other primitive races of to-day, and to embody in themselves three distinct stages of primitive but ever-advancing thought and culture—the first may be distinguished in Europe as pre-Aryan, the two latter as Aryan; and as such it is surely not too much to express a pious hope that where, and in so far as, they still survive, they may be jealously preserved, as precious landmarks in the tide of time. True it is, *nulla vestigia retrorsum*, but yet it is allowable to wish for the maintenance and transmission to posterity of those relics of the past which are still to be found here and there, “enshrined like flies in amber” in the midst of our twentieth century life, and which tell, in accents more eloquent than words, that “though the goal is long in winning, and the paths are oftentimes rough, yet humanity is led by ‘a way that it knows not;’” progress is the law of the ages, and the mind of man grows ever broader and deeper and higher in thought and feeling with the passage of the suns.

I spoke at the commencement of this paper of a modern aspect of tree-worship, *tree-culture* rather than *tree-cult*, in which it may be of great practical value, and not merely interesting for the study of early folklore and folk-religion. It may be, and probably is, too late to galvanise the customs connected with May Day into new life, and when they have died out, it is impossible to revive them. But a younger nation, one that has no associations with a past more than three hundred years back, has shown the way to a practical expression of a love for trees, and one that may bear good and useful

fruit in the future. As I pointed out in a letter last year to the 'Morning Post,' it is to the New World, to the United States of North America, that it has been left to establish a new vernal festival under the name of Arbor Day. This is the more remarkable, for, as Sir George Birdwood has said, among the Protestant Anglo-Saxons of North America the historical tradition of the divinity of the tree would naturally be weak; yet so strong is the feeling of actual consanguinity and fellowship, and of worship, with which all men, and emphatically the Aryan races, regard the tree, that this feeling forced its way to the surface, and would not be repressed. In America this beneficent festival is a movable feast, the date of its celebration varying, according to the climatic conditions of the different States, from the 1st of April to the 31st of May. It was first held in Nebraska, on a resolution of the Board of Agriculture, moved by Mr. J. Stirling Morton, setting apart the 10th of April, 1872, as "Tree-planting Day." In April, 1874, the second Wednesday of April was proclaimed as "Arbor Day," and in 1885 the 22nd of April was permanently fixed as Arbor Day for Nebraska. In 1876 Michigan and Minnesota followed suit, and finally New York in 1888; in which year, on the 30th of April, an Act was passed decreeing that "the Friday following the 1st of May in each year shall hereafter be known throughout this State as Arbor Day." By a popular vote of the State schools the "White Elm" was declared to be the "Tree of the State," and the Rose of Spring, in all its grace of budding beauty, the "Queen of Flowers." Perhaps they were thinking of the

monumental brass formerly in Westminster Abbey, bearing a crowned rose with the legend round it—

“Sis Rosa, flos florum
Morbis medicina meorum.”

The United States were at once imitated by the Dominion of Canada; and in 1896 by Spain, where King Alphonso XIII fixed the 26th of March for the annual celebration of the *Fiesta del Arbol*. So far I have followed the account given by Sir George Birdwood.

More recently still the idea has been taken up in Italy, and has been entered into *con amore* by the enthusiastic people of that sunny land. It is thus described by “Cisalpine” in the ‘Guardian’ for May 21st, 1902. The writer is lamenting the decay of the Church Festivals, owing to the occupation of Rome and the downfall of the Temporal Power, and continues: “What struck me many years ago has received some emphasis quite lately in the institution of a secular Italian festival, *la festa degli alberi*, which has been variously commented on in the Italian press. This new national festival has many of the elements of the best pagan ideal. One feels the heat of the sun-god, beneath whose touch all nature turns to thoughts of growth; the scent of the fields, the green of the new verdure, the blue of the hills, the rhythmic swing of the southern footstep, the laugh of children’s voices, a sense that all nature is awake, accompany us as we wind up the hill, rich with Latin history, to plant new trees. Local officials, even the King himself, the people in holiday guise and holiday mind, the school children, girls and boys,

walk or drive in the procession; for this is a public holiday, a national fête, an ode to the spring. This is how one of the Italian *Journals* speaks of the fête: 'Long ranks of girls in the fields, freed from the exercises of a sterile piety in the convent or the sacristy, as though blessing with their fresh smiles and opening beauty the vital works of nature, and emulating in trials of physical strength the youths who to-morrow will be the companions of their maternal power—whence will be born to Italy brave citizen-workers for the commonweal—such a spring vision, persuading by its beauty and strength, must certainly prepare the way for the accomplishment of those sacred duties from which the country expects an ever more propitious future.' ”

Stripped of its more open paganism, one asks: Is it impossible that such a beauteous festival of the springtime should once more become universal in England? And what better time of year could be suggested than some date within the three spring months, April to June? Some spasmodic attempts have been made to establish such a festival, and a suggestion has been made that it should be fixed for November 1st, with a view to re-planting our worn-out apple-orchards, and promoting the cultivation of fruit trees generally. There is something in this suggestion, inasmuch as the apple was undoubtedly one of the Sacred Trees which the first Aryan immigrants brought with them from the Continent into the British Isles—a subject on which I have said nothing to-night, as it has been exhaustively dealt with by Dr. Phené,—and it was the apple tree of the prehistoric Celtic immigrants that gave to the

whole peninsula of the "West of England" (Gloucestershire, Somerset, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall), stretching vaguely from roving Camelot to Lyonesse, "The wave-worn kingdom of romance," the name of "ancient Avalon" (Avelion, Avaloniæ Insula, "Apple Island"): "Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns, and bow'ry hollows, crowned with summer seas." But the season is too late. It is much better to keep to the time consecrated from of old, and make of Arbor Day, the Festival of the Trees, a veritable spring or summer festival. St. George's Day is too early, May Day is already appropriated to other, though kindred, associations. Midsummer Day would be very suitable; and had the Coronation of King Edward VII taken place as originally fixed in June, I should say, what could be more fitting and more practical than to institute an annually recurring Arbor Day in the month of June, devoted to the planting of trees, as part of a national and universal festival? I still see no reason why this should not be done. It has already been carried out in connection with the Jubilees of her late Majesty in my own village, and notably by Mr. E. D. Till at Eynsford, in Kent, and no doubt in many other places also. But I should like to see it national and universal; an Arbor Day Society exists, and it cannot do better than turn its attention to this proposal for carrying out its objects.

Trees are no longer worshipped, and we do not need the pagan associations which seem to be revived in Italy; oaks are no longer required for our navy: but trees are not merely an ornament to the landscape; they are a necessary adjunct to the

fertility of the soil, and of great importance to the climate. We cannot hope, nor would we wish, to restore the mighty forests of the past, but anything that can be done to prevent further denudation and to maintain the beauty of our English countryside will be of untold value to the generations to come.

Moreover it will be one more means of adding to the gaiety of the nation, of bringing youths and maidens together in innocent enjoyment, full of rich possibilities for the future, and of doing something, though but a little, to mitigate the dulness of English twentieth-century village life.

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TENNYSON'S "LOVER'S TALE."—ITS ORIGINAL AND ANALOGUES.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, HON. LL.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read February 25th, 1903.]

WHEN Tennyson was reaching manhood he wrote in 1827 a poem entitled "The Lover's Tale," which has had a strange history. It contains many fine passages, but is deficient in dramatic force as a narrative. His friends admired it, but Tennyson had a sense of its imperfections, and he did not include it in his earlier volumes. Arthur Hallam desired the publication of "The Lover's Tale" because of the "magnificent passages in the poem. The present casket, faulty as it is, is yet the only one in which the precious gems contained therein can be preserved," he said. Tennyson objected that the poem was too diffuse, and decided not to publish. Thereupon Hallam laughingly retorted that as he had the only printed copy of "The Lover's Tale" he should make a fortune by lending it out at five shillings a head.

Tennyson's final decision is conveyed in a letter to Moxon the publisher, in which he says: "After

mature consideration I have come to a resolution of not publishing the last poem in my little volume, entitled 'The Lover's Tale.' It is too full of faults; and though I think it might conduce towards making me popular, yet, to my eye, it spoils the completeness of the book, and is better away: of course, whatever expenses may have been incurred in printing the above must devolve on me solely." This letter was written November 20th, 1832. In the following year "The Lover's Tale" was printed for private circulation, probably before the printer had distributed the type of the volume in which it had been intended to include it. Meanwhile, the poet's friends were less willing than the poet to lose sight of it, and copies in manuscript were circulated. In 1869 he thought of publishing it, "because someone was sure to publish it some day," and he had some copies printed "to see what it was like." His wife urged him to give it to the world, but again he decided on suppression.*

The poet's hand was at last forced. In 1870 Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd, who had a remarkable faculty for bringing to light writings which the authors desired to keep in obscurity, printed "The Lover's Tale," and when Mr. Pickering bought up the copies to suppress the edition he printed it again; it was only finally suppressed by a decree of the Court of Chancery in 1875.† Shepherd was a

* He said, "Allowances must be made for the redundance of youth. I cannot pick it to pieces and make it up again. It is rich and full, but there are mistakes in it. The poem is the breath of young love." ('Tennyson's Life,' by his son. New edit., Lond., 1899, p. 458.)

† 'Athenæum,' June 21st, 1879, p. 786. There is a memoir of Shepherd in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' vol. iii, p. 55.

devoted admirer of Tennyson, though his way of manifesting his appreciation must have been a terrible annoyance to a man of the Poet Laureate's temperament. When he learned that Shepherd was a poor struggling man of letters, with an aged mother dependent upon him, Tennyson paid the costs of the action.

At last, in 1879, more than half a century after the date of its composition, "The Lover's Tale" was published. In a prefatory note Tennyson says: "The original preface to 'The Lover's Tale' states that it was composed in my nineteenth year. Two only of the three parts then written were printed, when, feeling the imperfection of the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends, however, who, boy-like, admired the boy's work, distributed among our common associates of that hour some copies of these two parts without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the compositor. Seeing that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated, and that what I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if I suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light, accompanied with a reprint of the sequel—a work of my mature life—'The Golden Supper'?"

Of the first printed edition of "The Lover's Tale" only two copies are now known to be in existence. One is in the Rowfant Library of the late Frederick Locker-Lampson. The other copy is in the collection of Mr. T. J. Wise, who paid £600 for it. This, as the 'Athenæum' remarked, "is the highest price

yet given for a modern author's book." It has some corrections in the poet's handwriting.*

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in noticing in the 'Academy' the appearance of "The Lover's Tale" in 1879, expresses the opinion that in writing it Tennyson was under the influence of Shelley,—“a mastery that would have left little or no mark in literature but for this poem, in the first part of which the recent reading of 'Episychidion' has frequently seduced the young poet aside from his own more characteristic language.” The correctness of this would not have been admitted by Tennyson, who said to his son Hallam, “‘The Lover's Tale’ and ‘Timbuctoo’ are in no way imitative of any poet, and, as far as I know, nothing of mine after the date of ‘Timbuctoo’ was imitative. As for being original, nothing can be said which has not been said in some form before.” Of this he once had a curious proof. A Chinese scholar wrote to him that in an untranslated Chinese poem there were two whole lines of Tennyson, almost word for word :

“The peak is high and the stars are high,
And the thought of a man is higher.”†

“Why not?” asks Tennyson. “Are not human eyes all over the world looking at the same objects, and must there not consequently be coincidences of thought and impressions and expressions? It is scarcely possible for anyone to say or write anything in this late time of the world to which in the rest of

* 'Athenæum,' May 3rd, 1902. See further the note at the end of this paper, p. 19.

† 'Life of Tennyson,' pp. 38, 458. Dr. Arthur E. Moule gives a Chinese proverb : “High heaven is not high; man's heart is ever higher” (see 'Chinese Stories,' 1881, p. 62).

the literature of the world a parallel could not somewhere be found."

The truth of this may be exemplified by an examination of some of the varying forms in which Tennyson's story of the buried and resuscitated bride may be found in the literature and folklore of various countries.

"The Lover's Tale" is based upon the fourth novel of the tenth day of the 'Decamerone.' Tennyson once told some friends that it would not be easy to understand its allusions unless they knew the story of Boccaccio from which it was taken. The great Italian novelist narrates that Messer Gentile de Carisendi, a gentleman of Bologna, had been in love with Madonna Catalina, who, however, was married to another suitor, Niccoluccio Caccianimico. During the absence of her husband the lady fell into a sort of trance and was placed in the tomb as dead. Gentile hears of her death and returns to Bologna, and secretly visits the last resting-place of the woman he had loved, and loved in vain. He opened the tomb, and, finding some signs of life, removed the body to his house, where, by the help of his mother, Catalina was nursed back to life. Soon after she gave birth to a son, and on her recovery Gentile gave a great banquet, at which, amongst the other guests, was Niccoluccio. Then Gentile told them that he had invited them because he wished, in Persian fashion, to show them the most precious of all that he possessed, or ever should possess; but before doing so he wished to put before them a doubt for solution. If a person had in his house a good and faithful servant who

became ill, and was then put in the middle of the street without further care, and another person came and took the servant away and made him whole again.—would the first master have a claim, if the second master did not wish to yield up the man whose life he had saved? * The company discussed this case of conscience, and by the voice of Niccoluccio, who was a good speaker, declared that the first master had forfeited all his rights. Then Gentile caused the lady, splendidly dressed, and bearing her child in her arms, to be brought into the room, and restored her to the marvelling and grateful husband. All this is told by Boccaccio with the simplicity, conciseness, grace, and homeliness that mark him the supreme master of the short story. Tennyson has followed him closely as to the incidents, but, especially in the earlier part, is far more diffuse than his original, and the effect is marred rather than heightened by the excess of ornament. But in the account of the "Golden Supper," the work of maturer years, he follows Boccaccio more closely, but yet not so slavishly as to obscure his own individuality. He has taken the marble from Boccaccio's great quarry, but he has put his own artistic strength into the shaping of

* The present Lord Tennyson, in the biography of his father, prints Mrs. Bradley's account of what the poet told them of the outline of Boccaccio's story. By a strange slip of memory on the part of the poet or the reporter the question of Gentile is thus given:—"To whom would belong by right a dog whose master turned him out to die, and which was restored to life and health by another?" This would surely have been an indecorous comparison, and both Boccaccio and Tennyson speak of a human being, not a dog, though fidelity is the badge of the canine tribe and ingratitude too often their reward.

it.* From whence did Boccaccio derive the idea of the buried bride resuscitated? Manni, who seeks to establish an historical foundation for all the stories in the 'Decamerone,' points out that Caccianimico is a real family name, and refers to the remarkable history of Ginevra degli Almieri, who is said to have been buried alive at Florence in 1396.† Ginevra was beloved by Antonio Rondinello, but her parents gave her in marriage to Francesco de' Angolanti. After the marriage she had an illness, and was believed to be dead. She was placed in a tomb, but in the night came out of her stupor, and made her escape from the tomb by raising the stone, which was not heavy, and was still unsealed. Passing along a street, ever since known as the Via della Morte, she knocked at her husband's door, who, taking her for a ghost, refused her admittance. Then she went to the house of her parents, and was again denied admission. Then she bethought her of

* What a storehouse the 'Decamerone' has been for subsequent writers is strikingly shown in an excellent article on "Boccaccio as a Quarry" in the 'Quarterly Review' for October, 1899. There is another series of stories to which the name of "The Dead Lady's Ring Cycle" might appropriately be given. A lady having been buried under the false impression that she was dead, a thievish servant opened the tomb, in order to steal a valuable ring from her finger, and so was the unconscious instrument of restoring her to life. The heroine of this incident, which is said to have happened in 1571 at Cologne, is Reichmuth Adolch, but the story has also been told at Toulouse, at Cothele in Cornwall, at Halifax, and other places. (See articles by the present writer in the 'Reliquary,' vol. viii, p. 146, and vol. ix, p. 248; and Bayle's 'Dictionnaire,' article Taveau.) The possibility of premature interment has been much discussed by medical writers. For a credulous belief we may consult the entertaining book of J. J. Bruhier in the eighteenth century; for a sceptical view that of E. Bouchut in the nineteenth.

† Manni: 'Istoria del Decamerone,' 1742, p. 553.

Antonio, and was taken into his home and nursed back to life and health again by the faithful lover and his mother. They marry, but after a time the secret leaks out and Francesco claims his wife; but on appeal to the ecclesiastical authority it is decided that the man who buried Ginevra had lost his claims upon her, and that the man who saved her life had a right to take her for his wife. The story of Ginevra degli Almieri has been told in verses attributed to Antonio Velletti, a Florentine poet of the fifteenth century. It has always been very popular, and is still circulated in Italy in chap-book form.* The date of the occurrence is sometimes given as 1400, a year of pestilence. Dr. Marcus Landau thinks that Boccaccio's story may have some historical foundation, but dissents from Manni's identification of it with that of Ginevra degli Almieri. "Da im Mittelalter die todten meistens nicht lang unbegraben gelassen wurde, so mag es wohl häufig vorkommen sein, dass Scheintode begraben wurde, und die Entdeckung Eines solchen Falles konnte dem Dichter des Dekameron die Anregung zu seinen Novelle gegeben haben."† If we suppose Boccaccio to have known the story of Ginevra, it is easy to see how it may have suggested to his fertile imagination a narrative in which the same problem receives a different solution. Who has the greatest claim upon the lady? The old legend declares for the lover, whilst Boccaccio

* Passano: 'I Novellieri Italiani in verso,' 1868, p. 61. A popular edition, making a small pamphlet of 23 pages, was printed by Adriano Salano at Florence in 1901.

† Landau: 'Die Quellen des Dekamérons, Zweite Auflage,' Stuttgart, 1884.

adjudges her to the husband, though only by the lover's generosity.*

There are two other variants in Italian literature that should be noted. *Bandello* has a charming story of a buried bride. A young Venetian, *Gerardo*, falls in love with *Elena*, and by the aid of a woman who had nursed them both when babies is secretly married to her. His father sends him on a mercantile expedition to *Beyrout*, and in his absence the girl, not daring to reveal the truth, is about to be married to another. She falls into a lethargy, and, as dead, is taken to the marble funeral vault of her family. *Gerardo* returns in time to ask the meaning of the burning torches of her midnight burial. He thinks that she has poisoned herself, and resolves that,

* Oriental ingenuity has been able to state the moral problem in a more complicated form. In a story still current in the valley of the *Indus* we hear of a girl who had been promised in marriage to three different men by her father, her mother, and her brother, each acting independently of the other, but each pitching on the same date for the wedding. On hearing of this she throws herself from the housetop and is killed. One of the three bridegrooms determines to be cremated with her, a second decides to remain and guard the grave, and the third turns fakeer. In the course of his wanderings he learns the art of bringing the dead to life again. He decides to resuscitate his dead bride, but the incantation brings back also the man who was cremated with her. There are therefore three claimants for the girl's hand. The Oriental solution of the difficulty is thus stated:—"The youth and the maiden, having been the same dust, must be regarded as brother and sister now that they are restored to life; therefore they cannot marry. The suitor who raised the pair from the dead must be viewed as their father, since he was the author of their second birth; therefore the maiden cannot be married to him. But the third suitor who merely watched by the bones must be considered differently. He bears no relationship whatever to these children of resurrection, and to him, therefore, the girl belongs, and him she must marry." (*Swynnerton: 'Indian Nights Entertainment,' 1892, p. 237.*)

before killing himself, he will see her dead body. Aided by Comito, a sailor, he gains access to the vault, and takes the body away into the boat. At last Comito convinces him that this is madness, and they are returning to the cemetery when Gerardo finds some traces of life in Elena. They take her to the house of Comito, where she recovers from her swoon. Gerardo then induces his sister to shelter her. Meanwhile, his father presses Gerardo to marry, and is greatly amazed when he is told the story of Elena. When she is claimed by the man to whom her father had promised her, there is no difficulty in defeating him, as the nurse is a witness of the contract of matrimony with Gerardo by which Elena was already bound. This claim is made in her father's absence, but when he returns he is fully content with the choice his daughter has made.

There are artistic improbabilities in the story, but it is told with much grace, and carries the reader's sympathies. The scene in which the secret marriage is described, apart from its significance to the story, is of interest as showing what might constitute a valid marriage in Venice of the fifteenth century. Bandello dedicates this novella to Carlo Brachietto, Signore di Marignò, and says that it was narrated "in una onorata compagnia" by Cavaliere Gerardo Boldiero. The other is a story found in Cinthio. In Seville, he says, Consalvo, a rich man, married Agata, an undowered girl, of whom he soon tired. He was a man of changeable and lascivious manners, and was infatuated with Assegia, a courtesan. He decided to poison his wife in order to

marry his mistress. He took counsel with Rhisti, a medical student, who, unknown to him, was vainly making love to Agata. Instead of the poison Consalvo asked for, Rhisti gave him a soporific. This he administers to Agata, who is thought to be dead and is accordingly buried. Rhisti takes her out of the sepulchre, but cannot persuade her to break her marriage vows, even when the husband has proved to be so great a villain. Meanwhile, Consalvo marries Assegia and finds her very different from Agata. In one of their many quarrels he expresses his regret that he had poisoned his wife. Assegia, who is tired of him, causes his confession to be reported to the authorities, and he is arrested and condemned to death. But when Agata hears of this she appears before the authorities and saves the life of her unworthy husband. And so they came together again and lived happily ever after.*

This story was adopted as a motive by more than one old English dramatist. In 'How a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a Bad' we have the incident of the attempted poisoning followed by resuscitation, the charge of murder, and the reappearance of the injured wife. This has been attributed to Thomas Heywood and also to Joshua Cooke. The same plot, somewhat altered and manipulated, is to be found in 'The Faire Maide of Bristow,' which appeared in 1605. There is also a similarity between part of the plot of the "Fair Maid" and of the "London Prodigal," though it

* Cinthio: 'Gli Hecatommitti,' Deca Terza, novella v (1565, tome i, p. 545).

does not touch that side of it which concerns 'The Lover's Tale.'*

In Arnim and Brentano's 'Knaben Wunderhorn' there is a curious dialect poem which was communicated by H. von Westenberg. It is entitled "Der Färber," and relates the betrothal of a young girl who promises to wait for the return of her lover, but is forced by her parents to marry an elderly suitor. The lover has a dream in which he sees his sweetheart, and immediately starts on his return, but only to find her buried. He digs up the grave, and, finding her alive, takes her to the husband's house. The unexpected apparition frightens the husband into a fit, and he dies the same night, and so removes the only obstacle to the marriage of the girl and her first betrothed.†

Dr. Felix Liebrecht thinks that Boccaccio's story is the source of Johann Peter Trietz's 'Leben aus den Tode' (Danzig, 1644), but it deviates from it in the same incidents as "Der Färber."

From Dr. Liebrecht we learn that in a Portuguese romance the heroine, Guimar, is betrothed against her will, but dies of grief before the marriage is accomplished. Her lover, Don João, on his return seeks Guimar's sepulchre and contemplates suicide, when the Virgin Mary restores Guimar to life. Their marriage takes place without any further trial.‡ He also states that there is a Spanish popular

* See 'The Faire Maide of Bristow,' reprinted from the quarto of 1605, edited by Arthur Hobson Quinn (Philadelphia, 1902, pp. 12—14).

† 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn,' alte deutsche Lieder, gesammelt von L. Achim v. Arnim u. Clemens Brentano; neu herausgegeben von Friedrich Bremer, Leipzig (O. J.), p. 501.

‡ Liebrecht: 'Zur Volkskunde,' Heilbronn, 1879, p. 63.

romance in which the scene is laid at Barcelona. Don Juan, returning from a journey, finds that Maria, his beloved, has been married to another, but has died of grief. He seeks the tomb, and by the interposition of the Virgin Mary she is restored to life. On the way they meet Maria's husband, who asks, "Who is the lady with you? If she were not buried I should think it was my wife." Don Juan replies, "She was yours, but now she is mine." The matter comes before a tribunal, and Don Juan's claim is upheld.* The story is found in France in the sixteenth century. In 'Le Grand Parangon des Nouvelles,' which is said to have been completed in 1536 by Nicolas de Troyes, nouvelle CXXVI is "D'un gentilhomme, qui pour l'amour qu'il avoit à une femme qui, par force de maladie on pensoit qu'elle fut mortes et fut enterree, et le gentilhomme l'alla chercher de nuyt à son sepulchre pour avoir un baiser d'elle et fit tant qu'elle revint de mort à trespas." The book has not been printed in full, but from the argument the tale would appear to be taken from Boccaccio.†

Dr. Landau tells us that there are some traces of the legend in Marie de France's 'Lai d'Eliduc.' Here Eliduc's wife, learning that his beloved, who was thought to be dead, is alive, retires into a convent in order that Eliduc may marry his first love. "Guilideluc spielt hier ungefähr dieselbe Role

* Liebrecht gives the analysis of "La amante resuscitada" from Milay Fontanals's 'Observaciones sobre la poesia popular' (Barcelona, 1853, p. 125).

† 'Le Grand Parangon,' publié par Emile Mabille, Paris, 1869. See also 'Toldo: Contributo allo studio della Novella Francese del xv e xvi secolo.' Roma, 1895, p. 83.

wie Gentile in den Novelle, ja sie bringt ein noch grosseres Opfer da sie, die rechtmässige Gattin, der Geliebten ihren Platz abtritt." (S. 327.) If Boccaccio has in part been anticipated, he has also been imitated by French writers, for, in addition to the story by Nicolas de Troyes, Dr. Liebrecht states that Florian's 'Valerie,' Gratian de Courtilz's 'La Morte Vive,' and Alexandre Dumas's 'Silvandire' have all been suggested by the story of Gentile in the 'Decamerone.' It is interesting to find it also in the 'Causes Célèbres' of Pitaval, but without names or dates. From the work it was translated into English by Stephen Collet.* He argues that it is an "imperfect version" of the story of Ginevra which he cites from Manni.

A little earlier the Florentine narrative attracted the notice of Percy Bysshe Shelley, whose poem of Ginevra is, unfortunately, a fragment. He found the narrative in 'L' Osservatore Fiorentino.' In that poem the name of the heroine is Ginevra, that of her husband Gherardi, whilst the lover's designation does not appear. The poet makes the apparent death occur between the betrothal and the day appointed for the marriage. This fragment was written by Shelley at Pisa, in 1821, and it is a matter of regret that he did not live to complete it. What remains is sufficient to show the ethereal grace and dignity with which the old story would have been invested by this bright spirit.

Leigh Hunt's 'Legend of Florence' is a drama founded on the story of Ginevra. The character of her husband, Francesco Agolanti, is shown in very

* 'Relics of Literature.' 1823, p. 186.

dark colours. He is a jealous tyrant who misconstrues alike the speech and the silence of his wife. She is placed in the tomb, and, recovering from her trance, makes her way to the house of her husband, who, taking her for a ghost, refuses her admission. She is also refused by her mother, and then applies to Rondinello, who had been a suitor for her hand, and of whom Agolanti was madly jealous. Rondinello admits her and places her in the care of his mother. After five days Agolanti learns the truth and demands his wife. At first, Ginevra thinks it her duty to rejoin her husband, but at length revolts at the scandalous excesses of his words, and bursting from him, exclaims :

“ Loose me and hearken.

Madness will crush my senses in, or speak :

The fire of the heavenward sense of my wrong
crowns me ;

The voice of the patience of a life cries out of me ;

Everything warns me. I will *not* return.

I claim the judgment of most Holy Church.

I'll not go back to that unsacred house,

Where heavenly ties restrain not hellish discord.

Loveless, remorseless, never to be taught—

I came to meet with pity, and find shame ;

Tears, and find triumph ; peace, and a loud sword.

The convent walls—bear me to those—in secret,

If it may be ; if not, as loudly as strife,

Drawing a wholesome tempest through the streets ;

And there as close as bonded hands may cling,

I'll hide and pray for ever, to my grave.”

Agolanti endeavours to force her to accompany him. She swoons, and Rondinello receives her in his arms

as she falls. Agolanti tries to kill him, but his sword is intercepted by Colonna, a friend of Rondinello. Colonna and Agolanti then fight, and the husband is slain, leaving Ginevra free to marry Rondinello.

This drama is written with great spirit, and contains some fine lines. It was first produced at Covent Garden Theatre, February 7th, 1840, and secured the favour of Queen Victoria, who went two or three times to see it, and in 1852 had it performed at Windsor Castle. Leigh Hunt was delighted with the praise bestowed upon it by the Queen. And to one who had been imprisoned for a criticism of the uncle the eulogium of the niece must have been pleasant.*

The most curious parallel—though only a partial one—of the story of Ginevra is to be found in the collection of Chinese novels known as the 'Lung-tu-Kung-ngan.' These stories are intended to show the wisdom in the detection of crime and the settlement of disputes of a magistrate named Pao-Kung, who unites the detective ability of Sherlock Holmes to the judicial wisdom of Solomon.

According to this narrative, a young graduate, whilst his parents are away from the house on the day of the feast of the dead, is playing with a red ivory ball of exquisite workmanship and great value, when he sees on the balcony of the next house the pretty feet of a damsel, the remainder of whose body

* Leigh Hunt also dealt with the theme in prose, for he included in his 'One Hundred Romances of Real Life' (London, 1843, p. 96) an English translation of the narrative from Pitaval, and points out its resemblance to the story of Ginevra.

is concealed from view by the curtain. He throws the ball on the balcony and then gains admission to the house in order to re-obtain it. The girl is very pretty, and not at all bashful. The result of the interview is that the two young people decide upon matrimony. They hope to regularise this clandestine union by a formal marriage arranged by the parents, but a difficulty arises between the fathers, as each wants to secure the young man for the performance of funeral duties. The father of Hoa-hien will only give his daughter to a young man who will forsake his own family and take the position of a real son to his father-in-law. This proves a fatal obstacle, and at last the young man, in spite of his solemn promise to the girl, is induced by his father to marry another. On hearing of the wedding of her faithless lover, Hoa-hien falls into a trance, and is taken for dead and carried to the tomb. One of the servants, Li-Sin, struck with the beauty of the girl, returns at night to the cemetery, and as he kisses her discovers signs of returning animation. She awakens from her long sleep and learns what has happened, and the two decide that she shall not return home, but live with Li-Sin as his wife. The sale of the clothes and jewels with which she has been buried furnish them with the means of subsistence. Six months later the house in which they dwelt was burned down. Hoa-hien escapes into the street, and, losing sight of her husband, wanders distractedly about until she recognises her father's house. She knocks at the door and declares who she is, but is refused admission. The servants take her for a spirit, and

promise that on the next day sacrifices shall be made for the repose of her soul. Then she goes to the next house, which is that of her lover. She tells the servant that she is Hoa-hien, and sends a message, mentioning the ivory ball, to his master. He also thinks it is a spirit, and orders the servant to burn some incense for its repose. Finally arming himself with a sword, he goes out, and Hoa-hien begs for pity. Still supposing the apparition to be a ghost, he adjures the spirit to return to the house of her father and mother, and to be content with the incense he has burned. He returns into the house, but Hoa-hien's cries continue, and Fan-Sieu issues forth again and strikes her head off with his sword. This in Chinese folklore has the reputation of being the best method of rendering ghosts harmless,—and it is certainly equally efficacious with human beings. The watch find the dead body of Hoa-hien, and her father has a dream in which she tells him of her death. He accuses Fan-Sieu as the murderer of his daughter, and the case is brought before Pao-Kung for adjudication. The magistrate has a placard posted over the city stating that the tomb of Hoa-hien had been violated, and that she had been found murdered, and offering a reward of a thousand pieces of silver to the person who had taken her from the tomb and brought her to life again, if he would come forward and reveal the truth. Li-Sin saw this notice, and revealed his share in the transaction. Pao-Kung, however, regarded him as the real cause of the catastrophe, and condemned him to be beheaded. Fan-Sieu was acquitted, but the memory of his broken vow and of the sad end

of his betrothed preyed upon his mind, and he died after suffering a long and cruel malady.*

Thus we trace the story of the buried bride who came to life again, and find it in varying forms, pathetic or grotesque, in the literature or folklore of Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and England.† We find it in the valleys of Hindustan, and in the land of marvels, China. A story that has charmed the winter nights and whiled away the summer evenings of many climes, a story that fired the imagination of Boccaccio and Bandello, of Shelley and of Tennyson, appeals to the universal brotherhood, and has in it that touch of nature which "makes the whole world kin."

* 'Novelle Cinesi, tradotte da Carlo Puini,' Piacenza, 1871, p. 71. There is a modern Chinese poem which aims at expressing the emotions of a girl who has been buried alive by her father in revenge for an attempted elopement. See 'Chinesische Gedichte,' deutsch von Adolf Seubert, Leipzig (O. J.), p. 37.

† Since this paper was in type the writer has had the pleasure of seeing the proof-sheets of the work in which Mr. Thos. J. Wise deals, in masterly fashion, with the intricate bibliography of 'The Lover's Tale,' and of Tennyson's other writings—a work which will earn the gratitude of the lovers and students of literature.

S. T. COLERIDGE AS A LAKE POET.

BY ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, M.A., HON. F.R.S.L.

[Read March 25th, 1903.]

I ONCE had the good fortune to meet at the Authors' Club the late William Morris, poet, printer, artist, art furnisher, and socialist. It was towards the close of his life, and the keen, vigorous spirit was affected by the near approach of mortal sickness,—affected, but not changed or weakened. When I came up to the table where he was already seated—his face buried in his hands—he looked up and greeted me in this wise: “Your grandfather wrote a few perfect poems, but as for that old lake-poet Wordsworth, he [I will not attempt to give the exact words]—he never wrote any poetry at all.” I hardly think he could have meant what he said about Wordsworth; if so (to adapt a phrase of Robert Browning's) the less William Morris he. But he certainly did hold, as his Kelmscott edition (now worth far more than its weight in silver) proves, that only a few of Coleridge's poems, a few gems, are worth preserving, and that the rest may be allowed to perish. This is, I think, a superstition of the moment—an *eulolon columnarum*, a ghost of the book-market, formidable but unsubstantial. True it is that between Coleridge in his early youth, not

yet inspired, and Coleridge at his best, or, again, between Coleridge as a lyrical and Coleridge as a dramatic poet, there is a great gulf fixed; but the truth, the unrhretorical truth, is that over and above the half-dozen gems of the first water there are more than fifty others which have not perished in the dust. Take the selections, the handiwork of critics and poets. Mr. Swinburne's tale of 'Lyrical and Imaginative Poems' numbers 48; Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Selections from Coleridge' numbers 33; Mr. Stopford Brooke's 'Golden Book of Coleridge' contains 84; and Dr. Garnett's 'Poetry of Samuel Taylor Coleridge' over 100 pieces. After—I am quoting from a letter to his brother George,—after he had "snapped his squeaking baby-trumpet of sedition"—or, as Byron put it, "let to the 'Morning Post' its aristocracy,"—Coleridge used to maintain that heads—that is, voters—must be weighed, not counted. Here and now I will say nothing about voters, but it is undoubtedly true that poems must be weighed, not counted; and it is but to answer the critics according to their criticism that I have laboured this question of numbers—of quantity rather than quality—before asserting that it is only in seven or eight poems that Coleridge betrays the fact that he was a dweller among the mountains, that, as Lamb has it, "he lived in Skiddlaw." And yet he was familiar with almost the whole of the Lake District—second only to Wordsworth in a general knowledge of its main features. For the few years—four or five at most if his long absences are omitted—which he divided between Keswick and Grasmere, he read,

learnt, marked, and took into his inmost soul every effect of sunshine or of shade, every modification of outline of ridge or peak, every accentuation, every undulation of foreground—the moss, the stones, the puddles at his feet, the glimmer and gloom of silver and ebony on the surface of the lakes, the pageantry of mist and cloud, the light, the colour, the magic, the enchantment of the hills. He was fulfilled with the vision, and the record remains—an unique, a marvellous record,—transfigured, indeed, by genius, but, with rare and brief exceptions, untranslated into song.

But before I touch upon the Keswick poems I must dwell upon one or two incidents of Coleridge's earlier years before he settled at Greta Hall, before the triumvirate Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge were grouped together and nicknamed Lakists. I can throw no pictures on the screen, I have no magic lantern—only the dim and intermittent lantern of speech,—but, thanks to the record, I can for a few brief moments bring you within speaking distance of one who wrote as he spoke—that is, when press and publisher were out of his ken,—and for the sake of the text you must bear with and forgive the commentary.

It must be borne in mind that a love of mountain scenery, the admiration for precipitous crags and wide stretches of barren hillside, was a new fashion, hardly as yet a reality in Coleridge's youth. White, of Selborne, describes the Sussex Downs as “a chain of majestic mountains,” and adds, “For my own part I think there is something peculiarly sweet and amusing in the shapely figured aspect of

chalk hills in preference to those of stone, which are rugged, broken, abrupt, and shapeless." Even that was a novel and daring sentiment. It was the champaign—the smiling plain, rich, cultivated lands, park, and forest—which appealed to the lover of the picturesque in the eighteenth century. The first mountaineer who climbed a dark brow for the sake of climbing was, I believe, the poet Petrarch, who ascended the *Mons Ventosus* in the south of France; and he, if I remember aright, made a considerable splutter over the job, and was not impressed by what he saw. Mountains were by no means flattered in the brave days of old; they were miscalled cruel, savage, horrible, the perilous abodes of mystery and terror.

Even in 1807, long after "The Brothers" and "Michael" had appeared in the second edition of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' a learned and fashionable poetaster, the Rev. Thomas Maurice, appealed successfully to the public taste by his poem on "Richmond Hill;" and it was not till Scott poured forth his romantic poems and poetical romances, and Byron, dosed, as he said, by Shelley, imitated and interpreted Wordsworth in his magnificent Third Canto of "Childe Harold," that the average Briton yielded to the enchantment of burn and peak, of moor and crag and fell.

Coleridge's first experience of mountain scenery was in the summer of 1794, when, in company with a college friend, one Joseph Hucks, he made a tour on foot through the greater part of North Wales. His heart and head were full to overflowing with thoughts and feelings of a vivid and personal nature; of republican and socialistic notions, equality and fraternity; of his lost love, Mary Evans, whom he

caught sight of, he says, accidentally at Wrexham; and his letters contain one tribute, and only one, to the scenery through which he was passing. He was on his way from Llangunnog to Bala, and he describes the last twelve miles as "sublimely beautiful." "It was scorchingly hot. I applied my mouth, ever and anon, to the side of the rock, and sucked in draughts of water cold as ice, and clear as infant diamonds in their embryo dew. The rugged and stony clefts are stupendous, and in winter form cataracts most astonishing; now there is just enough sun-glittering water dashed over them to 'soothe, not to disturb the ear.' I slept by the side of one an hour or more." Two years later, in August, 1796, he was in Derbyshire, and visited the "thrice lovely vale of Ilam, a vale hung with woods all round, except just at its entrance. It is without exception the most beautiful place I ever saw." Derbyshire had supplanted Wales. A year goes by, and he becomes the neighbour and intimate friend of Wordsworth. The following passage in "Osorio," the original draft of "Remorse," must, I surmise, be traced to a description of Thirlmere and Lancy Beck which had been given him by Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy. At any rate it fits that exquisite scene as it was before the ancient watermarks were obliterated by the Manchester Reservoir.

"You can't mistake. It is a small green dale
 Built all around with high, off-sloping hills,
 And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
 'The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
 And round its banks tall wood that branches over,
 And makes a kind of fairy forest grow

Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataraet falls on the lake,
And there (a curious sight) yon see its shadow
For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those fairy trees."

I quote these lines because they were written by Coleridge two years before he set foot in Westmoreland, and they show that by this time (1797) heart and eye were prepared for the revelation which he was to receive himself, and, in turn, to make manifest to others. Hitherto it might have been said of mankind generally, with regard to the finer perception of Nature in her wilder aspects, that "having eyes they saw not."

Lastly, we come to that extraordinary prediction which Coleridge uttered over the cradle of his first-born, Hartley, a prediction which was fulfilled both in the spirit and to the letter. The lines occur in "Frost at Midnight," which was written in February, 1798, whilst he was living and likely to live in Somersetshire, two years and a half before he took up his quarters at Keswick.

"I was reared

In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains and beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags. So shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in Himself."

Yet one more experience of mountaineering was to befall Coleridge before he bent his steps northward. In May, 1799, at the close of a nine months' residence in Germany, he joined a party of his fellow-students at the University of Göttingen on a three days' tour in the Hartz mountains. He gives a detailed account of the peculiar features of the scenery, of which the following remarkable sentence may be taken as a sample:—"The valley or basin into which we look down is called the Wald Rauschenbach—that is, the Valley of the Roaring Brook; and roar it did most solemnly. . . . Now again is nothing but fir and pine above, below, around us! How awful is the deep unison of their undividable murmur; what a one thing it is—it is a sound that impresses the deep notion of the Omnipresent. In various parts of the deep vale below us we beheld little dancing waterfalls gleaming through the branches, and now, on our left hand, from the very summit of the hill above us, a powerful stream flung itself down leaping and foaming, and now concealed, and now *not* concealed, and now half-concealed by the fir-trees, till towards the road it became a visible sheet of water within whose immediate neighbourhood no pine could have permanent abiding place. The snow lay everywhere on the sides of the roads, and glimmered in company with the waterfall foam, snow patches and water breaks glimmering through the branches on the hill above, the deep basin below, and the hill opposite." That is a forecast of the elaborate descriptions of lakes and mountains, roads and walls and cottages with which he filled his note-books after he came to Keswick and began to take long, solitary

walks. He had become by this time a minute observer and careful recorder of scenic effects. Four months after his return from Germany, in November, 1799, Coleridge, companioned and guided by Wordsworth, walked through the whole of the Lake District, beginning with Haweswater and ending at Eusemere, at the foot of Ulleswater, then the residence of the emancipationist, Thomas Clarkson. There is an especial interest in his first comments on Keswick, which he passed *en route* for Lorton, where he saw "a yew prodigious in size and complexity of numberless branches. It flings itself on one side entirely over the river, its branches all verging waterwards over the field—on its branches names numberless carved; some of the names, being grown up, appear in *alto relievo*"—perhaps the earliest mention of the "Pride of Lorton Vale, Which to this day stands single in the midst Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore." (So wrote Wordsworth in 1803; a guide-book of 1780 does not mention it.) He is writing from Ouse Bridge at the foot of Bassenthwaite. "From the window of the inn we overlook the whole of the lake, a simple majesty of water and mountain, and in the distance the bank (Skiddaw Dodd) rising like a wedge, and in the second distance the crags of Derwentwater. What an effect of the shades in the water! On the left the conical shadow, on the right a square of splendid black, all the intermediate area a mirror reflecting dark and sunny cloud,—but in the distance a black promontory with a circle of melted silver, and a path of silver running from it. The snowy Borrowdale is seen in the farthest distance."

Again, a few days later, on his return from

Wastdale, when he is quitting Keswick, he describes the view from the Druidical circle: "Before me, towards Keswick, the mountains stand one behind the other in orderly array, as if evoked by, and attentive to, the assembly of white-vested wizards." That is an image which would only have occurred to a poet. He assumes that the place was a sanctuary, the scene of magic rites and ceremonies, and as he observes the "assembly" of fantastic peaks, Grisedale Pike, and Causey Pike, and Red Pike, and so on, which fall into line one behind the other, he feigns to himself that these shapes and forms had been summoned out of nothingness and marshalled into "orderly array" by the white-surpliced Druids who ministered at the central altar within the circling shrine of stones.

On the same day that he turned to look at Keswick Hill he made his way, *via* Threlkeld and Matterdale, to Gowbarrow, where danced and dance the daffodils. The description of the scene which met his view on his descent from Ulleswater has been transcribed from his MS. diary, and will be new to all who are present. There were no phonographs in 1799, and yet Coleridge spoke into his note-books, and they do in a very real fashion give out and give back his thoughts after many days. Faint pencil scrawls though they be, they reproduce the scene as it was in the eye of a beholder whose eye was full of light. "I have come," he says, "suddenly on Ulleswater; a little below Place Fell there is a stretch, a large slice of silver, and above this a bright ruffledness, the work of some atomic *sportiriculi*—motes in the sunbeams, or vortices of

flies. And how shall I describe the opposite bank and the waters below—a mass of fused silver? Yonder house, too, its slates rain-wet and silver in the sunshine, its shadows running down into the water like a column.

“But I have omitted the two island-rocks in the lake; the one seems to me like wine in the glassy shadow, but far removed from the dazzle, and quite conspicuous. The sun—it being past noon—hangs over the lake, clouded, so that any but a weak eye might gaze on it, the clouds being in part bright white, and part, with islets of blue sky, dusky and full of rain. Now the scene changes; what tongues of light shoot out of the banks! We visited Aira Force; the chasm is very fine. Violet-coloured beeches, and hawthorns as big as forest trees, and a prickly with berries as red as red flowers, grow close at hand. The higher part of the fall, where the two streams run athwart each other, is a thing to itself; but where the wheel-part is broken it spreads itself into a muslin apron, and the whole waterfall looks like a long-waisted giantess slipping down on her back. But on the bridge, where you see only the wheel, it is very fine; the waters revolve with a complete half-wheel. We gain the road that runs along by the lake, and through the branches of the pine trees which grow along the margin we glimpse the bare knotty cliff opposite, and its shadow which lies so soft on the bosom of the lake.”

Thus much the diary, but in a letter to Dorothy he sums up his impressions of the Lake Country generally.

“You can feel, what I cannot express for myself,

how deeply I have been impressed by a world of scenery absolutely new to me. At Rydal and Grasmere I received, I think, the deepest delight; yet Haweswater, through many a varying view, kept my eyes dim with tears; and, the evening approaching, Derwentwater, in diversity of harmonious features, in the majesty of its beauties, and the beauty of its majesty, . . . and the black crags close under the snowy mountains, whose snows were pinkish with the setting sun, and the reflections from the rich clouds which floated over some and rested upon others! It was to me a vision of a fair country. Why were you not with us?"

There is something delightful and mysterious in the beginning of things—the foundation of a city, a society, or an institution, the birth of a race or nation. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and in all *beginnings* there is a sense of hope and promise, a freshness as of Paradise, to which, as time goes on, we look back with a kind of longing wonder, of loving interest. The first years of the nineteenth century brought forth, it may be, greater things than a new school of poetry, a heightened and a deepened sense of natural scenery; still, it is both instructive and delightful to look back to and realise the beginnings of thoughts and feelings which have leavened and lightened the heads and hearts of succeeding generations.

The walking tour with Wordsworth in 1799 was no doubt a factor in Coleridge's determination to follow Wordsworth's example and settle near him in the Lake Country. Accordingly, in June, 1800, he brought his wife and four-year-old Hartley to Words-

worth's cottage at Town End, Grasmere,—a cottage which had formerly been the Dove Inn, but was not known to Wordsworth or Coleridge as Dove Cottage; and a month later he took up his quarters at Greta Hall. To southern ears Greta Hall has a stately sound, but, as a matter of fact, the new home was a set of half-furnished lodgings in a house newly built by a carrier named William Jackson, the master of Benjamin, the hero of Wordsworth's "Waggoner." It was an ideal home for a poet, and at first, and for a time at least, the *genius loci* constrained and inspired his fitful and inconstant muse. The autumn of 1800 brought forth the second part of "Christabel." The first part had been written more than two years before at Nether Stowey, where Wordsworth and Coleridge wandered together over the green slopes and romantic coombes of the Quantocks. Unlike "The Ancient Mariner," it had remained unfinished, and for that reason had not been included in the first edition of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' published in September, 1798. A second edition was now being projected, and if only "Christabel" might be kept within due limits and finished in time there would be joy at Grasmere. As the fates would have it, "Christabel" grew and grew—but grew not to a close. It was running up to 1300 lines—bid fair, that is, to be on the scale of 1300 lines (for it never reached more than half that number)—and so remained in MS. till, in 1816, at Lord Byron's suggestion and through his influence, this "wild and original poem," as he was half quizzed for calling it, was published as a fragment—a tale half told. Half the fragment belongs to the South;

but the second part bears traces, though superficial traces only, of Coleridge's recent introduction to the scenery of the Lake District. The opening lines of Part II must have been suggested by a walk to Great Langdale which he took with Wordsworth in July, 1800. Wordsworth, no doubt, was guide. For his "Idle Shepherd Boys," or "Dungeon Ghyll Force," must have been conceived and written in the lambing season of 1800; while Coleridge entered Dungeon Ghyll in his note-book, and sketched the bridge of rock in the height of summer; and it was not till the following September that "Christabel" revisited the glimpses of the moon.

"Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead :
These words Sir Leoline will say
Many a morn to his dying day.
And hence the custom and law began,
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five-and-forty heads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

"Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell !
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can !
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon Ghyll so foully rent
With ropes of rock and bells of air,
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,

Who all give back one after t'other
The death note to their living brother ;
And oft, too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one ! two ! three ! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale."

Here is the key in the pencilled note : " Stand to the right hand close to the bellying rock, so as to see the top of the waterfall, the highest of whose parallelograms is faced with ferns ; daylight in the wet rock ; the arch right above ; the little imitation of the great waterfall (connections in nature) ; between the arch and the great waterfall an arch of trees—hollies, ash, and birch ; the stream widens from a foot to a yard and a half, as it widens varying from a vivid white to a black through all the intermediate shades. The second arch divided from the first by a huge natural bridge, one vast boulder contiguated to the two sides by rocks small and pendulous. Plumy ferns on the side and over the second pool ; on the left side the light umbrella of a young ash." It is a thousand to one that Coleridge knew best (and, as saints and theologians may dare to speak lightly and gaily of sacred things with a blameless audacity which would be reckoned profanity in the profane, so, too, the poet may sport with the muse) ; but I am half tempted to say of this joecular episode of the devil and the three sextons—" I would, I would it were not here." But, criticism apart, the comparison of the note-book with the poem is most interesting. For in a fifth edition of West's first guide-book to the Lakes, dated 1793, only seven years before Coleridge made his

note and sketch, there is no mention of Dungeon Ghyll. Think of it—an undiscovered, unexploited, untouristed Dungeon Ghyll! And there was the sacred bard to enrol it amongst famous water-springs—"Siloa's brook that flowed Fast by the oracles of God," and Bandusia's Fount, dear to Horace, and the Streams of Dove consecrated to an unknown goddess—the half-hidden violet Lucy.

Again, at the close of the second part, when Sir Leoline dispatches Bard Bracy on a mission to Lord Roland de Vaux, of Tryermaine :

"Ho ! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine ;
 Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
 And take two steeds with trappings proud,
 And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
 To bear thy harp and learn thy song,
 And clothe you both in solemn vest,
 And over the mountains haste along.
 And when he has crossed the Irthing Flood,
 My merry bard ! he hastes, he hastes,
 Up Knorren Moor, thro' Halegarth Wood,
 And reaches soon that castle good
 Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes."

These places are not in the Lake District, but away to the north in Gilsland. I am not certain whether Coleridge ever was so far north, or whether he picked the names out of some old map or county history—Nicholson and Burns', to wit, which he owned and annotated—found amongst his landlord's odd volumes. Halegarth Wood I have not been able to trace, but Knorren Moor and Irthing Flood are certainly in or near Gilsland. Tryermaine is a barony of Gilsland, and, strange to say, near the

reputed site of the castle is the Witch's Crag—a haunted spot which may have suggested to Coleridge the assumed relationship of the witch Geraldine to Lord Roland de Vaux, of Tryermaine. In the first part, when Christabel had stolen from the castle by midnight, and was kneeling beneath the old oak tree wrapped in prayer “for the weal of her lover that's far away,” the witch Geraldine, “richly clad and beautiful exceedingly,” approached her and began to weave her spells, thinking to enmesh in unholy mystery the soul of the spotless maiden. What was her motive? Had she caught sight of Christabel's lover, who “was far away,” and thought to win him for herself? Had Christabel's lover been allured by her unholy charms; and hence it was, with the *clairvoyance* of fear and love, that she had dreams “all yesternight of her own betrothed knight”? Perhaps such curious speculations are a rash and irreverent intrusion into poetic mysteries beyond our ken; but it is pleasant to think that Sir Leoline lived at Langdale, and that his old friend and foe, Lord Roland de Vaux, lived in Gilsland, the further side of the Irthing Flood; and to guess that Geraldine might still be found in the clefts of the Witch's Crag.

And now I fear I must inflict upon you a brief table of contents:

In September–October, 1802, Coleridge published in the ‘Morning Post’ eight of his greater poems. They appeared in the following order:—(1) “The Picture, or the Lover's Resolution;” (2) “The Hymn before Sunrise at Chamounix;” (3) “The Keepsake;” (4) “The Good Great Man;” (5) “The Inscription for a Fountain on the Heath;”

(6) "Ode to the Rain" (?); (7) "Dejection: an Ode;" (8) "Answer to a Child's Question;" (9) "A Day-dream." He had written in 1800 "The Stranger Minstrel" and "The Mad Monk;" and in 1801 he wrote and published in the 'Morning Post' his "Ode to Tranquillity" and "Lines on Revisiting the Sea Shore;" and, last of all, "The Pains of Sleep," which was written at Edinburgh in 1803, but not published till 1816. These, with the exception of the undated lines, "The Knight's Grave," "A Thought suggested by a View of Saddleback," "The Tombless Epitaph," and most probably that late-gleaned treasure, the ballad of "Alice du Clos," were all the poems which were written in the Lake District between the years 1800—1804. The exquisite trio or lyrical trilogy, "Recollection of Love," "The Happy Husband," and "A Day-dream," I associate, rightly or wrongly, with Stowey revisited; while the "Lines to a Gentleman," *i. e.* Wordsworth—that pathetic poem with an unpathetic or antipathetic title,—were written when he was staying with the Wordsworths in a farmhouse not a stone's throw from Sir George Beaumont's then unfinished mansion at Coleorton. Be not dismayed; I can only say a few words on one or two of this loose-strung chaplet of jewels which "wildly glitter here and there."

Contemporary with "Christabel," there or thereabouts, was "The Keepsake." It opens thus:

"The tedded hay, the firstfruits of the soil,
The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field
Show summer gone ere come. The foxglove tall

Sheds its loose purple bells, or on the gust,
 Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark
 Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
 Stands like some boasted beauty of past years,
 The thorns remaining and the flowers all gone."

The place is surely an upland valley or mountain-bottom. The belated hay-crop—"tedded" (a Miltonic word which Coleridge had already made his own), tedded, spread out in thin discoloured swaths—would strike a Southerner, to whom hay in October was strange enough; while the foxglove, which blooms late in the North, and the rose-bush with its scarlet haws, are familiar sights by "rivulet or spring or wet roadside." This is the late autumn of the North, "more beautiful" with lingering fruits and foliage, exuberant in comparison with the drouthy and discoloured aftergrowth of a Southern summer.

To the autumn of 1800 belong, too, "The Stranger Minstrel" and "The Mad Monk," poems written to and for the poetess Mary Robinson, that "boasted beauty of past years," the once-enchanted *Perdita*, now sick and dying. We know her face, for Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney painted her (are not the "counterfeit presentments" in the Hertford Gallery?), and of her poor pitiful story we know more than enough. She had been telling Coleridge she would dearly love to look once more on Skiddaw, and he rejoins :

"Thou ancient Skiddaw, by thy helm of cloud,
 And by thy many-coloured chasms deep,
 And by their shadows that for ever sleep,
 By yon small flaky mists that love to creep
 Along the edges of those spots of light,

Those sunny islands on thy smooth green height,—
 O ancient Skiddaw, by this tear,
 I would, I would that she were here.”

Here, perhaps, in the “shadows that for ever sleep,” is a comment on, if not an anticipation of, Wordsworth’s august image—“the sleep that is among the lonely hills;” and here, *per accidens*, is an unconscious prophecy of “those sunny islets of the blest and the intelligible,” which Carlyle allowed were now and again distinguishable and distinct amid the iridescent mists of Coleridge’s transcendental monologue.

“The Mad Monk” need not detain us save for one remarkable stanza which seems to have rested on Wordsworth’s poetic consciousness—and to have given the key-note of his great harmony,—The Ode to Immortality.

“There was a time when earth, and sea, and skies,
 The bright green vale and forest’s dark recess,
 With all things lay before mine eyes
 In steady loveliness.
 But now,” etc.*

Here, surely, is the germ of—

“There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparell’d in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now,” etc.

* There is, too, so I am informed by my friend Mr. T. Hutchinson, a remarkable conformity of the metrical scheme of “The Mad Monk” to the metrical scheme of Wordsworth’s lines, “’Tis said that some have died for love,” which was written in 1800—a proof how carefully Coleridge studied Wordsworth’s metrical methods, sometimes adopting, sometimes varying, and sometimes improving upon them.”

In "The Picture, or the Lover's Resolution," which belongs to the summer of 1802, the influence of mountain scenery on the entire consciousness of the writer is at its height. Here is a poetic rendering of one of his sketches or word-photographs :

"And hark ! the noise of a near waterfall,—
I pass forth into light—I find myself
Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful
Of forest trees, the Lady of the Wood),
Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock
That overbrows the cataract. Here bursts
The landscape on my sight ! Two crescent hills
Fold in behind each other, and so make
A circular vale, and land-locked, as might seem,
With brook and bridge, and grey stone cottages,
Half hid by rock and fruit-trees. At my feet
The whortleberries are bedewed with spray
Dashed upwards by the furions waterfall.
How solemnly the pendent ivy-mass
Swings in its winnow ! all the air is calm.
The smoke from cottage chimneys, tinged with light,
Rises in columns ; from this house above,
Close by the waterfall, the column slants,
And feels its ceaseless breeze."

The opening lines of this poem, "Through weeds and thorns and matted underwood I force my way," etc., may be cited in corroboration of Hazlitt's observation that the "numbers came" to Coleridge when his "path was rough," when he was "walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copse;" or they may be regarded as the germ of the reminiscence. Characteristic anecdotes are dear to the heart of the biographer and the essayist, but they should be taken with two pinches of quali-

fying salt, a pinch of "perhaps" and a pinch of "sometimes."

I must pass over two exquisite fragments, "The Knight's Grave," dear to Sir Walter Scott, and "Lines suggested by a View of Saddleback" ("On stern Blencartha's perilous height"), which were, I conceive, sparks from the anvil on which Part II of "Christabel" was forged; and proceed to two other poems of the first magnitude written at Keswick, "Dejection: an Ode" (April, 1802), and "The Hymn before Sunrise" (August, 1802). Of the first and greatest I will say little. The imagery is of the valley and the home. "The larch that pushes out in tassels green its bundled leafits" (I quote from an early draft), the "peculiar tint of yellow green" in the western sky, the wild storm, the "mad Lutanist who in this month of showers, Of dark brown gardens and of peeping flowers, Mak'st Devil's yule," fix and present the season, but are not characteristic of the place. We know, but could hardly guess, that the poem was written at Greta Hall. On the other hand, "The Hymn before Sunrise," which purported to have been composed at Chamouni, derived not, indeed, its form, or even the whole of its substance, but its passion and its power, from the enthusiasm or possession, the spiritual excitement aroused by a solitary walk on Scafell. It is, as De Quincey was the first to point out, an expansion—here and there a translation—of a striking and admirable poem by Friederike Brun. Coleridge sent it, together with a fictitious preface, to the 'Morning Post' in 1802, and afterwards included it by way of, or for want of, copy in 'The Friend' in 1809, and, finally, in 1817 published it

in 'Sibylline Leaves.' In the first two instances an acknowledgment of the German source was, perhaps, naturally omitted; but, unless he had by that time forgotten that it was not all his own, he should have added an explanatory note in 1817. De Quincey said that Coleridge had "created the dry bones of the German outline into the fulness of life," and, though he is sometimes unjust to Coleridge, here, I believe, he is unjust to "the German outline." Be that as it may (and the ethic of plagiarism is "dry" indeed), Coleridge wrote a magnificent hymn of praise. His pencillings by the way, which he expanded into a letter to Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Sara Hutchinson, and which she transcribed in her delicate handwriting and left as a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰΐ*, supply the clue. Only a few sentences have been published.

*"Wednesday Afternoon, half-past three,
August 4th, 1802.*

"Wastdale, a mile and a half below the foot of the lake, at an alehouse without a sign, twenty strides from the door, under the shade of a huge sycamore tree, without my coat—but that I will now put on in prudence,—yes! here I am, and have been for something more than an hour, and have enjoyed a good dish of tea (I carried my tea and sugar with me) under this delightful tree. In the house are only an old feeble woman and a Tallyeur lad upon the table; all the rest of the Wastdale world is a-haymaking, rejoicing, and thanking God for this first downright summer day that we have had since the beginning of May.

"On Sunday, August 1st, half-past twelve, I had a shirt, cravat, two pairs of stockings, a little paper and half a dozen pins, a German book (Voss' Poems), and a little tea and sugar, with my night-cap, packed up into my net knapsack; and the knapsack on my back, and the besom

stick in my hand, which for want of a better, and in spite of Mrs. C— and Mary, who both raised their voices against it, especially as I left the besom scattered on the kitchen floor—off I sallied over the bridge, through the hop-field, along into Newlands.”

He passed through Buttermere and so to Ennerdale, where he stayed the night at the house of John Ponsonby, the friend of his landlord, Mr. Jackson.

“On Monday evening the old man went to the head of the lake with me. The mountains at the head of this lake and Wastdale are the monsters of the country,—bare black heads, evermore doing deeds of darkness, weather plots, and storm conspiracies in the clouds. . . .”

On the 4th he reached Wastwater.

“When I first came, the lake was a perfect mirror—and what must have been the glory of the reflections on it! The huge facing of rock, said to be half a mile in perpendicular height, with deep ravines and torrent-worn, except where the pink-striped Screes came in as smooth as silk—all this reflected, turned into pillars, dells, and a whole world of images in the water.”

The next entry is dated Thursday, August 5th.

“I ascended Scafell by the side of a torrent, and climbed and rested, rested and climbed, till I gained the very summit—believed by the shepherds here to be higher than either Helvellyn or Skiddaw. . . . Oh, my God! what enormous mountains there are close by me, and yet below the hill I stand on. . . . Great Gavel, Green Crag, and, behind, the Pillar, then the Steeple. . . . And here I am *lounded*—so fully *lounded* that though the wind is strong and the clouds are hastening hither from the sea, and the whole air seaward has a lurid look, and we shall certainly have thunder,—yet here (but that I am hungered

and provisionless)—*here* I could be warm and wait, methinks, for to-morrow's sun; and on a nice stone table I am now at this moment writing to you, between two and three o'clock as I guess,—surely the first letter ever written from the top of Scafell. But O! what a look down just under my feet! The frightfullest ravine—huge perpendicular precipices, and one sheep upon its only ledge.

Then came the descent into Eskdale, which afforded matter for another tale.

“There is one sort of gambling,” he confesses, “to which I am much addicted. It is this. . . . When I turn to go down a mountain, I wander on, and where it is first possible to descend, there I go, relying on fortune for how far down this possibility will continue. So it was yesterday afternoon. I slipped down and went on for a while with tolerable ease; but now I came (it was midway down) to a smooth, perpendicular rock about seven feet high. This was nothing. I put my hands on the ledge and dropped down, and then another and another, but the stretching of the muscles of my hands and arms, and the jolt of the fall on my feet, put my whole limbs in a *tremble*, and I paused, and looking down, saw that I had little else to encounter but a succession of these little precipices. It was, in truth, a path that in very hard rain is, no doubt, the channel of a splendid waterfall. So I began to suspect that I ought not to go on; but then, unfortunately, though I could with ease drop down a smooth rock seven feet high, I could not climb it, so go on I must, and on I went. I shook all over, Heaven knows! without the least influence of fear; and now I had only two more to drop down, but of these two the first was tremendous. It was twice my own height, and the ledge at the bottom was exceedingly narrow, so if I dropped down upon it I must of necessity have fallen backward, and, of course, killed myself. I lay upon my back to rest myself, and was beginning, according to my custom, to laugh at myself for a madman, when the

sight of the crags above me, and the impetuous clouds just over them posting so luridly and so rapidly northward, overawed me. I lay in a state of almost prophetic trance and delight, and blessed God aloud for the power of reason and will, which remaining, no danger can overpower us."

Whereupon he contrived somehow to slip down one of the so-called chimneys, and to reach Eskdale in safety. That is the prose version, if prose it can be called, of his Hymn to Scafell. The poetry was suggested and started by Friederike Brun's noble *Alcaics*; the scene is Chamouni, the garment which the mountains wear is Alpine, but the passion which lifts the poet to the height of his great argument,—that was infused by the English "monarch of mountains" into an English poet. And at the last he spake with his tongue:

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course?

Around thee and above,
Deep is the sky and black! transpicuous black,
An ebon mass! Methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.

Hand and voice
Awake! awake! and thou, my heart, awake!
Green fields and icy cliffs all join my hymn,
And thou, thou silent mountain, lone and bare,
O blacker than the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald,—wake, oh wake, and utter praise.

And thou, thou silent mountain, lone and bare,
When as I lift again my head, bowed low
In adoration, I again behold,
And to thy summit upward from the base
Sweep slowly with dim eyes suffused with tears,—
Rise, mighty form ! ever as thou seem'st to rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth !
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven.
Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent stars,
Tell the blue sky, and tell the rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices calls on God !”

I have endeavoured to record and to illustrate, rather than to characterise or criticise, Coleridge's work as a Lake Poet. The criticism of great critics is itself a work of art. But when all is said and done, and the expositor has played his part to perfection, and summed up the whole matter in the most brilliant and cogent epigrams, the *poem* is still the thing, which, to be loved, must be known in and for itself, as though there were no critics in the world. Poetry is not loved because it is not read, and it is not read because there are many things in it which are hard to understand. To know what the poet knows, to see what the poet sees, is the secret of being able to feel as the poet felt, and so to partake of his genius. If we have so prepared ourselves we shall listen to what *our* betters say of *their* betters, and we shall be able to judge between the interpreter and the prophet.

One or two questions, however, which demand special treatment spring out of the consideration of Coleridge as a Lake Poet. I can only touch upon these. It has been shown that Coleridge was a more

particular, if not a more profound and more accurate observer of Nature than Wordsworth. He was forever tabulating and recording the *minutiæ* as well as the sublimities of land and sky, and of the face of the waters; and yet he but seldom fused *them* into pictures or compositions. Wordsworth was less careful *de minimis*, and was observant of the spirit rather than the letter of Nature. But Nature was his immediate teacher—he was her constant and loyal servant. It was not so with Coleridge. With him Nature was a means to an end, the companion and handmaid of the imagination, the informer and inspirer of the “passion, and the life whose fountains are within.” It follows that Wordsworth delivered his message as a poet, and that Coleridge was impelled to go for his message elsewhere, if not further afield. It may have been—I do not think it was—a fruitless quest, but surely it was a noble one. It is often charged upon him that he forsook poetry for metaphysics, as though he had deliberately turned aside from the loftier and the purer to a lower and unworthy aim, or was turned aside in spite of himself. Some say that his muse was lulled to sleep by opium, and others that opium called up the vision and inspired the melody, and afterwards annulled them altogether. He says himself that he sang for “joy,” and, lacking joy, was songless; that poesy, the “shaping spirit of the imagination,” is a function of bliss—not pleasure, not mirth, not even happiness, but of inward satisfaction, of a mind and heart at one. But from whatever visitation of the natural or the spiritual man he turned to “abstruse research,” he did not forget that he was a

poet. It was in the spirit and the power of poetry that he suffered himself to be consumed with a zeal for truth, and I make bold to say that the world is the better and the wiser for his martyrdom. And now and again, I doubt not, he was rewarded with a vision of "The Vision." Now and again, in those long night-watches between moonrise and moonset, when he was wrestling with the mysteries of Being, he might have exclaimed with Sir Galahad :

"Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !

My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars !"

NOTE.

The following summary of poems, first published by S. T. Coleridge in newspapers and magazines, has been compiled from the notes, foot-notes, etc., attached to the several poems in 'The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge,' 1877, vols. i, ii (edited by R. H. Shepherd), and from the notes to 'The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge,' 1893 (edited by James Dykes Campbell), and from numerous memoranda made in the course of personal investigation and research. For a similar enumeration of poems contributed to newspapers, etc., see the 'Bibliography of Coleridge,' by the late Richard Herne Shepherd, revised, corrected, and enlarged by Colonel W. F. Prideaux, C.S.I., 1900.

Poems first published in the 'Cambridge Intelligencer.'

Lines written at the King's Arms, Ross	. . .	Sept. 27, 1794
Absence: a Farewell Ode, etc.	. . .	Oct. 11, 1794
Anna and Harland	. . .	Oct. 25, 1794
Genevieve	. . .	Nov. 1, 1794
Lines addressed to a Young Man of Fortune	. . .	Dec. 17, 1796
Ode for the Last Day of the Year	. . .	Dec. 31, 1796
Parliamentary Oscillators	. . .	Jan. 6, 1798

Poems first published in the 'Morning Chronicle.'

To Fortune	. . .	Nov. 7, 1793
Elegy imitated from Akenside	. . .	Sept. 23, 1794
Epitaph on an Infant	. . .	Sept. 27, 1794

Sonnets on Eminent Characters.

To the Hon. Mr. Erskine	Dec. 1, 1794
Burke	Dec. 9, 1794
Priestley	Dec. 11, 1794
La Fayette	Dec. 15, 1794
Kosciusko	Dec. 16, 1794
Pitt	Dec. 23, 1794
To the Rev. W. L. Bowles	Dec. 26, 1794
Mrs. Siddons	Dec. 29, 1794
To William Godwin	Jan. 10, 1795
To Robert Southey	Jan. 14, 1795
To R. B. Sheridan	Jan. 29, 1795
To Lord Stanhope	Jan. 31, 1795
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To a Young Ass	Dec. 30, 1794

Poems first published in the 'Morning Post.'

To an Unfortunate Woman . . . at the Theatre	Dec. 7, 1797
Melancholy: a Fragment	Dec. 12, 1797
Fire, Famine, and Slaughter: a War Eclogue	Jan. 8, 1798
The Old Man of the Alps	March 8, 1798
The Raven	March 10, 1798
My Lesbia, let us Love and Live	April 11, 1798
Lewti, or the Circassian's Love Chant	April 13, 1798
Recantation (France): an Ode	April 16, 1798
Moriens Superstiti ("The hour-bell sounds," etc.)	May 10, 1798
Recantation illustrated in the Mad Ox	July 30, 1798
The British Stripling's War-Song	Aug. 24, 1799
The Devil's Thoughts	Sept. 6, 1799
Lines written in the Album at Elbingerode	Sept. 17, 1799
Lines composed in a Concert Room	Sept. 24, 1799
To a Young Lady ("Why need I say")	Dec. 9, 1799
Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Lady	Dec. 21, 1799

Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire	Dec. 24, 1799
A Christmas Carol	Dec. 25, 1799
Talleyrand to Lord Granville	Jan. 10, 1800
Alcæus to Sappho	Nov. 24, 1800
The Two Round Spaces: a Skeltoniad	Dec. 21, 1800
On Revisiting the Sea Shore	Sept. 15, 1801
Ode to Tranquillity	Dec. 4, 1801
The Picture, or the Lover's Resolution	Sept. 6, 1802
Hymn before Sunrise	Sept. 11, 1802
The Keepsake	Sept. 17, 1802
Inscription on a Jutting Stone over a Spring	Sept. 24, 1802
Dejection: an Ode	Oct. 4, 1802
Answer to a Child's Questions	Oct. 16, 1802
France: an Ode (reprinted)	Oct. 14, 1802
The Day-dream	Oct. 19, 1802

Epigrams first published in the 'Morning Post.'

To the Lord Mayor's Nose	Jan. 2, 1798
On Deputy ("By many a booby's," etc.)	Jan. 2, 1798
To a Well-known Musical Critic	Jan. 4, 1798
Names ("I ask'd my fair," etc.)	Aug. 27, 1799
On a Reader of His Own Verses	Sept. 7, 1799
Jim writes his Verses	Sept. 23, 1799
Doris can find no taste in tea	Nov. 14, 1799
Jack drinks Fine Wines	Nov. 16, 1799
What rise again with all one's bones	Dec. 12, 1799
To Mr. Pye	Jan. 24, 1800
Song ("Ye Drinkers of Stingo")	Sept. 18, 1801
Epitaph on a Bad Man	Sept. 22, 1801
Drinking <i>versus</i> Thinking	Sept. 25, 1801
The Devil Outwitted	Sept. 26, 1801
The Wills of the Wisp	Dec. 1, 1801
To a certain Modern Narcissus	Dec. 16, 1801
To a Critic ("Most candid critic")	Dec. 16, 1801
Always Audible ("Pass under Jack's window")	Dec. 19, 1801

Pondere non numero ("Friends should be weighed")	Dec. 26, 1801
To Wed a Fool	Dec. 26, 1801
Original Epigrams, Lot I	Sept. 23, 1802
What is an epigram? (1).	
Charles Grave or Merry (2).	
An Evil Spirit's on Thee, Friend! (3).	
Here Lies the Devil (4).	
To One Who Published, etc. ("Two things," etc.) (5).	
Scarce any Scandal (6).	
How seldom, Friend (7).	
Reply to above.	
Old Harpy (8).	
To a Vain Young Lady (9).	
A Hint to Premiers ("Three Truths," etc.)	Sept. 27, 1802
Westphalian Song ("When this my true love," etc.)	Sept. 27, 1802
From me, Aurelia	Oct. 2, 1802
For a House-dog's Collar	Oct. 2, 1802
In Vain I praise thee, Zoilus	Oct. 2, 1802
Epitaph on a Mercenary Miser	Oct. 9, 1802
Original Epigrams, Lot II	Oct. 11, 1802
A Dialogue between an Author and his Friend (1).	
<i>Μοροσοφία</i> , or Wisdom and Folly (2).	
Each Bond Street Buck (3).	
From an Old German Poet (4).	
On the Curious Circumstance, etc. (5).	
Spots on the Sun (6).	
When Surface Talks, etc. (7).	
On my Candle—the Farewell Epigram (8).	

Poems first published in 'The Courier.'

The Exchange	April 16, 1804
Farewell to Love	Sept. 12, 1806
To Two Sisters	Dec. 10, 1807

The Virgin's Cradle Hymn . . .	Aug. 30, 1811
Mutual Passion (altered and modernized from an Old Poet) . . .	Sept. 21, 1811

Poems first published in 'The Watchman.'

To a Young Lady with a Poem on the French Revolution . . .	March 1, 1796
Imitation from Casimir ("The solemn- breathing air," etc.) . . .	March 9, 1796
To Mercy . . .	April 2, 1796
The Hour when we shall Meet Again .	March 17, 1796
Recollection ("As the lone savage," etc.)	
Epigrams . . .	April 2, 1796
On a Late Marriage between an Old Maid, etc.	
Epigram on an Amorous Doctor.	
Lines on observing a Blossom on the 1st of February, 1796 . . .	April 11, 1796
To a Primrose ("Thy smiles," etc.) .	April 17, 1796

Poems first published in 'The Friend.'

The Three Graves . . .	Sept. 21, 1809
Epigram ("An excellent adage," etc.) .	Oct. 26, 1809
"'Tis True, Idoloclastes Satyrane" .	Nov. 23, 1809

Poems published in the 'Monthly Magazine.'

On a Late Connubial Rupture . . .	Sept., 1796
Reflections on entering into Active Life .	Oct., 1796
Sonnets in the Manner of Contemporary Writers . . .	Nov., 1799

Poems first published in 'Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.'

Fancy in Nubibus . . .	Nov., 1819
The Old Man's Sigh: a Sonnet . . .	June, 1832

Poems first published in 'The Literary Souvenir.'

Lines suggested by the Last Words of Berengarius	1827
Epitaphium Testamentarium	1827
Youth and Age	1828
What is Life?	1829

Poems first published in 'The Bijou.'

Youth and Age (<i>et vide supra</i>)	1828
The Two Fountains	1828
Work without Hope	1828
The Wanderings of Cain	1828

Poems first published in 'The Amulet.'

The Improvisatore	1828
Three Scraps	1833
Love's Burial Place (1).	
The Butterfly (2).	
A Thought suggested by a view of Saddleback (3).	

Poems first published in 'The Keepsake.'

Epigrams	1829
"There comes from Old Avaro's Grave" (1).	
"Swans Sing before they Die" (2).	
The Garden of Boccaccio	1829
Song <i>ex improvise</i> , On hearing a Song in Praise of a Lady's Beauty ("Tis not the lily brow," etc.)	1830
The Poet's Answer, etc. ("Love, Hope, and Patience in Education")	1830

Poems first published in 'Friendship's Offering' (1834).

My Baptismal Birthday.

Fragments of the Wreck of Memory ; or, Portions of Poems
composed in Early Manhood :

1. Hymn to the Earth.
2. English Hexameters, written during a Temporary
Blindness (1799).
3. The Homeric Hexameter Described and Exemplified.
4. The Ovidian Elegiac Metre described and exemplified.

Love's Apparition and Evanishment.

Lightheartednesses in Rhyme by S. T. Coleridge.

1. The Reproof and Reply.
2. In Answer to a Friend's Question.
3. Lines to a Comic Author, on an Abusive Review.

An Expectoration, or Splenetic Extempore on my Joyful
Departure from the City of Cologne ("As I am a
rhymmer," etc.).

Expectoration the Second ("In Cöln," etc.).

FAITH'S ROSARY: SONNETS ON THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

BY HERBERT BAYNES, M.R.A.S.

[Read April 29th, 1903.]

IF there be one thing more than another by which the nineteenth century will be remembered, it is surely the almost universal interest taken in all forms of religion. Great as the achievements of the mind have been in the realm of nature, more especially the supreme discovery of the reign of law, they are as nothing compared with the results of a sympathetic study of the human heart. The consciousness that God has never left Himself without a witness in the world, that all things have been working together for good to those who love Him, has gradually become clear as the manifold forms of faith have been made manifest. The rapid rise and growth of comparative philology during the last fifty years have rendered possible the far more interesting and important study of comparative theology. "L'histoire des religions, qui a pris au *xix^e* siècle son plein développement, a sa place marquée dans la grande revue des conquêtes de l'esprit humain où sera dressé pour le *xx^e* siècle le bilan du siècle finissant. Elle est appelée à fournir des contributions chaque jour plus importante à

notre connaissance du passé de l'humanité et à jeter une lumière toujours plus vive sur les problèmes moraux et sociaux." "Dans cet itinéraire des peuples vers Dieu," says Edgar Quinet, "chaque pas mesure l'infini." In the spirit of these weighty words the following sonnets have been written. As the hart after the waterbrooks, so pants the soul of man for God, and in its flight, though bound by space and time, for ever probes the infinite. To-day we have before us all the sacred books of mankind: we know the aspirations and inspirations of our race, and woe worth the man whose spirit does not bend before the vision of the Eternal!

In the Tôrâh, the Vêda, the Avesta, the Grant', and the Kūrân there are doubtless many things by which the Jew, the Brâhman, the Pârsî, the Sik', and the Muslim would rather not be judged; and though for a full understanding of each system a thorough knowledge of the literature is necessary, it has been my endeavour to give the reader in each case only the highest and the best which has been thought and felt. To do this at once tersely and with the requisite sympathy is not easy, but it is surely well that it should be attempted. As a distinguished Persian scholar well says: "It behoves Orientalists to remember that nothing will ultimately conduce so much to the advancement of their favourite studies as an increase in the interest of the general reading public in their results; and that, in literature, form, if not everything, is at least a very important factor." The excellent Oxford series of translations, begun in 1875 and only just completed, has been a splendid contribution to a right under-

standing of the Orient, but, even in English, the study of the sacred books of the East is mostly confined to scholars. May I venture to hope that the busy Christian missionary may find in these sonnets some vantage-ground for his holy calling without having to spend perhaps half his time upon the acquisition of unessentials?

The forms of faith here summarised in verse do not exhaust the religious consciousness of mankind, but they seem to me to present the highest stages in its evolution, and to lead upward and onward to that—

“Far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves!”

BRÂHMANISM.

In its earlier forms Indian theology presents a double aspect, that of *g'ñânâṁ* (knowledge) and that of *Karma* and *B'akti* (action and devotion). Thus the oldest of the writings which are looked upon as revelation, namely, the Vêdas, are divided into two sections—*g'ñâna Kâṇḍa*, the rational element; and *Karma Kâṇḍa*, the emotional side of religion.

The doctrine of unity, of *Brahman* the Word or First Cause, and of *Ātman* the Self, is found in the Upanis'adas, which represent the high-water mark of religious literature and belong to the second period of Indian philosophy. They are theosophical treatises attached to the Brâhmanas, forming the priestly Codex of the Vêda. Composed about the seventh century B.C. in the rich language of ancient

Ârjâvarta, known as Samskr̥ta, the Upanis'adas still stand alike for the best *tattra g'ñānam* and the purest *paramārt'a sād'anam*.

"The real," we read, "is the one Brahman, is Being, Brooding, Bliss!" Again, "Intellect conditioned by this Whole, as it possesses the qualities of one who is all-knowing, almighty, all-subduing, is called the Unbound, the Inner Guide, World-cause, and the Lord."

SIK'ISM.

The religion of the Sik's is undoubtedly a form of pantheism, and in many respects differs little from the eclectic school of Brâhmaṇism represented by the *B'agavad-Gîta*. Its founder, Bâbâ Nânak, who was born at Talvandî, on the banks of the Râvî, in the year 1469, did not profess to be an independent thinker, though many wonderful things are told of him in the *G'anam-Sâk'is*. It is said, for instance, that at his birth the whole Hindû pantheon appeared and announced that a great B'agat was born to save the world.

Being averse to any definite calling, he kept company with Fakîrs and meditated on the Supreme. His first utterance was, "There is no Hindû and no Musalmân," and the chief point in his doctrine was *the unity of the Deity*.

"Whom shall I call the second? There is none.

In all is that one Spotless One!"

"Hail! hail to Him,

The primal, the pure, unborn, undying,

The selfsame evermore!"

Solely by reason of the Mâjâ which is spread out over the whole world does the individual soul come to regard itself as distinct from the Over-Soul. By constant repetition of the name Hari, as taught by the Guru, the Sik' is said to overcome this delusion and to obtain Nirbâṇ. Nânak's system, which is contained in the Âdi Grant', or Grant' Sâhib, written in Gurmuk'î, was preceded by the reformatory movements of Nâmdêv, Tṛlôkan, Ravidâs, and notably Kabîr, many of whose verses are found in the Grant'.

BUDDHISM.

The teaching of Gautama, the Budd'a, who was born of a royal race in Northern India in the year 623 B.C., is sometimes described as a system of philosophy, and, not seldom, as a religion. The truth would seem to be, as disclosed by the Pâli documents, that Buddhism began as a system of ethics and afterwards developed into a religion. As I have ventured to say elsewhere—

“Gautama, the Budd'a, was primarily and principally an *ethical* teacher, one to whom *meditation* was far more than *worship*. He preached a salvation to be attained here and now on earth, and whilst he did not deny the divinities of the Vêdas and Âraṇjakas, he always held that they themselves stood in need of salvation, which, for gods and men alike, was along the Noble Eightfold Path.”*

Under a great Nigrôd'a, about 2490 years ago, the Tat'âgata thought out the eight parts of this

* 'Ideals of the East,' p. 67.

noble Path which leads to Saintship and Nirvâṇam, and in his first sermon, known as *D'armak'akrapracartana Sûtra*, preached in the deer-park Isipatana, near Benares, the ten fetters or temptations which hinder the pilgrim from following the same are all duly set forth.

Gautama, Śâkja-Muni, Siddhârta, certainly said that there both had been, and would be, other Buddhas or Enlightened Ones; but the doctrine of Nirvâṇam as an ethical state, a salvation to be worked out here on earth by the pilgrim on the Path, will always be connected with, and ascribed to, the gentle ascetic of Kapila-Vastu.

The canon of the Buddhas is called *Trîpiṭakam*, "three Baskets," written in the Pâli language, the sacred lore consisting of three parts, namely—

- (a) *Sûtra*, Sayings of the Master.
- (β) *Vinaya*, Rules of the Order.
- (γ) *Abhidharma*, Philosophy.

PÂRSÎSM.

The religion of the Maubads, or Magi, is part of the general Indo-Iranian system, at the centre of which are two ideas, first pointed out by that brilliant scholar M. Darmesteter—namely, (a) that there is a Law in nature, and (β) that there is a War in nature.

That never-failing Law was framed and fixed by One who is "all-knowing Spirit," Asura Mêdâ, Ahura Masda. In thinking out creation this Supreme Architect followed the path of *Rta*, the way of Asa; but into his well-ordered and beautiful

structure came “der Geist der stets verneint”—Angra Mainju, the lawless,—dealing death and devastation. Hence a perennial struggle, in which man too has to take part, the rôle he ought to play being put before him by the law revealed by Ahura Maşda to his prophet Şarat’uştra. At the end of the world a son of the Lawgiver will appear, Sao’sjañd, the Saviour, when Angra Mainju (Ahri-man) shall be destroyed, the dead will rise, and peace will reign.

The Pârsîs divide their sacred canon, known as Avesta (Abaştâ), into three parts—

1. Vendidâd (vî-dæva-dâta):

Twenty-two chapters dealing with purification and punishment.

2. Vispêrad (vispê ratavo):

Twenty-five chapters of invocations and litanies for the sacrifices.

3. Jasna:

The liturgical book, *par excellence*, in seventy-one chapters.

Ancient Bactrian, often, though wrongly, called Zend, in which the Avesta is written, is a rich Aryan language closely allied to Sanskrit.

JUDAISM.

The sacred literature of the ancient Semitic people known successively as Hebrews, Israelites, Jews, consists of history, prophecy, and poetry. The Old Testament, as we call it, is a collection of various writings of great worth, as they enable us to know this interesting and remarkable nation, and

more especially its religion. To the Jews, who have preserved and collected them, these writings are known as *Tôrâh N'biîm v' K'tuvîm*: Law, Prophets, and Hagiographa. They consider them sacred, inspired by God; and the Christian Church, acquiescing, has added her own wide literature, and has called the former the Old Testament, the latter the New Testament, both together Holy Writ.

Although we are no longer justified in speaking of a Semitic instinct of monotheism, there is no doubt that the world is indebted to this religious race for the clarion cry of the unity of the Deity. From the time of the proclamation of the Law in the great words of Deuteronomy (vi, 4) down to the Thirteen Fundamental Articles of Faith of to-day, this has been the central truth of Judaism.

The following five Articles from the 'Salo's 'esrêh 'Akrîm will perhaps give the reader in concise form the best idea of the faith of the Hebrews:

(a) "I believe with a perfect faith—

"That the Creator—blessed be His name!—is a Unity; that there is no unity like unto Him in any way whatsoever; and that He alone is our God, Who was, is, and ever will be.

(β) "That unto Him alone prayer is due, and that besides Him there is none to whom prayer is due.

(γ) "That the Law in its entirety, as now in our possession, is identical with that given to Moses, unto whom be peace!

(δ) "That the Law will never be altered or any other law be given in its place by the Creator—blessed be His name!

(ε) "That the Creator—blessed be His name!—taketh cognizance of all the deeds of mankind as well as of their

thoughts, as it is said, 'He Who fashioned all their hearts, understandeth all their actions.' "

ISLÂM.

Muhammadanism, or Islâm, may be shortly described as the religion of Abraham touched with Sabæanism. The founder himself said, "We have spoken unto thee by revelation; *follow the religion of Abraham.*" The term Muslim was applied to Muhammad's forerunners, known as *Hanifs*, and seems first of all to have meant a man striving after righteousness; then, one wholly resigned to the divine Will. "These Hanifs," says Dr. Deutsch, "form a very curious and most important phase of Arabian faith before Mohammed—a phase of Jewish Christianity or Christian Judaism. They loved to style themselves also 'Abrahamitic Sabians,' and Mohammed, at the outset, called himself one of them. They were, to all intents and purposes, 'heretics.' They believed in One God. They had the Law and the Gospel, and further certain 'Rolls of Abraham and Moses' called *Ashmaat*, to which Mohammed at first appeals."

Kot'an, afterwards styled Muhammad or "the Praised," was born in the year 571. His father died before his birth, and his mother when he was only six. Most of his youth was spent in the attempt to earn a livelihood, first as shepherd and then as camel-driver; but at the age of twenty-four he married a rich widow and was thenceforth freed from the common cares of life. The principal event in his career occurred when he was about forty.

With many of the ancient Arabs it was the custom to spend the Raġab on Mount Hirâ, an hour's walk from Mecca. Muhammad, too, at this age, went to the huge, barren rock, for the month of universal armistice, and spent the time in prayer. Suddenly, in the middle of the "blessed night Al Kadar," he heard a voice thrice calling—

"Cry! Cry!

Cry! in the name of thy Lord!"

And this was the beginning of his mission, and such, by common consent, though now found in the ninety-sixth Sura, were the opening words of the *Kurân*, that wonderful book written in the choicest Arabic, the first edition of which was prepared "from date leaves and tablets of white stone, from shoulder-bones and bits of parchment thrown promiscuously into a box, and from the breasts of men," one year after the prophet's death.

SÛFÎISM.

The origin of this profound and harmonious system, which has its home in Persia and is spread over the whole Muhammadan world, is still wrapped in obscurity. It cannot be said to be of ancient date, its earliest appearance being in the eighth century, about a hundred years after the death of the Arabian prophet. When, with the fall of Jasdġird, the whole of the Persian Empire was subjugated by the Arabs, the ancient religion of the Iranian prophet was overthrown, the majority of

the conquered accepting the faith of Islâm. But when the religious forms of thought of one race are forced upon another, it is not likely that they will remain unchanged. Hence arose the Muslim schism known as 'Sia, which is an Âryan colouring of a system Semitic.

Now, although the writings of the Sûfîs are very numerous, the real difficulty of ascertaining the precise nature of Sûfî ideas lies in the fact that they are invariably wrapped in a veil of symbolism. On account of the fanaticism of the orthodox, great poets like G'alâl-ud-Dîn, G'âmî, and Anwari found it necessary so to dilute their poems with quotations from the Kûrân and Hadith and so to veil their teachings in symbols and allegories that they might appear at least outwardly correct.

According to Mr. Granville Browne, of Cambridge, the highest European authority, Sûfîism is no mere modification and sublimation of the current theology of Islâm, but "essentially a transcendental philosophy having no real connection with Muhammadanism beyond this,—that its professors lived in a Muhammadan country, and, not wishing to make public their innermost beliefs, made use of the current theological terminology to present them to those whose mental vision was clear enough to pierce through the word-husk to the essential idea which lay enfolded within it."

The fundamental tenet is: "God was, and there is nothing but Him!" Thus the system is *theistic* in its assertion of the existence of a Supreme Mind beyond all that the senses perceive; *pantheistic* in its thought that this Over-Soul is not only the

Highest Being, but the sole real Being, to which all else is but as a shadow.

BÂBÎSM.

Our sources of information concerning this curious religion, which, like Sûfîism, took its rise in Persia, are the histories known as *Nâsik'ut-Tavârik'* and *Ravşatus-Safâ*, and the admirable articles of Mr. E. G. Browne in the 'Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society.'

On May 23rd, 1844 (A.H. 1260), there arose in Bushire a young man about twenty, full of religious fervour, named *Mîrşa Ali Muhammad*, declaring that he had a divine mission and calling himself the *Bâb*, or Gate. For six years he preached a mystical pantheism, and his *şuhûr*, or "manifestation," was by a great many considered to be that of the *Kâ'im* or *Imâm Mahdî*. He had a large following; amongst his disciples was the beautiful poetess *Ḳurratu'l-Ajn*, who, in 1848, embraced the Bâbî doctrine and, discarding the veil, began to openly preach at *Ḳaşvîn*, to the great scandal of the Muslims. After a while the Bâbîs, for political reasons, were considered dangerous; many were persecuted, some were even put to death. On July 8th, 1850 (A.H. 1266), the Bâb himself was executed at *Tabrîs*, together with his disciple *Mîrşa Muhammad Ali*, and in 1852 the gifted *Ḳurratu'l-Ajn* fell a victim to Musulmân fanaticism.

The sayings of the Bâb are found in what is known as *Bejân*, "the Utterance," written at first in Persian and afterwards translated into Arabic. In the

11th chapter of the 6th vâhid we read: "As in the manifestation of the Furḡân none recognised that Sun of Truth until forty years had passed, so, in the case of the *Nuḡta-i-Bejân* ['Point of Utterance,' *i. e.* the Bâb], until twenty-five years."

Bâbîism has much in common with Sûfîism. Both are forms of mysticism, the fundamental teaching in each case being the divine spark latent in man, by the cultivation of which he can attain to the degree of *Fenâ fi'llâh*, "annihilation in God."

HIERATICISM.

Our best source of information regarding the ancient Egyptian religion is what is known as the 'Book of the Dead,' a collection of sacred texts dealing with the same subject but without literary unity. Jamblichus tells us that there were no less than 20,000 Hermetical rolls or scrolls, and this book doubtless belonged to the sacred hieroglyphical literature which was throughout ascribed to Thot-Hermes, the god of wisdom and learning. This collection of texts, relating to the resurrection, the judgment, and the life beyond, was essentially a book of practical instruction. It was intended to inform the individual who was anxious about the salvation of his soul as to what he ought to *know* on earth, and as to how he should prepare for death. The most usual formula at the end of a chapter is: "Whoso *knoweth* this chapter," or "whoever in life-time knows this book," will rise and enter the land of divine life. In the chapter of justification (cxxv) the dead man is asked a great deal. From the first

he appeals to his knowledge. "I am one who knows and am acquainted with thy name. I am he who knows the name of thy forty-two gods who dwell with thee in the hall of twofold righteousness." As soon as he has mentioned the various names it is said to him, "Thou knowest us; come in!" But since it was not every man's business to make himself master of those sacred formulæ during life, so as to repeat them at the right time and place to the doorkeeper in the under world, the cautious one had at all events to make sure that the proper texts should appear on his sarcophagus.

Justification and entrance into the blessed life are the two main themes of the work, which is found on sarcophagi and the papyrus scrolls of the chief European museums.

"The Egyptians," says Diodorus, "call the abodes of the living *inns*, because they only dwell in them a short time; but the graves of the dead they call the eternal dwellings, because they spend an unlimited eternity in Hades."

BABYLONIANISM.

"And it came to pass," we read in Genesis, "as they journeyed from the East, they found a plain in the land of Shinar and dwelt there." From time immemorial the great table-land of Central Asia has been the "womb of nations." From this region have come forth waves of human life spreading in all directions, and about 5000 years ago one vast tide swept away southward to the alluvial plains of

Chaldea. And so from the glens of the Altai came the first settlers in the flats of the Tigro-Euphrates valley. This goodly land, so rich in corn and palms, was fitly regarded by those who had the good fortune to settle there as "the garden of the gods;" and we can well understand that such an oasis in the great Siberian waste would attract all sorts and conditions of men. "Be it known unto all people, nations, and languages" is the beginning of a proclamation which would be applicable to Babylonia at any period from its earliest days.

From the contact of the Semitic with the Turanian elements in the population of Chaldea there resulted important changes in the spread and progress of culture in Western Asia. Alike in language, religion, astronomy, and astrology, the Semitic tendency was toward simplification. As early as 3800 B.C. the cuneiform syllabary must have reached the phonetic stage, and the cumbrous script of the older period was modified by the Semitic colonists in Chaldea until it resolved itself at last into the cursive handwriting of the Assyrians and later Babylonians. The many spirits and genii of the Akkadian pantheon were arranged in classes, and presiding gods were put over them; the worship of star-spirits gave place to systematic astronomy; and, in the twentieth century before the Christian era, the foundation was laid, on the banks of the Tigris, of the great kingdom of Assyria.

On a small alabaster tablet, found at Baghdad, in archaic Babylonian characters, is the following inscription of K'ammurabi, who reigned in Babylon about 2120 B.C. :

Ana Ilu Marduk	.	.	To the god Merodach,
Belim rabin	.	.	The great Lord,
Nadin K'egalli	.	.	Giver of Fertility ;
Ana ili	.	.	From the gods.
Bel E-Sagila	.	.	Lord of E-Sagilli
U E-Zida	.	.	And E-Zida.
Eni su	.	.	His lord
K'ammurabi	.	.	K'ammurabi.
Sar Nisi	.	.	King of men,
Sumiriv-a Akkadiv	.	.	Of Sumer and Akkad,
Sar kibrat arbaiv	.	.	King of the four quarters,
Nabinv-Anim	.	.	The proclaimed of Anu.
Migir	.	.	Worshipper
Ilu-Samas	.	.	Of the Sun-god.
Ren-naram	.	.	Prince beloved
Ilu Marduk	.	.	Of Merodach.
Sarru dannu	.	.	The mighty king,
Inu ilu Bel	.	.	Whom the god Bel
Mata u nisi	.	.	The land and people
Ana belina	.	.	To (his) rule
Iddinusum	.	.	Have given him.

TAOISM.

The Chinese doctrine of the Tao is rather a metaphysical system than a religion, albeit its professors in the Middle Kingdom are generally looked upon as a body of believers. The founder of this school of thought was a philosopher of the K'au dynasty named Lao-Zö, who is said to have been born about 604 B.C.

In the year 517 B.C. Lao-Zö and Kuñ-Zö are supposed to have met and exchanged views, the result being that whilst the former advanced towards transcendentalism the latter became utilitarian. But

in each case the sage describes his teaching as revival of ancient lore rather than origination of a system.

The *Tao-tê-Kin*, or Classic of Reason and Virtue, the only work attributed to Laozius, consists of eighty-one short chapters on right Reason, or what Kant would call "die reine Vernunft." *Tao*, we are told, may be shadowed forth as reason, speech, form, path; but in reality it is indefinable, colourless, voiceless, bodiless. "The truth would seem to be that originally Tao was the Way, in the general meaning of road along which all travellers pass; that at the hands of such a thinker as Confucius it received an ethical colouring, in the sense of the Way of the Heart or Conscience; and that, finally, a metaphysician like Lao-Zö raised the intension of the concept so as to signify the *reconciliation of contradictions*."*

By reason of its monosyllabic nature the language of the Flowery Land does not lend itself well to speculation, and metaphysics may often become pure mysticism.

CONFUCIANISM.

The great scholar and philosopher of the Far East, known to us as Confucius and to the Chinese as *Kün-Kju* or *Kün-fu-zö*, was born in the duchy of Lu, in the province of 'Santun, about 550 B.C.

"A transmitter and not a maker" is what Confucius said of himself, and there is no doubt that he was essentially conservative. His favourite studies were history and ethics, and he always made a great point of filial piety.

* 'Ideals of the East,' p. 23.

In the year 500 B.C. he was appointed chief magistrate in the town of K'un-tu, and Duke Tiñ, the ruler of Lu, afterwards made him Minister of Justice. At an early age his teaching became so attractive that a body of young men joined him in the study of morality and of the Wisdom of the Past. In his fifty-seventh year he resigned office and travelled from State to State investigating the records of antiquity. It is said that in one of his journeys he met Lao-zö and was greatly stricken by the latter's bold metaphysical flights.

Of the Chinese canonical writings known as the *Five King* and the *Four 'Sû*, one only is from the pen of Confucius—namely, *K'un Ziu*, a chronicle of the history of his native State,—all the rest being by his disciples. His most celebrated saying is the negative form of the golden rule: "Whatsoever you would not wish done to yourself do not to others."

"My doctrine is that of all-pervading unity, namely, reciprocity."

CHRISTIANITY.

The three great fundamental truths of our faith are surely *these*: God, sin, salvation. Christian sacred literature is full of these, and they were often on the lips of the Master. Ἡ καινὴ Διαθήκη, the New Testament, consists of εὐαγγέλιον, gospel; πράξεις, acts; ἐπιστολαί, letters; and ἀποκάλυψις, revelation; and was written in an Âryan language by Semitic authors. In this Book, which is holy to all Christians, the God and Father of all is represented as Spirit (Πνεῦμα ὁ Θεός) and as Love (Ὁ Θεὸς ἀγάπη ἐστίν).

As regards *sin*, it is conceived and expressed in many ways, but on the lips of the Saviour and in the record of the beloved disciple it is always *ἁμαρτία*, missing the mark. And here we surely have the secret of Jesus. He never missed the mark. *Τίς ἐξ ὑμῶν ἐλέγχει με περὶ ἁμαρτίας*, "Who can show that I have failed of the Divine?" Man had gone astray and could not find the goal; the Master came, Himself the way, the truth, and the life, and pointed daily straight to God, bringing salvation to all.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

ÔM.

Êvamêvâdvitîjam.

Sak'k'idânanda.

BRÂHMANISM.

O seeker after God, eternal rest
Alone in Self is found ! All else is part
Of this great whole. See here, in this my heart
I feel its streams of light and life. No quest
Of first and last can now the soul molest ;
For, shines not 'neath the veil of soul, athwart
The vast dim sea of space, whose atoms dart
Refulgent through the worlds, supremely blest,

The grandeur of the Self ? No longer now
The shadows of duality appear.
The sword of being rises ; sweet and low
Come murmurs of glad music ; crystal clear
The streams of peace upon the spirit fall :
Existence, thought, love, bliss—the all in all !

Dûgâ kauṇu kahâ ? Nahî kôî.
Sab'a mahi êka niranganu sôî !

SIKHISM.

Far down the long and turkis-vaulted sky
There came a sound, like gentle evening bell :
“ O Nânak ! Nânak ! what was that which fell
In faultless rainbows on thy spirit's eye ? ”
Like sweetest music softly sung on high
Adown the ages floateth, lovèd well,
The Name of names : its secret who can tell ?
And how its colour cleanseth, sinner, why ?

Upon the forehead of all mortals found—
The Lord's own light, the sacred, mystic name ;
Yes, Hari ! Hari ! Hari ! all proclaim ;
And thou shalt hear His voice above the sound
Of earthly strife aye true ring out and clear,
And thy psalm sing His praise, Kabîr ! Kabîr !

K'antî paramaiṁ tapo titikk'â :
Nibbânaṁ paramaiṁ vadanti Budd'â.

BUDDHISM.

A road there is that leads to heaven's gate,
A middle way, avoiding all extremes ;
But man can only take the truth, it seems,
In fitful flashes, till his soul is sate
With Law, the Order, and the forceful fate
Of reaching to Nirvâṇa, with the dreams
That mighty Buddhas, floating on the streams
Of thought, have slowly shaped into the straight

And noble eightfold path : high aims, right views,
Soft speech, pure living, resolution strong
In doing well, to persevere, to lose
Oneself in meditation and to muse,
To hold truth's spotless eye 'twixt right and wrong
And point the path : behold the choice and
choose !

Jat'â ahû Vairjô !

Ahura Maşda !

PÂRSÎISM.

On time's broad brow the early dew lay pearled,
And all creation, trembling at the sight,
Beheld the splendours of a new-born light,
As gliding, glowing, rosy-red, unfurled
Amid the wonders of a waking world
The orb of day appeared. The radiant flight
Of countless coruscating spheres, bedight
With opal mists, was watched and hurled

On space by one great Master-mind ; yea, He,
Ahura 'twas, the Maşda. Star and sun
Reflecting only beauty, goodness, strength,
His image bore, and kissed both land and sea,
Until black night and shameless Ahriman
Brought wrathful wreck and brought remorse at
length !

‘Sma Tsrâêl : Jhôvâh Elohênu
Jhôvâh ek’âd !

JUDAISM.

O seer-race, acclaimed of Seraphim,
Who crossed the stream to clasp the further shore
And took the name of Hebrew, all the lore
Of priest and prophet leadeth up to Him!
For, since that night when, wrestling on the rim
Of thought, the flood-tide of the Spirit bore
The great forefather past the flight and floor
Of time and space, unto the very brim

Of being, the eternal truth hath stood
For all to ponder: "Hear, O Israel,
The Lord of Heaven's One!" and man is His.
Jehôvah of the Hosts, amid the flood
Of chance and change, Thy name, reverèd well,
Remains a hallowed and unuttered bliss!

Bismillâh arrak'man arrak'im !

Kul hûa Allâhu ahadun !

ISLÂM.

To Thy great names, yet ninety, aye, and nine,
Most merciful, most gracious King of kings,
Majestic Allâh, all creation sings.
The boundless ocean and the earth combine
To call Thee Master of the world ; yea, Thine
The far-flung wills of men and souls of things.
Upon the tablet stands the doom that brings
To this man shade, to that one happy shine.

The people of the Book so say Amen :
'Tis Kismet, it is Allâh, let it be !
We are resigned, and read the leaf of fate ;
That all at last shall know the How and When,
And why the waves upon life's foaming sea
Are breaking with the sound : too late ! too late !

Jâ hû, jâ hû, ja man lâ jaylam mâ hû illâ Hû !

SÛFÎISM.

From out the vast and vauntless void a voice
 Came falling, falling through the deep abyss :
 " I am a hidden treasure, and I miss
 The joy of self-expression and the choice
 'Twixt that which is and that which seems. Rejoice
 I cannot ; there is none to share. So this
 Shall be my high resolve : with one glad kiss
 Upon the brow of space, withouten noise

" I will create, and underneath the veil
 Mankind shall see the sparkling of my cheek."
 Thus love sprang into being, and its trail
 Of glory, ever growing, made man seek
 The union of the human and divine,
 And grasp the secret, Allâh, his and Thine !

Allâhu Akbar !

Allâhu Aeaşam !

Allâhu !

BÂBÎSM.

To titles nobly known, so dear to all,
The tower and stronghold of Islâmic faith,
We cling, O Allâh, aye, we cling till death ;
And yet the light from Mecca seemeth small,
The Kaaba is with us, and the call
To worship. Nay, the Bâb is here, who saith :
“ I am the door to greater truth, the breath
Of Allâh to His scattered folk, who fall

’Spite all the former props, and only rise
Through Ali to the light.” No more K̲ur̲ân
Or crying in the waste. Muhammad now
Is Mîrṣa Ali, Bâb. Nor can surprise
O’ertake the world that dear we hold Bêjân
And our own poet’s songs’ mellifluous flow !

Ennok saꝑ, àu-à rek'-kuà tau ;
Hosiri pu !

HIERATICISM.

O classic river of that classic land
Where monuments to æons slowly smile
And callous hands the sacred signs defile,
What lordly thoughts are thine, as through the sand
Thou flowest onward to the distant strand?
Along thy banks three mighty forms erstwhile
Appearing, sought to truly reconcile
The light and dark, and thus to waft the wand
O'er Egypt's shrouded lore: for, Isis, Thot,
And he, long treasured as the Morning Star,
Together rose, and bore the hidden Name,
Till tomb and temple after temple came
To tell to wond'ring pilgrims from afar
The meaning of the cry: "Forget me not!"

Uptanaattaka Nabû ina puḥur ilâni rabûti.

BABYLONIANISM.

By Babel's lofty towers and winding stream
An aged pilgrim slowly rose. . . . He cried:
"Lugal-i-da! who now despair can hide?
For all the rising rolls of fame aye seem
To fall at last into the gloom, to gleam
But for a while upon the surging tide
Of time; and lo! to leave the friendly side
Of human joy. Thus sorrowfully dream

Our weary, earthly souls! Thou Merodach,
Thou Anu, Bel, and Dibbara, ye know
The longing for a lasting name. And yet
We sit and weep. O Istar, what heart-ache
The valley-life has left! However slow
The tooth of time, it grinds till men forget!"

Tao señ ji ; Ji señ öl ;
Öl señ san ; San señ wan û !

TAOISM.

Behind the hoary screen of ancient thought
That hangs upon the Middle Kingdom's mind
One secret lies concealed from all mankind,
Though many a mandarin of old long sought
Its mighty meaning, many-voiced, and fraught
With mystic memories, but undefined,
And at the last and deepest not enshrined
In words, nor bound by sense, nor even caught

By colours of this fleeting world. And yet
To seekers both of East and West a name
Is known and loved: yea, Tao, Logos, speech,
And reconciliation which can teach
The final union of the outer frame
And inner light: a gem in crystal set!

‘Sî K‘u Ki öl so jün, i wu ‘sî ju Rin.

CONFUCIANISM.

To gather up the lore of early days
And pass it on unsullied to the end
Of time, Kung came : no framer, but the friend
And gleaner of the past. And though the ways
To truth be manifold, the Master says :
“ One road is best ; to this thy footsteps bend.
The signal never faileth nor can wend
The watchman from the gate. The child e'en plays
With flowers upon its banks ; the sunlight falls
In golden gladness at the pilgrim's feet.
Its name is self-surrender for the good
Of men. Renunciation is the food
Which serves the growth of noble souls, and sweet
The voice that for man's highest freedom calls ! ”

Ἐγὼ εἰμι ἡ ὁδὸς καὶ ἡ
ἀλήθεια καὶ
ἡ ζωή.

CHRISTIANITY.

In life's last dream I saw the souls arise
That fought for reason and that wrought for right
In ages dim and distant, when the light
In broken gleams came falling on the eyes,
And men were longing for the heavenly-wise.
There Moses, Buddh, Kung, Zoroaster, bright
With thoughts of justice, progress infinite,
And peace, stood gazing up into the skies ;

And as they peered and listened, lo ! a Voice
So gentle, aye, so sweet : " O pilgrim band,
That sought through forest glades the path to truth,
Come higher, come to Me ; in very sooth
I am the Way, the Truth, the Life ; My hand
Once pierced, will draw all men : rejoice ! rejoice ! "

THE RELATION OF POETRY TO HISTORY, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO SHAKSPEARE'S ENGLISH HISTORICAL PLAYS.

BY SAMUEL DAVEY, F.R.S.L.

[Read May 27th, 1903.]

THE study of history, like that of human nature, is full of perplexities. The old-world question, "What is truth?" may be repeated over and over again as we examine the conflicting records of the past. The primary facts of history may be combined and grouped into endless varieties, and can be manipulated to establish any desired theory. For men see what they wish to see; and what they look for they are sure to find. One pessimistic historian, in surveying the past, can see nothing but horror and bloodshed, a battle of kites and crows, or a blind-folded dance of death. To that sarcastic and sceptical spirit the whole course of the world is but the accident of events, "a supreme ironic procession with the laughter of the gods in the background." One writer sees a special Providence in every action and event, while another notices a sublime repose in the order and uniformity of nature, and would agree with the philosophical historian "that God moves through history as the giants of Homer through

space—He takes a step, and ages have rolled away.” One school of historical investigators determine human affairs and the facts of history by physical causes alone, and regard man as a complicated and variously endowed automaton, whose actions, mental as well as physical, are governed by laws like those which regulate the planets and the tides.

There are doctrinaire idealists who evolve history out of their inner consciousness, and follow the process described by Butler, “by which anything can be made to mean anything.” Then there are romance writers of history, who make for us a past, which never had a present. It is not easy among so many speculations, various readings, and discrepancies of opinion, arising out of such an enormous mass of entangled materials, to get at the real facts of history, to be sure that a fact is a fact; though the quarrel appears to be not so much about the actual facts as the interpretations of them. It is a sad confession of the weakness of reason, and of the imperfections underlying human language, that any fact or circumstance, however clear, may be rendered doubtful by a too subtle refinement of logical ingenuity.

A great deal of history is written in the spirit and after the manner the late Charles Austen humorously described as Macaulay’s method. “He [Macaulay] always had by him some black and white paint. When he described a Tory he put on the black; when a Whig the white.”

Some critics have a universal solvent in which they decompose the records and the traditions of the past, and leave a residuum of lies. Like Lucian, they ignore probabilities, and Herodotus, the father

of history, is summarily dismissed as the father of lies; and those beautiful stories interspersed in his narrative, such as Cleobis and Biton, Atys and Adrastus, Cræsus, Psammenitus, etc., which once glowed with life and feeling, are like antique statues, dumb and cold, although beautiful in their dead immortality.

That "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," who sang the lay of Troy, who has been called the father of all our modern poems, fables, and romances,—he and all his gods and heroes vanish like spectres before the light of these, so-called, philosophical historians.

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religions,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths,—all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason."

It would be well for us to know that the authors of our early mythologies and fables were men who looked out upon this wondrous world and strove to read the riddle thereof. They were the poets, bards, or seers (*vates*), who gathered together and preserved the myths, traditions, beliefs, visible and invisible, by which they were environed. Our earliest histories were preserved in poetry, though legend often entered into their records. Herodotus, the father of history, gave the titles of his books in his history the names of the nine Muses. Macaulay, in his early essay on Milton, says, "We think that as civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines;" and

we suppose that, in an age of reason and common sense, the study of physical science will subordinate the poetical and spiritual. But poetry and science ought not to be antagonistic to each other, for both teach us the infinite possibilities of nature; and what a dull, prosy, plodding world it would be with nothing in it but what G. H. Lewis called "stupid common sense"! To the commonplace, matter-of-fact man, whose mind is only in his eyes, the poet will ever soar beyond his ken. As a man is, so he sees; and his vision is limited to what is given to him, the faculty of seeing. Someone once said to Turner, after looking at one of his pictures, "I never saw anything like that in nature." "Don't you wish you could?" was the great artist's reply. The spirit of modern practical life, which regards the chief method of reaching truth to be through the syllogistic inflexibility of logic, would have us believe that the glorious gift of imagination, which Plato calls "the soul's wing," was given only to deceive and lead astray, as it resists the understanding. Against this dictum Professor Tyndall, in his essay on the "Scientific use of the imagination," shows how necessary this faculty is when united with reason in scientific research. It may be well asked, "For what end have men been endowed with the creative faculty of the imagination? Why gifted with the large poetic heart, burdened with divine inspiration?" We answer that without imagination the heart of man would soon grow cold, and life become a dreary, mechanical routine. The mind continually refreshed from the fountain of poetry is ever young. Well sings the poet of those—

“Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young
And always keep us so.”

Poetry, romance, parable, and fairy tale lift us above the beaten, dusty, weary track of ordinary life, and help to restore to our minds—fearfully disordered, but, haply, not wholly quenched—the ideals of faith, justice, pity, mercy, and to domesticate in us a higher and nobler spiritual nature. If we view history as a mere collection of isolated facts, how little of interest will be left to us! A mere dry and barren relation of events is not history, but chronology, for history is a record of facts and ideas. Could we quench the poetry out of the Old Testament, with its psalms, hymns, songs, and allegories, would not its history become as uninteresting, except to the antiquarian, as the Assyrian records? If we regard history as the essence of innumerable biographies, the sum total of millions of lives who toiled here, who fought the battle of life as we are doing now, and if we find each individual life, like our own, a mystery, we must despair of interpreting human life in the aggregate. As we wander among the ruins and relics of the past, into the wilderness of the dead, well may we exclaim, in the words of the inspired prophet, “Who can make these dry bones live?” Not the learned doctor with his scholastically mummified heart, who lives the life of the dead; who, with the dust of twenty centuries in his eyes, gropes among the *débris* of ancient books; who can write learned volumes on words, and less than words—syllables, letters, accents,—and

whole treatises on a line. To such laborious triflers we must not go for the interpretation of the past. But the poet who can restore, as well as create,—he can make the dry bones of the past live again. History can only be truly interpreted by the light of the imagination, for through its medium the mind SEES. It endeavours to bring order out of seeming chaos ; to blend the ideal with the real, so that both may be presented together, combined but not confused, distinct but not separated ; to show a unity and moral connection between events that stand apart and apparently unrelated, while disclosing from the analysis of visible things the synthesis and unity of the ideal. In one sense all history becomes idealised to us, for events, as they pass before and through the mind, present on the theatre of the brain a spectacle to the inward eye ; no two minds can group the same facts in like combination, and it is not given us to see twice the same scenes in the fleeting phantasmagoria of the brain. How soon even the events of our early life and experience become almost mythical ! for time plays strange tricks with memory and feeling. We cannot recall faithfully the remembrance or reproduce the emotions of our childhood, for time and custom have deadened our sense and almost changed our identity. To read history aright we must have poetic sympathy with the past and place ourselves in the midst of the spirit of humanity, in order to know how men lived, loved, and acted, and to learn those powerful influences which once gave life to the past and are now animating the present. It concerns us to know more how the people lived,

what was their literature and art, than what kings or queens reigned. The objective facts of history are taught in every school; but it is necessary for the student and thinker to know that, underlying all human action, is the spiritual life which brought it into being. The historian tries to get at the heart and the soul of the man—the man invisible through which the character manifests itself—the sun and centre of his system round which everything revolves. Unless we can get at the heart of a man we shall only misunderstand him. The chronicler, the antiquarian, and the chronologist all bring gifts to the historian. Then comes the poet, a Shakspeare, or a Goethe, who can, from a paragraph in an old chronicle, a page of Plutarch, a tale of Boccaccio, or a monkish legend, flash light into the past and make the world live afresh. One of the most precious gifts the world possesses is the mind of Shakspeare. It is but little we know of the objective life of our great poet; what we do know is comparatively worthless, and what tradition records we cannot marry to his verse. Shakspeare is the best interpreter of Shakspeare. It is impossible to follow the growth of the poet's mind and art from the time when he sowed his literary wild oats in his early poems and dramas to its maturity, when he composed his greatest works, unless we read his dramas somewhat in the order in which they were written. Unfortunately, in our ordinary editions his plays are jumbled together without any chronological arrangement. One of his latest plays, 'The Tempest,' is put first; and one of the earliest, 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' next to it. It

is not by dreary antiquarian research that we can summon his person and character before us. By such attempts we seek in vain for the living among the dead. It is but a poor stuffed scarecrow of a figure his biographers make of him. Perhaps more books have been written upon his life than any other poet, and yet we know less about him. After going through a multitude of ponderous and learned volumes the reader is brought to understand Hobbe's sarcasm, "that if he had read as much as other men he would have been as ignorant as they." There are commentators who, when they find anything plain, explain it. One minute critic (Stevens) takes to himself the credit of being one of the first who had endeavoured seriously to account for the stains of gravy, pie-crust, and coffee that defile nearly all the copies of the first folio. Do not these constant interruptions for explanations, emendations, and corrections of the text by the critics, distract the young student and general reader, and help in a great measure to obscure the great poet himself? There are certain variorum editions of Shakspeare in which nearly every line is burdened with elaborate notes and references, gathered from all quarters of the globe. What is the result but bewilderment and obfuscation of thought? For what one critic says, another gainsays, and the next confounds; and if the intelligent reader has any appreciation of our great poet he will long to read his Shakspeare in peace. What the poet says in the following lines may apply to the processes of the mind as well as the body.

“If you will analyse the bread you eat,
The water and the wine most pure and sweet,
Your stomach soon would loathe all drink and meat.”

Let the general reader, who is yet unacquainted with Shakspeare, leave to the antiquarian and the historical Dr. Dryasdust the higgling about dates, names, and certificates. That learned doctor cannot even tell us how to spell our great poet's name, which seems, as Sam Weller informed Mr. Justice Stareleigh, that the spelling of his (the witness's) name “depended on the taste and fancy of the speller.” Mr. Halliwell has given three dozen ways of spelling Shakspeare's surname. In the marriage licence it is spelt Shagsphere. Shakspere seems to have been the poet's own signature. As to the stories of his early life, let us take one, at random, as a sample of the authority for the rest. The tradition of his having been reduced to the extremity of holding horses at the theatre door for the sake of a livelihood rests upon a story Sir William Davenant is said to have told Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe; the latter told it to Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope to Dr. Newton, and Dr. Newton is supposed to have related it to Dr. Johnson, who told it to his amanuensis, a Scotchman, who, 200 years after the first narration, printed it in a book which unblushingly contained two lies on the title-page. Let us be thankful that we have the glorious heritage of Shakspeare's mind—the immortal part of him. He is more alive now in the world than he was in the sixteenth century, and there is nothing liveth in men's memory as his name and works. It may be that some, in their idolatry of Shakspeare, have made him

a divinity without any fault; but there are more imperfections in his writings, as they have come down to us, than can be found in any other great poet. To those, on the other hand, his dispraisers who accuse him of plagiarism, etc., we must remember that Shakspeare was not only a writer, but an *adapter* of plays for the stage. In the preface to the 'First Folio Edition,' 1623, the players "wished that the *author himself* had lived to have set forth and overseen his owne writings." Many of the rude jests which disfigure the text of Shakspeare may have been theatrical interpolations, put in to please the vulgar tastes of his audience, who would have trodden under foot the divine pearls of his philosophy. For mixed up with these gnomie thoughts, the deepest and most subtle, are to be found puns, quibbles, slang phrases, and coarse jests, which are scattered about with the profusion and indifference of a rich noble at a Roman carnival who from his chariot flings with the same hand, crackers, bon-bons, sugar-plums, and pieces of gold. We must remember that Shakspeare was, as he described himself, "one of Her Majesty's poor players," and had to write to please the frequenters of a "common play-house."

It was in the world of Merrie England that Shakspeare first saw the light of day, when England was compact and whole, ere it was divided into heterogeneous creeds and parties. Shakspeare was intensely English. You will find in his writings the noblest patriotic appeals, and the love of country is expressed in the tenderest allusions. In the historical drama of 'King John,' for instance, where it is said that the hero is England, how

Shakspeare kindles in the soul the sentiment of nationality; and that too in a reign marked by licentiousness, cruelty, and tyrannical usurpation! England to him, even in this period of national degradation, is the England of his love, and he has faith in her ultimate destiny.

“This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these our princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them : nought shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true.”

The lines were written soon after the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Again, in ‘Richard II,’ Shakspeare puts these impassioned words into the mouth of the dying John of Gaunt :

“This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men ; this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea
(Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands),
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.”

These lines were not written “to feed the pampered egotism of his countrymen ;” for, with all Shakspeare’s love for England, it will be seen, after reading his historical dramas, that his was not a blind, oyster-like patriotism. He saw far deeper than

the mere outward form of loyalty; he wanted Englishmen to be true and honest; and his patriotism reaches its highest point in these lines:

“O England! model to thy inward greatness
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do that honour would thee do
Were all thy children kind and natural!”

Shakspeare's genius was not only national, but universal. The Germans were in advance of us in their philosophical insight and higher criticism of his works; and some of their greatest authors have contributed to the literature of Shakspeare, commencing with Lessing, and followed by Wieland, Herder, Schlegel, Tieck, Ulrici, Delius, Goethe, Heine, Gervinus, and others. It was a long time before the French could understand the broad fun and humour of Shakspeare, and even to this day but few of their critics have been able to appreciate him.

Perhaps M. Taine has given us the reason why, for according to that great critic, “Humour is a word untranslatable in French, because in France they have not the idea. Humour is a species of talent which amuses Germans, Northmen; it suits their mind, as beer suits their palate. For men of another race it is disagreeable; they often find it too harsh and bitter.” After reading these remarks we can well understand M. Taine's non-appreciation of Shakspeare, whom he makes out to be an inspired monster, “whose style is a compound of furious expressions, raving exaggerations, apostrophies, exclamations, the horrible and the divine jumbled in the same line: it seems to my fancy as if he never

wrote a line without shouting it." Though M. Taine expresses admiration for Shakspeare, yet, in the words of one of our modern poets—

“Voluptuousness, grotesqueness, and ghastliness
Environ his devotedness.”

Voltaire was one of the first of his countrymen to become acquainted with our great dramatist, and he made good use of his familiarity by transferring as many of his beauties as he could to his own writings. In his old age, when the plays of Shakspeare were translated, or attempted, in French, Voltaire's wrath knew no bounds. “Have you seen,” he writes, speaking of Le Tourneur's version, “his abominable trash? Will you endure the affront put upon France by it? There are no epithets bad enough, nor fools' caps, nor pillories enough in all France for such a scoundrel. The blood tingles in my old veins in speaking of him. What is the most dreadful part of the affair is, the monster has his party in France; and, to add to my shame and consternation, it was I who first sounded the praises of this Shakspeare; I who first showed the pearls, picked here and there, from his overgrown dung-heap. Little did I anticipate that I was helping to trample under foot at some future day the laurels of Racine and Corneille, to adorn the brows of a barbarous player—this drunkard of a Shakspeare.” Voltaire wrote a letter to D'Alembert, which was read before the Academy of France. This document contained the same style of abuse of Shakspeare. “Gentlemen,” he said, “paint to yourselves Louis XIV in his gallery at Versailles surrounded by a brilliant court; a tatterdemalion advances covered with rags, and proposes

to the assembly to abandon the tragedies of Racine for a mountebank full of grimaces, with nothing but a lucky hit, now and then, to redeem them."

Byron, in a splenetic humour, once said to Tom Moore that he thought "Shakspeare was something of a humbug;" but Voltaire, strutting about in the borrowed plumes of Shakspeare and crowing over him, looks, to our thinking, very much like one. And he reminds us of an anecdote related of Professor Agassiz when some of his students once tried very hard to puzzle him in entomology. Having procured a beetle (which in America is called a bug), they tore off its wings and legs, and supplied limbs from two or three other insects. This nondescript specimen was put upon the Professor's desk before one of his lectures. Agassiz took it up and examined it with the cool air of a philosopher, and, addressing his audience, said, "This, gentlemen, is a thing which is found in every part of the world; it is a humbug."

Through all the writings of Shakspeare, especially in his historical dramas, we see the past as it was seen by one of the greatest creative minds, and look out from his eyes into the world as he saw it,—an enchanted, yet a real world; enchanted, for the poet sees everything "through a kind of glory." To him nature was phenomenal; the whole world was full of types, pictures, or words to express his thoughts. He transfused the material into the spiritual, so that the phenomena of nature were made to correspond with the expression of his mental experience. But if the world was in his mind, his mind was also in the world; for what poet has embodied so much practical wisdom in his writings, or from what other

author can we make so many selections conveying the highest lessons of morality? He has touched passions which all feel and experience, and expressed truths which all can recognise; from no other uninspired writer has so many words passed into the current speech of common life. He was a consummate master of our glorious English tongue; his vocabulary was almost inexhaustible. Shakspeare's vocabulary, says M. Taine, comprises about 15,000 words; Milton's only 8,000. He has, as it were, fixed our language. Truly says Wordsworth:

“We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake.”

We have never met with any satisfactory attempt to account for the extraordinary popularity of the stage towards the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century. During that period the theatre represented the popular literature. It was newspaper, magazine, and novel all in one; and nearly the whole of this revival took place in Shakspeare's time. The Renaissance was then giving way before the Reformation, and various controversies were springing up upon religion and politics. The players and the audience took part in these heated polemical disputes, and disturbances frequently ensued, especially among the lower orders; so that there arose in high quarters a great prejudice against certain players and playhouses. A commission was appointed in 1589 by Lord Burleigh to inquire into these abuses; and there is a document extant containing a petition addressed to that noble lord and signed by the actors and sharers (of which

Shakspeare was one) in the Blackfriars playhouse, stating that "they have never given cause of displeasure in that they have brought into their plays *matters of State and religion* unfit to be handled by them or to be presented before lewd spectators; neither had any complaint in that kind ever been preferred against them or any of them, etc. Nov. 1589." This may be the reason why we cannot discover that Shakspeare belonged to any sect or party, or brought into his plays "*matters of State and religion.*" Only in one of his plays, where Jack Cade is introduced, did he put into the mouths of any of his characters flaming metaphors, or stereotyped clap-trap phrases about the rights and wrongs of man; rather otherwise. The saying of Hamlet, "Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?" was elaborated by Carlyle in his *Chartism*, against those who aspire to make every man a gentleman, into a political aphorism, "Rights of man; if every one had his rights, who would escape whipping?"

These grand historical dramas of Shakspeare were first acted in a mean building, with only a thatched roof over the stage; there was no movable scenery, and a placard in large letters announced the places where the scenes were laid, in London, Paris, or Italy, etc. Sir Philip Sidney once saw "Thebes" written in great letters on an old door. The female characters were played by men and boys. There is a story told of a stage manager apologising for keeping the audience waiting—"The Queen was shaving." One actor played many parts; and the battles upon which the fate of a kingdom depended were decided

often by three combatants on a side. Shakspeare alludes to this in his chorus to 'Henry V,' and warns his audience that "four or five most vile and ragged foils right ill-disposed can only disgrace the name of Agincourt." On no theatre can Shakspeare's dramas be so well presented as on the theatre of the brain, and the dramatist constantly appeals to the imagination of his audience. As time, with its retinue of kings, queens, princes, cardinals, nobles, etc., swept before the poet's vision, years were concentrated into moments. In the chorus of 'Henry V' the poet-historian tells us the part imagination has to play in summing up the actions of the past :

"O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention !
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars ; and at his heels,
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraisèd spirit that hath dared,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
O pardon ; since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million ;
And let us, ciphers to this great account,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high uprearèd and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.
Think when we talk of horses, that you *see* them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth :
For 'tis your *thoughts* that now must deck our kings ;
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass."

These dramas were originally presented to the world under the title of 'Histories,' and Shakspeare has given us a scenic representation of history as seen by himself. Perhaps there is no part of the annals of our country so well known as that which he has treated. Shakspeare introduced fictitious characters into his historical dramas in order to bring out in strong relief the passions, manners, and humours of the time, because real personages were not available. History does not record the names of the boon companions of Prince Henry, but only their characters ; and Falstaff, Bardolph, and Poins were the types of what the companions of a revelling prince would be. Shakspeare uses these fictitious characters not arbitrarily, according to his own caprice and fancy, but, in the true spirit of an artist, to bring out and represent certain historical features in the physiognomy of the times. The principal facts, the great public events, and the most notable personages are portrayed with poetic if not with literal truth. There are minor errors and anachronisms, but we lose sight of them as we contemplate the series as a whole. Our great dramatist made use of the best historical chronicles of his time, such as

Hall, More, Holinshed, Stowe, etc., and he had access, perhaps, to records which are now lost to us. From his relatives and friends he must have learned much, for his ancestors had fought in the Wars of the Roses. In the recital of a Grant of Arms (1597) to John Shakspeare, the father of the poet, it was asserted "that by credible report his parent, great-grandfather, and late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service of the late most prudent Prince Henry VII, of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements given to him in these parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit." The Wars of the Roses must have early inspired Shakspeare's enthusiasm, for romance enters into the imagination of youth; and no doubt he heard, from the traditional lore of his venerable neighbours, tales of heroism and valour glowing with—

"Achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry."

He read also the old chronicles, where he found constant references to the district in which he lived, for the country around had been the scenes of some of the most stirring events of these unhappy conflicts. Bosworth Field was but thirty miles from Stratford. Our great dramatist transmuted the lead of the old chroniclers into gold,—that is, he converted their dull prose into poetry. In the scanty annals of the early kings there are vast interspaces left for the imagination to fill in; and our view of any transaction will necessarily be imperfect unless it embraces

something more than a bare outline of the occurrences, and we are made somehow to imagine ourselves spectators of the scene. Of Shakspeare's English historical dramas, the earliest illustrated is that of 'King John,' succeeded by 'Richard II,' passing over a period of nearly 200 years. The latest is 'Henry VIII.' Out of these ten historical plays, eight relate to the memorable "Wars of the Roses." They contain in their series one magnificent drama, of which Schlegel supposes 'King John' to be the prologue and 'Henry VIII' the epilogue. Although these dramas form a complete whole, yet they were not written in chronological order. The first part of 'Henry VI' is supposed to be the work of an earlier dramatist, and adapted by Shakspeare for the stage; likewise the second and third parts. Then followed 'Richard III,' 'Richard II,' and 'King John,' and later on the history-comedies of the first and second parts of 'Henry IV' and the drama of 'Henry V;' and last of all 'Henry VIII.' These dramas, excepting 'King John' and 'Henry VIII,' are historically connected. And though each one is complete in itself, the whole may be regarded as one great tragedy in eight acts—a continuous dramatic representation of a great era in English history. It will be impossible in this lecture to give an analysis of these historical dramas. We can only endeavour to render the author's poetical interpretation of them. In 'King John' Shakspeare furbished up an anonymous play, which appeared in 1591. The plot, main incidents, and personages of the older dramatist are preserved; but Shakspeare has re-created and re-animated the characters, and con-

verted what before were little better than puppets into real men and women. Although the characters of Falconbridge, Arthur, and Constance are not historically accurate, yet they form the necessary adjuncts for working out the play. In the representation of Arthur and Constance, Shakspeare has introduced some of the tenderest and most pathetic passages to be found in any of his writings. The bastard Falconbridge also, by his wit, broad humour, and merciless sarcasm, somewhat relieves the monotony of the play. In the drama, King John is not a king of men. He is the same weak, vacillating, revengeful character; in fact, the very incarnation of iniquity which the old chroniclers made him. "Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John." Such was the verdict of one of his contemporaries. Black villain as King John undoubtedly was, Shakspeare made him a man and not a monster, and brought him, though a very black sheep, into the fold of humanity.

Shakspeare saw deeper into human nature than perhaps any mortal had ever seen before. As the dervish in the 'Arabian Nights' saw buried in the earth rubies and emeralds which the ordinary eye could not see, so Shakspeare could find, even in the most degraded of our species, as in the depth and darkness of the earth, the most precious jewels, which were concealed from common view. In the tragedy of 'Richard II' the poet has followed closely the steps of the historian. He has not introduced, as in 'King John,' any imaginary character.

It is like the opening of a grand drama before the curtain is drawn up. The actors are arranging

themselves, shifting on one side, sometimes on the other. The combatants, arrayed in complete armour, eye each other with deadly hatred, their blood tingles for the fight, and their lances are bright and swift as flashes of lightning. We feel, as by a secret instinct, that events are being evolved—

“Prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events,
New hatched to the woeful time.”

It is the prelude of a fierce struggle, leading on to a series of conflicts which will, under the name of “The Wars of the Roses,” inflict upon the nation thirty years of civil strife, in which the best blood of her nobles will be shed, and four kings perish by violent deaths. ‘Richard II’ is more a poetical than an acting drama. The action of the tragedy commences within two years of the King’s deposition and death, and gives a summary of his life and character, and the causes which led to his downfall. Richard unfortunately believed in that pernicious doctrine, “The right divine of kings to govern wrong;” but the laws of God and of the world were stronger than his mere legal title. And Richard succumbed to a popular favourite, who was shrewd enough to understand the spirit of the age and the will of the people. We see him melting away like a “mockery king of snow before the sun of Bolingbroke.” Yet the poet-historian awakens our sympathy for the deposed monarch, when he is presented in the train of the victorious Bolingbroke, disillusioned, degraded, dis-crowned, and fallen, the sport of the populace :

“Men’s eyes

Did scowl on Richard; no man cried God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head!
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off
(His face still combating with tears and smiles
The badges of his grief and patience)—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel’d
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.”

Alas for him who, in this world, has to learn wisdom from the experience of sorrow and suffering, when followed by repentance and remorse for cruelty, crime, and murder! Homer says, through one of his heroes,—

“That to be taught
By suffering only is the part of fools.”

Unfortunately this teaching often comes too late, as it did in Richard’s case to save his crown or his life; but it helped to endow that infirm constitution of mind with a spirit of meekness and humility, and to make him a better man than he was a king. Here we might add, parenthetically, that the account which Shakspeare gives of Richard’s murder was taken principally from Fabian, one of the early chroniclers, and from the traditions of the time. Yet it has been much controverted. Those interested in this debatable question we might refer to a remarkable paper which was read before the Royal Society of Literature by Lord Milton in May, 1832.

The first and second parts of ‘Henry IV,’ and the drama of ‘Henry V,’ are undoubtedly the best of

Shakspeare's English historical plays. They differ from the rest in this respect, that the poet has interwoven comedy with history, which gives new life and interest to the scenes. In the first part of 'Henry IV' we see the King in the solitude of his Court, not feeling his crown secure, jaded and worn with the growing troubles of his Government, lamenting the follies and excesses of his heir-apparent, afterwards Henry V.

Then we are summoned to the "Boar's Head" to mix with Falstaff and his roistering companions. But the interest of the drama is centred in Prince Henry. He is Shakspeare's hero—"the king of good fellows." Although mixing with wild and lawless associates, yet he maintains his dignity as a prince, and from the first the poet makes him conscious of his responsibility and high destiny. After a merry bout with his lawless companions, when alone he thus soliloquises :

"I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness ;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men think least I will."

These "poetically adorned" chronicles show the physiognomy of the outward and inward world, the tragedy and comedy of human life. They exhibit "the sad stories of the death of kings;" also the frolicsome humours of Falstaff and his dissolute crew. We see Prince Henry in the wild exuberance of animal spirits, "the flash and outbreak of a fiery mind," forsaking the freezing solitude of the palace, and entering with zest into the humours and frolics of the tavern. Like many high-minded, yet thoughtless, young men, "he would rather have a fool to make him merry than experience to make him sad." Such was the tie which bound him to Falstaff. The fat knight knew his vocation, and cultivated his wit for the amusement of the prince. In the account of his visit to Justice Shallow he says, "I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Henry in continual laughter, the wearing out of six fashions (which is four terms, or two actions), and he shall laugh without *interrallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up." Perhaps the youthful frolics of the prince

may have reminded our great dramatist of the midnight deer-stealing of a young man at Stratford, who, full of the vivacity of animal life and the wild joy of living, broke out into gaieties and excesses before the mind had gained the repressive power of self-control, and who, like the prince, escaped from these follies a wiser, if not a better man.

Falstaff is, perhaps, more the ideal type of a class than an actual man. It may be that Shakspeare, in the creation of his character, followed the footsteps of the old moral plays, where the devil was introduced as a comic character, and where were impersonated gluttony, sensuality, worldliness, etc., in incarnate forms. Falstaff may have been the personification of the follies and vices with which history has surrounded Prince Henry, and his disgrace and merited punishment is only in keeping with Shakspeare's sense of poetical truth and justice; and the Prince's last good night to Falstaff is the beginning of his new life. Shakspeare may have introduced Falstaff by way of contrast to the chivalrous natures of Prince Henry and Hotspur, as a caricature of honour and knighthood, a satire upon the false and corrupt state of chivalry of his time, and which was already in its last gasp.

In 'Henry V' Shakspeare has transformed the revelling prince into a soldier king. Sir John Falstaff had passed away, for the King "had killed his heart." The pathetic humour which Shakspeare played about his death-bed, and Mrs. Quickly's simple story of his last hours, soften our sympathy for the broken-hearted, dissolute knight. As we follow the drama we soon miss Falstaff's wit and

humour; even the trumpet-toned speeches of the King addressed to those yeomen "whose limbs were made in England;" and the glories of Agincourt will not compensate for his loss. Amid appalling scenes of bloodshed and massacre, where no quarter was given or taken, King Henry V passed away. In his last hours to his confessor he seemed unconscious of his blood-guiltiness, and showed no signs of forgiving his enemies. Perhaps he was like one of the cruel Spanish commanders in the Dutch war, who told his confessor "that he had no enemies to forgive, as he had killed them all." Soon after King Henry's death the retribution which followed an unrighteous war fell upon his unfortunate son, who lost all that his father had gained by the force of conquest. In the chorus at the end of the drama of 'Henry V' Shakspeare well describes the causes of the disasters which befell the unhappy King:

"Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed."

The poetic glamour of war is often followed by the prosaic burden of debt, taxation, and national distress. In the early part of King Henry's reign the insurrection of Jack Cade took place, followed by the jealous quarrels of the King's uncles and nobles, which ultimately led to the Wars of the Roses. The three parts of 'Henry VI' were remodelled from earlier plays by Shakspeare. They are unequal in strength and vigour. The current of events is broken and disturbed by secondary

characters and incidents. There is no centre of gravity, no great historical personage or master passion, round which the interest revolves, as in Shakspeare's other historical plays. Yet there are passages undoubtedly Shakspearian, such as the magnificent presence of Lord Talbot and the account of the awful death-bed of Cardinal Beaufort, the bishop who persecuted the followers of John Huss and participated in the martyrdom of Joan of Arc, and was suspected of being concerned in the murder of the Duke of Gloucester. The last scene between him and Henry VI, where the impenitent Cardinal, as the shadowy curtains of death are closing around him, invokes the aid of gold to purchase a short truce from the torments of "that sharking worm that will not die nor let him alone," is one of the sublimest in Shakspeare. We give part of the scene of this last interview with King Henry :

King Henry.—How fares my lord ? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Cardinal.—If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King Henry.—Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible !

We quote the pious monarch's invocation over the dying man :

" O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch ;
O beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege upon this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair !

* * * *

Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be !
 Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
 Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
 He dies and makes no sign ; O God, forgive him !
Warwick.—So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
King Henry.—Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all—
 Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close ;
 And let us all to meditation.”

The fate of Henry VI was not unlike that of Richard II. Both lost their crowns and suffered violent deaths, because, although they were born kings, they could not live kings ; for in these troublous times it was necessary that monarchs should rule as well as reign. Henry is by far the nobler character of the two. He was like a lamb among wolves, and he suffered the fate of the lamb in such company. In the second and third parts of ‘Henry VI,’ when the Duke of Gloucester appears upon the scene, the interest of the drama revives. The monotony of wickedness, outrage, and crime had become wearisome, and we feel relieved as we approach the scenical catastrophe of retribution which followed in the person of Richard III, and which vindicated the justice and longsuffering of Providence. Of all Shakspeare's characters, Richard III is the best fitted for stage representation. Everything about him is dramatic,—his deformed figure, and withered arm, like a “blasted sapling ;” his ugly face, with a mind to match ; his stunted body, which he apostrophises in these words :

“Then since the heavens have shaped my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.”

Richard III is not the king of “shreds and

patches" which Colley Cibber (one of Shakspeare's improvers—for the worse) has made him. Cibber's Richard III is a conglomeration, not a person; a monster more than a man. Cibber was a playwright. Shakspeare was a poet as well as a playwright; and we might as well employ a sign-painter to touch up and daub our Raphaels, Rubenses, and Titians, as a Cibber to improve Shakspeare. The key to Richard's character is his duplicity, his insatiate ambition, and "demoniac energy of will." To gain his ends he would have played any part; even that of a monk, a zealous reformer, or an encourager of learning. The confusion of civil war was his opportunity. As he could only mount the throne by murder, he became a murderer. He had not the greed of blood, the "motiveless malignity" of Iago; he did not murder for murder's sake, but to remove the lives which barred him from the throne. He knew that a king is not dead as long as his son survives. He was keen, quick-sighted, feelingless, and merciless in purpose when he had a purpose. He followed his victim with the soft tread of a panther, and, when within reach, he would crouch and spring with the velocity of a tiger upon his prey. He cunningly contrived his plots and murders so as to make others appear guilty and himself innocent. He says:

"I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl;
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others."

His contempt and scorn of mankind is only equalled by his foul treachery of heart and his deeds of

appalling ferocity. His wit and sarcasm were clear, bright, and sharp, like lightning, which illumines only to smite and blast. He had no faith; he despised mankind and poured scorn and contempt upon his victims. He could dissemble, play the hypocrite, quote "odd old ends stolen forth of Holy Writ," and seemed a saint when most he played the devil. In the end, when surrounded by phantoms and realities, the cursed companionship of his own thoughts; when in his baffled sleep and tumultuous dreams he rises and shakes off the terrible shapes that infested his fiend-haunted soul,—it is only then that there is anything like heroism in his nature, or that his conscience afflicts him. What an awful abyss of despair is in these words!—

"There is no creature loves me,
And if I die no soul will pity me."

In history we hardly know of any tyrant so friendless. Nero's old nurse was faithful to him to the end, and strewed flowers on his tomb. The poor squalid wretch Marat, who proposed to erect 800 gibbets for the regeneration of France,—even he had his friends, who shed tears over his grave. Robespierre's poor landlord, in the Rue St. Honoré, loved him, and his brother died for him; but Richard is himself alone. After the death of Richard III the white and red roses were united by the accession of Henry VII and his marriage with Elizabeth of York, "the two succeeders of each Royal House," and peace was restored between the contending parties.

'King Henry VIII' is the last of the series of

English historical plays, of which we can only give a very brief notice. This drama was written partly by Shakspeare and partly by Fletcher. It is essentially a court drama. The actors are the supreme rulers, pontiffs, and ministers of State. The scenes are laid in the precincts of the court and palace. Shakspeare does not make Henry VIII the Bluebeard monarch, or the hero which some historians have done. He is perhaps more of a stage king than an historical figure. He is choleric, self-willed, and voluptuous. The King of the Reformation is hardly discernible in him; and the greatest epoch in England's history is scarcely alluded to by the poet. Shakspeare's character of Queen Katharine is drawn from history. She is the noblest woman that Shakspeare has portrayed in these historical dramas. Her celebrated speech for her defence is but a paraphrase of her own words from Holinshed. When cast off and spurned by her brutal royal consort—"a jewel that had hung for twenty years about his neck, yet never lost her lustre,"—she still retains her love as a faithful and devoted wife, and remained a queen in spirit to the end. How beautifully and poetically Shakspeare has described her fate in these words!—

“Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me—
Almost no grave allow'd me; like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.”

What can be more affecting than her solicitude for a good name after her death?—

“When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us’d with honour ; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave ; embalm me,
Then lay me forth ; although unqueen’d, yet like
A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me.”

Shakspeare has painted his women nearer perfection than his men. It has been said that he has no heroes, but only heroines. Nearly all his great characters are made better by the influence of women. They are not mere poetical abstractions ; with few exceptions, they are the highest ideals of womanhood—Ophelia, Rosalind, Juliet, Viola, Miranda, Desdemona, Portia, Isabella, Cordelia, Imogen, Hermione, etc. Their very names call up their natures and breathe a poetical fragrance around them. Although the life-blood of immortal poetry flows in their veins, yet they are thoroughly domesticated on the earth, and make excellent maidens, lovers, wives, and mothers. Charles Lamb once told a friend that he would any day marry, old as he was, if he could only find one of Shakspeare’s ideal women.

These historical plays show us something of the sentiments, manners, amusements, and the poetical life of the nation in their author’s time. It is the poet rather than the historian who is the exponent of the national life. The mere history of the wars and of the public acts of a people, which fill the pages of the ordinary historian, represent one phase, and that but a trivial and incomplete one, of their existence ; the amusements and recreations, the literary and artistic tastes, represent another. The

latter reflect the passions, prejudices, the average feeling, and the universal tone of society. Shakspeare had to write for the amusement of playgoers, that which the multitude would listen to; otherwise his productions would not have been possible, for they who "live to please must please to live." But he wrote up to their taste; and turned his great artistic faculty to the highest purpose—the ennobling and purifying of the national drama. Though he wrote here and there a line it might have been well to blot, yet he did not tamper with truth, nor pander to vice, nor revel in filth, like some of his contemporaries, who, even in their purity, are obscene. In the world of Shakspeare we breathe freely. We feel ourselves in a healthy moral atmosphere, where wrong is wrong and right is right. These histories show us the line of suffering which runs parallel with the line of glory, the mutability of earthly greatness, the power of conscience, and "that retribution which walks with a foot of velvet and strikes with a hand of steel." It has been said that Shakspeare painted human nature as he saw it in his own age; but his creations are untouched by time. He depicted the great passions, more than the manners of the world. Manners are temporary, passions eternal. The customs and circumstances of life change, but men and their feelings remain. Therefore his men and women are the people of to-day, and will ever be so, as long as the "same heart beats in every human breast." We cannot find in Shakspeare's writings that he belonged to any creed, sect, or party. He took a universal and equal view of human nature, and looked at the world through

all human eyes. Coleridge, quoting from a Greek author, called him "a myriad-minded man." We cannot identify him with any of his characters. He has been compared to one of the Arabian dervishes in the Eastern tales, of whom we read that he had the power to throw his soul into the body of another man, so as to become possessed of his sentiments and passions by adopting his identity. But Shakspeare did not project himself into the souls of others; he included those natures in himself. If any of his characters are inspired with life, they first of all inspired him, and he seemed as much under their influence as Goethe when he said, "I feel myself surrounded, nay, besieged, by all the spirits I ever conjured up." It is with feelings of primeval awe and wonder, free from theological trammels, that he approaches sacred things, and surveys the problems of man's life and destiny. He teaches us that "the web of our life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together." Cheerfulness was one of the attributes of his genius, and, like all and only great souls, he could look bravely at the good end of evil things.

"For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse;
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified."

'Romeo and Juliet,' Act II, Sc. 3.

Hamlet is said to have been a closer translation of Shakspeare's own character than any other of his personations; if so, these perpetual soliloquies and

broodings were the utterances Mr. Arnold, in his poem of 'The Buried Life,' calls "the hidden self,"—that second, subjective life which every man lives apart and with himself alone, which Plato calls "the soul itself by itself." Certainly in his objective life Hamlet was not like Shakspeare, nor Shakspeare Hamlet.

What we have said of Shakspeare is true also of every great poet. He is not only a creator, but an interpreter. Therefore the poet and the historian ought to be studied together. What ancient historians have given us such glimpses into the actual life of their times as the Greek and Latin poets—Homer, Aristophanes, Theocritus, and the great tragic poets among the former; Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and Lucretius among the latter? Through their pages the past is alive again, and we are introduced to the Senate Chamber, the Law Courts, the bustling, active life of the camp, the streets, the markets, and the pastoral life of the country, with the religion, the philosophy, and the habits of society as they were. Had it not been for these poets we should have known comparatively little of the real life of these great nations. Look again at the period of Chaucer. What chronicler or historian has left us such vivid delineations of the life of these times as appear in 'The Canterbury Tales'? We are able, as it were, to shake hands and to make personal acquaintance with our ancestors across more than five centuries of time. Thus poetry brings us into companionship with the mighty dead, who can never die; those "sceptred sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns."

In conclusion it may not be inopportune to quote the last words from one of the last plays our great dramatist is supposed to have written—the epilogue of ‘The Tempest,’ in which it has been suggested that Shakspeare himself typified his own retirement from the theatre on returning to his native town. When the enchanter Prospero abandons his “so potent art,” breaks his staff, drowns his book, and dismisses his Ariel spirits, on going back to his dukedom, he prays relief from the burden of his soul, and craves forgiveness and mercy in these significant lines :

“ Now my charms are all o’erthrown,
And what strength I have’s mine own,—
Which is most faint.

* * * *

Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant ;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer ;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.”

Nothing can be added to the meaning of these lines. Were they a presentiment of Shakspeare’s farewell to the stage with its enchantments ? We can only say in the last spoken words of Hamlet, “The rest is silence.”

HUNGARIAN LITERATURE IN RELATION TO THE HISTORY OF THE MAGYARS.

BY MRS. CH. ARTHUR GINEVER (*née* ILONA DE GYÖRY).

[Read June 16th, 1903.]

WHEN a people, scarcely as yet possessing any past and living only in the hopes of a future, turns its rapturous gaze towards this mysterious future whereto the people hopes to be led by an unknown hand,—it is then that the imagination creates the people's *religion*. When increasing strength and self-knowledge enable the people to bear responsibility, when their looks become steady enough to be directed straight towards the present, the actual world around them,—it is then that men keenly watch the scales where crime and virtue are weighed ; and the result of their thinking is the people's *legislation*, together very often with its philosophy. When their look turns backwards, to see the shadows of the past, to find explanation of the present world and the justification of future hopes, their investigations furnish the *history* of the nation.

But when the people's spirit rises high enough to survey the traditions of the past, the truth of the present, and the aspirations of the future ; when its soul unites in itself all that men believe about the past, love in the present, and hope from the future ; it gives birth to the *poetry* of that people.

And now that I am here to speak about the literature of a thousand years, I feel that the task is like that of one who has to draw the picture of a whole vast country, with all its natural phenomena, on a small scale map. When the work is ready, it is with disappointment that he sees how the glowing colours of the scenery have faded to a neutral tint, how the heights have become flat and the depths shallow.

Yes ; but the map is colourless, mute, and dead to those only that cannot interpret it by means of their knowledge, nor call it to life by their imagination. If the light of knowledge and the warmth of feeling can vivify a picture, then can men of letters more than all others give life and meaning to a bare outline. Therefore I trust that here, in this circle, if my hand but points to such a sketch and shows *there* is a forest, a majestic, dark, waving forest, your heart and mind will perceive and understand its rustling ; if I show you the tiny mark of a mountain rivulet, your imagination reveals to you that it means a noble stream of youthful purity and youthful, impetuous strength. The thoughtless man says, after having seen the map of a foreign country, "It showed me all I need to know about that region." The thinker says, "It showed me how much I ought to know about it." To the former the sight of the map means the end of the interest and investigation ; to the latter it is but the beginning of it.

It is far away in space and far back in time that we must fly to see the first traces of our poetry. It would require an eagle's wings—the wings of the

mythical bird, perhaps, that appears in the very first tales of our folklore as the guide chosen by our god, Hadur, to lead the Hungarians into the country which had been conquered and inhabited by the kindred race, the Huns of great Attila.

And they came.

The golden eagle, the sacred Turul, flew on and on; and at the end of the ninth century they arrived at the *Verecke* pass in the North-eastern Carpathians, the huge granite blocks of which were quickly heaped up to form a high altar on the velvety green bank of the silver-waved Latorca, on which altar they sacrificed a milk-white charger to their great god, thundering Hadur.

Their mythology, their rites alone, would fill up the time of a lecture; therefore, if I mention that their original religion, with its dualism and with the very names of gods and spirits, shows a striking similarity to the Persian mythology, I do so only to point out that the people came to their new home their soul full of the rich, glowing imagination of the Orient, with their great love for free nature, and with their Eastern liking for symbolising its phenomena; and then perhaps you will find the explanation of many features of our primitive history.

The belief in their good luck on the battle-field, considerably strengthened by the success in their predatory wars, soon surrounded them with the fictitious fame of being invincible. No wonder if the songs and tales of their bards and minstrels found their predominant note in the clang of arms.

But when after five years the five different foreign

tribes that had formerly occupied the country were vanquished by the Hungarians, and when there was but one ruler—that mighty figure sitting on his milk-white horse, harnessed in silver, on his silver helmet a snow-white swan feather, Árpád,—then the excitement of the wars was over, the people began to feel that the nationalities around them were, it is true, partly conquered, partly frightened enough not to disturb them; but still they were strangers there, and the Asiatic race began to feel isolated, lonely, and brotherless.

The colder the outside world seemed to them, the more lovingly they kept alive the fire in their homes. The more terrifying the endless silence was in this new world, where no tongue akin to their own echoed their words, the more precious the national songs became to them. And with this same fervent love of a brotherless nation they clung to the old traditions which spoke of *their own* heroes: Attila resisting the temptations of the evil god, Ahriman, to kill his brother. Or about the sacred plant bearing in its cup the feather of the arrow shot by Prince Csaba, to whom god Hadur revealed that this plant was able to call dead heroes back to life. Or about the night on the battle-field when, in the moment of imminent danger, all at once a pale, mute army appeared descending from the skies, the hoofs of their chargers making no sound—thus they came, white and radiant,—but the earthly warriors recognised them, and across the line of battle a whisper flew, “The dead heroes of Csaba.” And when the battle was won the spectral heroes returned to heaven, mutely and majestically as they came. As they returned to

heaven, the hoofs of their horses struck silver sparks on the dark path of the sky. There they still glitter, forming the silvery path which in other countries is called the milky way ; there they glitter, to remind the people that if ever an enemy should bring destruction upon their land, the dead heroes will rise even from their graves to save it.

The years rolled on.

The neighbouring countries learned to defend themselves, and the Hungarian predatory troops also learned the unpleasant but very beneficial lesson that the iron of the plough is more honourable than the iron of the sword. This home life prepared their minds for the greatest transformation of the individuals as well as of the nations—for Christianity.

The warlike sounds of the sacrificing priest's prayer, of the prayer which promised wars and vengeance, are hushed by the mildest and yet most powerful prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us ;" the war-songs are mingled with the sounds of hymns, and the handle of the sword shows the shape of the cross.

In the thousandth year after Christ, Hungary became a Christian kingdom.

The new ideas have mightily caught the imagination of the people, and it flies heavenwards, no more like the smoke thick with blood that rises from the sacrificing altars, but on the wings of the incense. When the saints are at the same time national heroes, as St. Stephen, St. Emmeric ; or later, the possessor of the sacred sword, presented

to him by all the European nations, St. Ladislas;—then, naturally, in the poets the Christian and the patriot are equally eloquent.

The legends about these heroes and about St. Elizabeth, “the white rose of Hungary,” St. Margaret, who hides the royal crown under the nun’s veil, lifted up the people’s minds into a gentler, peaceful region; but soon, very soon, the religious animosities appear in the Christian world among the supporters of different dogmas, and the religious controversies, full of hatred, show that if Christ brought to earth the sacred fire of love, men had changed it till it became the flame of hatred.

And in this time, when in Hungary, as elsewhere, the monks were the leaders in knowledge, literature is limited to the narrow, dry fields of religious controversy. Still, even in this desert of dry, religious literature, there is one column of flame breaking through the lifeless surface and burning high—the translation of the Psalms, marked by all the genuine dignity of the Hebrew, this being one of the first printed books in Hungary in 1536 (Bogáti Farkas).

At that time, when over all the world there seemed to float the chilly, sepulchral atmosphere of the cloisters; when sculptors, painters, poets, and philosophers dealt with human life without knowing anything about it, shut up as they were in their cells;—all at once a fresh breeze rose from the coasts of Italy, bringing on its wings the scent of flowers, the spray of the ocean, the rustling of the forests, and a thousand thousand signs of life.

The Renaissance was dawning.

The mighty current penetrated the cloisters, dispersed the heavy exhalations of the musty folios, broke and scattered the stained glass windows, which created darkness within and gave a false colour to the world without. It may be that the spirit of the Renaissance was somewhat too vehement and lacking in moderation, but it was life—real, pulsating, triumphant life.

Hungary had reason enough to learn very soon the spirit of the Renaissance. At the beginning of the fourteenth century the *Anjou* dynasty was sitting on the throne of Hungary, and then the Italian influence led the Hungarians to use the glove instead of the mailed gauntlet, the harp instead of the trumpet. The life in the Royal castle at Visegrád threw its light far, far over the half of Europe, like a cheerful, bright bonfire; the choir of King Louis the Great (in the first half of the fourteenth century) was recognised to be the best on the Continent; his artists, the brothers Kolosváry, hardly found time enough to accept all the invitations of foreign monarchs; one of their finest statues is to be seen at Prague at the Royal Palace. The Hungarian jewellers, sword-cutlers, leather-workers, and cartwrights became the teachers of the workmen of all the other nations.

Poetry could not remain unaffected by this softening, refining, but effeminating influence. That current in the atmosphere brought by the Renaissance undeniably bore with it the exhalations of a few poisonous plants too; that of flowers flattering the senses and exciting them too much. At a time when a Torquato Tasso's imagination works in such a way

that in his 'Gerusalemme Liberata' the Crusades and the relief of the Holy Land are the consequences of some chivalric love adventures, poetry, especially as its field was the brilliant and slippery pavement of court life, had to show some similarity to the Italian poetry; but it is an interesting indication of national character that all the books, novels, poems, and songs of this time are translations,—so much so that though in other cases the translations became incorporated with original literature by adding Hungarian names and details to it, the products of *this* epoch are unmistakably recognised as Italian; and, though we have many popular songs and romances from this time, we clearly detect that the wholesome sense of the people decidedly rejected literature breathing this spirit.

Just this difference introduces the distinction between the culture in the time of the Anjou kings and the culture of a century later, when another king takes up again the cultivation of art, science, and literature; another king—no Italian, no stranger, but the incarnation of the national Hungarian character fully developed, magnified,—Mathias Corvinus. All the strength and vitality of our race are united in this name. Pronounce it, and a thousand emotions awake in the nation's heart like the thousandfold echo of the Archipelago: joy that he was ours, pride because we understood him, admiration for his greatness, gratitude because he made his country great, and grief that all his works should be destroyed by the terrorism of the Turks—a reign of terror, lasting not for two years only, like that of the French, but for two centuries.

King Mathias, risen from our own ranks, he ascended higher than any of his predecessors, but rose as the sun rises from among the hills, not to turn his face from them, but to pour upon them the richer gifts of light and warmth the higher he rises.

And in all his features he was a Hungarian. Have not the members of that race ever been thus? usually clever, but rarely wise; unable to feel distrust, because unable to deserve it; easily led anywhere when kindly taken by the hand, but immovable when rudely clutched by the wrist; rather brooding over past misfortunes than seeking to avoid impending ones; facing with better humour a hundred wrathful faces than a sneering one; and all in all so very much like their native soil—dark in colour, heavy in substance, rough perhaps on the surface; if unlovingly abandoned, arming itself with thorns; if the wintry blast strikes it, it stiffens to blocks as hard as ice; but at the first smile of spring, it brings forth its treasures, yielding the gold of the wheat, real, precious gold.

It is partly the darker and more melancholy character of the Hungarian taste that makes this epoch of the Renaissance-culture different from that of the Anjou epoch, but partly also the appearing of the storm-cloud on the Eastern horizon—the Turks,—which mingles a few more serious, martial sounds in the poetry. Naturally, however, the events of the battle-field are bright and triumphant. What else could they be at a time when the threatening danger, the Crescent, served but to direct the admiring gaze of the whole of Europe upon

Hungary, where the father of Mathias Corvinus, John Hunyadi, won victory after victory over the Turks, answering in this way the letter of the Pope, who beseeches him in these words, "Thy sword, my son, is the defence not of thy country only, but of the whole realm of Jesus Christ"!

The victories of his son, King Mathias, are well known in history because the scholars at his court, Galeotti, Bonfini, Janus Pannonius, all wrote in Latin. Their books have often been printed and reprinted, as in the castle of Mathias there was a printing office in 1472, much earlier than in many other European courts; but (and here the Eastern character reveals itself) King Mathias did not care much for printed books, because they were all in black, and because everybody could have the same. His library, consisting of 5000 volumes (a great number for that time), contained only manuscripts, with costly initials, and bound in brocade and velvet, the clasps and corners chased gold and silver.

And all these treasures had been collected but to be pillaged by the Turks; the crimson and purple velvet of the bulky folios were turned to saddle-covers, the clasps and corners were dangling by the dozen on the harness of the Turkish chargers.

The Turks! Two hundred years of terrorism! How should we hear the sound of the lyre when the air resounds with the clash of weapons, the clanking of the chains, and the weeping of the forlorn? And even if there were singers brave enough to express in songs that they believe in the past

and trust to the future, we hardly know their names. How could a nation weave wreaths for the brows of its bards when all the laurel lay withering on its heroes' graves?

But there is one whose head was worthy of both wreaths, that of the hero and that of the poet, the author of the best Hungarian Christian epic, Count Nicholas Zrinyi, the great-grandson of the hero of Szigetvár, who bore the same name, and whose self-sacrificing death is considered as that of a saviour for Hungary. The grandson has written his history in this epic, called *Zrinyiász*.

In the colossal conception there is something of the work of the Titans; the rocks which build it up are rough, but each one an "Ossa" or "Pelion." As in the 'Divina Commedia,' the poet descends into hell, where he lays the foundation stone of the gigantic building, the crowning arch of which towers up to the throne of God in heaven; as in the '*Zrinyiász*,' the spirits of hell and heaven decide about the battle of Szigetvár. But the work was written at a time when Hungarian literary language was not yet polished and refined enough; and Count Zrinyi was perhaps the least likely one to seek to polish it by the minute work of the jeweller. No; the chisel of the jeweller was not the tool for him, one of the greatest strategists of Europe, who in 1646 scattered the army of the Swedes in Moravia, then won three victories for Emperor Ferdinand III, and during the celebrated winter campaign of 1667, not only chased away the united Turkish armies from Berzence, but destroyed all the fortifications of Sultan Soliman along the Drava.

All Germany fêted him; the monarchs of Europe rivalled each other in showing their admiration for him; the Pope sent him his portrait, together with an olive branch in silver with fruits in pearl for the Christian knight, and a golden wreath of oak leaves with emeralds for the soldier.

All his glory must have cast a deep shadow somewhere; the one who felt it was Count Montecuccoli, the rival of Zrinyi and the general of the imperial army. He felt he was standing in the shade. And the spirits of the darkness are evil counsellors. And the deeds of the darkness are mysterious. Who sees them? Who can explain them?

One day Count Zrinyi went out to hunt the boar, and there in the forest the darkness was dense, very dense. . . .

It was but next morning that from the castle the news spread,—a boar had killed the poet and hero of Hungary.

As the time was one when both the knowledge and the military power were in the hands of the nobility, it is natural that we should find many of our poets in their ranks, and natural also that they should glorify the heroic deeds of their own class. There we see Count Koháry, Baron Ladislav Listi, both of them heroes and poets; and the third, the eminent lyric poet, Baron Valentine Balassa—he with his unrivalled power over the most difficult strophe-structure, and the introducer of the musical element into poetry by means of his love songs and songs of soldier life; he in whose soul there was a world of harmony, and whose life was a shrieking disharmony, now deepening into profound

melancholy, then again rising to boisterous, uncontrolled merriment, as if his path had been pointed out by the very same two contending genii that led Lord Byron as well, endowing him with gifts and defects, great talents, great strength, great beauty, power over everybody but his own self—the power of the rushing cataract, bruising every obstacle in its way, but itself breaking in its fall.

But now at once the middle classes seem to awake from their torpor; a bright ray falls on them, a ray from the richest sources of light—knowledge and love. Queen Maria Teresa, feeling sincere, strong sympathy with her noblest subjects, wished them to have a share in her affection as well as culture. She stood high enough to see far. She understood that while Vienna peacefully enjoyed the progress of a peaceful life, Hungary had to become the bastion of civilisation against the Turks; and while Hungary sacrificed her own culture she saved that of Western Europe. When the war was done, of course, the warrior, covered with dust and blood, was not the companion for the silk-clad, lace-sleeved, white-wigged courtier; and it is true that the tree of knowledge is not kept alive by blood. The soldier Hungarian was neither courtly nor scholarly. But the Queen herself did not forget that at the beginning of her reign it was the loyalty of Hungary which saved her from the combined assaults of the Germans, the French, and the Spanish; and in her heart there were still reverberating the words uttered in that supreme moment when Hungarian chivalry accepted the duty of protecting the woman, the unjustly attacked adversary, and the sovereign in the person

of Maria Theresa, by uttering the exclamation, "*Vitam et sanguinem, moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Teresia.*"

Her gratitude showed itself by organising a Lifeguard from the youth of the Hungarian gentry, her aim being to bring them into contact with Western culture. Your great Buckle says, "Those who do not feel the darkness will never look for the light." But they felt the darkness. A glance at the literature of the Western countries showed it to them. And it so happened that at this time a new day was dawning on the horizon of West Europe. The humanistic ideas of the English philosophers stirred the thinkers in France; their ideas penetrated to the court of Frederic the Great, and our youths stood spell-bound at this radiance. There we see among the Lifeguard officers, Baresay, Bárócy, Bessenyei, conquerors in all the gallant sports, tournaments at court; conquerors, as we know it very well by the indiscreet epistolary literature of that age, in the court balls too; and yet dissatisfied with themselves. After the fatigue of the fights, after the excitements of the balls, they met to learn French and English. They organised a literary circle and inaugurated a new epoch for Hungary.

Naturally, a new literature is not created to order; they involuntarily imitated the French classics, though, to tell the truth, nothing is so directly opposed to Hungarian literary taste as the style of Corneille and Racine.

Whatever the Lifeguard poets did for literature, it is dear to us for the sake of its aim; it may be that the aim was much higher than the result, but

when we have to wander in the darkness, even a tiny light becomes a guiding star.

We read their plays, these first attempts at depicting modern social life; we smile at many of their *naïve* features, and we admire the youthful power of imagination, the rich vein of wholesome, inoffensive Hungarian humour; but besides all this, the most interesting for us is really the vacillation of the literary taste, the seeking for the right direction. The pendulum moves now towards one point, the imitation of the French school; then it returns, and, passing the right point, flies towards the other extreme, imitation of the Germans; there had been an epoch of Italian influence; there comes later a purely old classical, Latin character, until in the fulness of time there arrive the really great ones among poets, showing that literature is like the mythical figure of Antæus—to be strong and powerful it has to feel the touch, the throbbing of the heart of its native soil.

Still, the very hesitation is interesting in their taste. They translate *Le Cid* and Horace by Corneille, *Athalie* by Racine, and then, finding the splendour of the Gaul too cold and artificial, they seek for something else, and they translate Pope's 'Essay on Man' and Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'

But when the stirring storm of the French Revolution agitated the artificial, stiff gardens of Versailles, the new ideas which precipitated that revolution easily found their way to Hungary, as Marie Antoinette was the daughter of Queen Maria Teresa, and the two courts were in contact.

Soon the Marseillaise is translated, as well as the

most important parts of the *Encyclopédie*. The new cause has its martyrs in Hungary too. The translator of the *Marseillaise* is kept prisoner by Austria for nine years, while another poet, Bacsányi, the translator of Napoleon's proclamation to the Hungarians, was imprisoned for life; his elegies, faultless in thought and in form, were all written in the prison at Kufstein. Szentjobi, that bright, youthful spirit, with all the cheerful purity of the skylark in his songs, perished in prison at the age of twenty-eight, like the youngest of the three at Chillon; and all his fellow-prisoners felt that—

“For him their soul was sorely moved,
And truly might it be distressed
To see such bird in such a nest.
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay
He too was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.”

And the leader of the mental life then, the man of immense activity, knowledge, and energy, who strove to lift Hungary to the level of the West—the regenerator of our literary language, Francis Kazincy,—he also suffered for the crime of having copied the revolutionary catechism of the Hungarian Jacobins. The death sentence, however, was commuted for imprisonment. But he continued his fervent activity even in prison; and as the Austrian Government did not allow him to have ink in his prison, he carried on his writing by using his blood. And while yearning for the cheering light of poetry in the darkness of prison, he translated Ossian. This

translation was written with the rust of his chains dissolved in his drinking-water.

But even if he had no other merit whatever, we ought to mention this one: it was he who first directed the eyes of the Hungarians upon Shakespeare.

After the French and German literature, Shakespeare, the revelation! That one circumstance would have been reason enough for making him a revelation for us—that in this epoch of rushing, pulsating life in Hungary, when every day brought its weighty event, the spirit of the age demanded *life* in poetry as well.

Did the dramatic poetry of other nations show all this? In all the great dramatic crises the German heroes meditate, the French recite, the Shakespearian heroes act. In the French and German tragic poets, the more important the action the more everybody talks. In Shakespeare, the greater the deed the less is it encumbered with words, that it may stand before us clearly in its own colossal proportions.

In ‘Coriolanus,’ Volumnia, on seeing the inevitable, destroys all the links between Rome and her revolting son by these words:

“This man had a Volscian for his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and this child
Like him by chance.”

While Camille, in Corneille’s tragedy on that page, which I consider the most representative of all, when she destroys all ties of family and fatherland, says:

“Rome, l’unique objet de mon ressentiment,
Rome à qui vient ton bras d’immoler mon amant,
Rome qui t’a vu naître et que ton cœur adore,

Rome enfin que je hais parce qu'elle t'honore.
 Puisse tous ses voisins ensemble conjurer
 Saper ses fondements encore mal assurés
 Et si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie
 Que l'Orient contre elle à l'Occident s'allie
 Que cent peuples unis des bords de l'univers
 Passent pour la détruire et les monts et les mers,
 Qu'elle même sur soi renverse ses murailles
 Et que ses propres mains déchirent ses entrailles
 Puissé-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce fondre,
 Voir ses maisons en cendres et tes lauriers en poudre
 Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
 Moi seule en être cause et mourir de plaisir."

Then, also, the endless self-reproach, self-rectifying, self-consoling of Racine's *Athalie* after the murder, has its greatest contrast in Macbeth's word :

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep ; and therefore Cawdor
 Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

The hero of Voltaire, Orosmane, the jealous sultan who murders his innocent wife, displays wonders of firework-like rhetoric, as brilliant and as artificial as such a display can be ; while in 'Othello' the clear recognition of perfect annihilation finds no other words than these :

"That's he, that was Othello ; here I am."

The best Hungarian tragedy, 'Bánk bán' (Palatine Benedict), was written under Shakespeare's influence. Several German and Italian critics admit that with the exception of the Shakespearian plays there is no play in which the tragic element is deeper. I may say that I wish I could have stood here before you with no other aim than that of speaking about

this one drama, and perhaps about the great dramatic poem of another author—‘The Tragedy of Man,’—which I dare to call, as the Continental critic also calls it, the worthy rival of Goethe’s ‘Faust.’

Just a few words about the first. It is based upon history, and the author is very true to it. It plays in the thirteenth century. While King Andrew II is engaged in the crusade, Queen Gertrude of Merania rules the country; distributing the chief dignities to her relatives, humiliating the Hungarians; imposing heavy taxes on the down-trodden people in order to be able to supply with money her riotous, loose, immoral court. The Palatine anxiously sees the discontent, and to save the country from civil war sets himself the gigantic task of keeping the rising flames down. But while he is away the Queen’s brother pursues the Palatine’s wife with his love; the intrigue is forwarded by the Queen, so that on the Palatine’s return rumours reach him about his honour being in danger. At this very moment a secret summons calls him to an assembly, telling him that the honour of the country was concerned, the watchword being the name of his wife—Melinda.

He goes, to gain the key to the riddle, but he finds an assembly of conspirators, who decide upon the death of the Queen to save the honour of the country. The Palatine, controlling the storm that is raging in his heart, remembers only that he is the representative of law and of the King, and in his chivalric loyalty defends the Queen; and when the leader of the conspiracy loses all self-control while speaking about the Queen, the Palatine, though the

friend and nephew of the grey-haired conspirator, is nothing else but the Palatine, and rises with the words, "This traitor against King and Crown I declare a prisoner; I, the representative of the King; it is the King who commands here." And in this moment Petur, the conspirator, this perfectly drawn figure of the discontented patriot, who is true to his King, and knows one thing more sacred still—the Constitution,—enthusiastic, sincere, short-sighted, self-sacrificing, but, right or wrong, perfectly honest,—this man has no other answer than to lay his sword at the feet of the Palatine, and to bend his knee saying, "My King."

The Palatine lifts him up and says, "Dost thou not see what wonders the mere name of thy King works in thee, and yet thou wishest to pierce his heart by stabbing the Queen?"

At this moment of the Palatine's victory a German knight-errant brings the news that in this very hour the Queen has helped to throw the Palatine's wife a victim to her brother's vile love. What can follow now? The Palatine rushes out with boundless wrath, and the way he takes can lead to nothing but to a tragic *dénouement*. What does this consist in? Life has whirled him into circumstances entirely opposed to his real character. He, the defender of the law, insults the law; he, the blameless knight, becomes the murderer of a woman; he, the faithful subject, becomes guilty of high treason. He has no other way but to avenge his ruined happiness and tarnished honour, but by fulfilling this duty he destroys all the moral foundations of his existence. Nothing revealed more to

me the greatness of this work than seeing it when performed by the Italian company of Salvini. No national allusions appealed to the actors or to their audience, many details were misunderstood, and still the effect was thrilling.

The work has but one defect—its language. The great artist of Hungarian poetical language did not arrive until later. This was Vörösmarty (1800—1855). His heroical epic poems, historical dramas, and all his lyric show how completely he mastered the language—its strength as much as its beauty. The effect of his language was compared to that of the Latin classics by no inferior audience than that of a literary society of London sixty years ago, when one of the contemporaries of Kossuth—Szemere, the emigrant minister of Hungary—recited poems in a society here without saying before in which of the foreign languages he was going to recite. The hexameters the society found equal to those of the Latin classics were these :

Régi diesőségünk, hol késel az éji homályban ?
 Századok ültenek el s te alattok mélyen enyésző
 Fémmel jársz egyedül ; rajtad sűrű fellegek és a
 Bus feledékenység koszorúntlan alakja lebegnek
 Hol vagyon, aki merész ajakát hadi dalnak eresztvén
 A riadó, vak mélységet felterve szavával
 S késő százak után méltán láttassa vitézlő
 Párdücs Arpádot s hadrontó népe hatalmát ?

Vörösmarty was just at the zenith of his poetical career, spreading the mild, clear, dreamy splendour of a full moon, when all at once a new light, a startling phenomenon, a gorgeous comet rose upon

the horizon,—a comet, unexpected, unknown, not like any other luminary, captivating, yet terrifying and awakening superstitious belief in the approach of something dreadful; a comet, the harbinger of war, coming suddenly and disappearing suddenly into the unknown void, whence there is no return.

Petőfi! If there is one being who confirms in us the belief that a real poet stands higher than other men, and that he keeps something of the all-seeing power of the gods who sent him, it is Petőfi.

His song, the ‘*Talpra Magyar*,’ kindled in men’s souls the flame which burst out into the great conflagration of the war of freedom in 1848. From that moment his poems became visions. In one song he prophesied the outbreak of the revolution; in another the revival of the native tongue and the union of Transylvania and Hungary; and in one, his own death on the battle-field, describing in words, which subsequent events proved true, the very way in which he would disappear, dying in the crisis of the war, and being buried in one great common grave together with all those who died for our freedom.

And the genius of Hungary had to give to him, who possessed already the laurel of the poet and the oak-wreath of the hero, a third crown also—the crown of stars which only martyrs win.

What shall I say before passing to another figure? If you know Petőfi you will understand each page of our war of freedom, or if you know the story of that war you will understand each page of Petőfi.

And he, who is now translated into nearly all the

European languages, to be admired in common with their best lyrics,—he had four deities among other poets: Dickens, Béranger, Shakespeare, and—and he whose name will be pronounced here presently among the Hungarians.

What the pure, all-embracing love for humanity he saw in Dickens must have meant for Petöfi, who sacrificed his life for the people's freedom, we may understand. It is his impetuous, youthful enthusiasm that speaks when he says about Dickens, "I have always heard of seven grades of heaven only, but for the sake of Dickens, truly I think that God found it necessary to create an eighth one."

Béranger was his second self, the responding voice in the universe; and about Shakespeare he said, "On the day of the world's creation God made an immense store of ideas, which has increased as the thousands of years rolled on; it pleased Him to pour this immeasurable treasure on the earth when at Stratford a child was born. He has reaped all that was richest in the field of poetry; we but glean after him the ears and flowers he left there as unworthy of him."

And the fourth?

Vörösmarty, as I said, was the moon; Petöfi was the comet; but the sun had to come. And the sun came—as it appears in summer mornings among the mountains, not gradually, but suddenly stepping forward with his golden shield and his crown of rays, the sovereign of the sky,—and the light this poet spreads is brighter than that of the moonlight of Vörösmarty; his beams have more warmth in them, at the same time all the majestic quietness, without the restlessness, without the terrifying element of

the comet. The serenity of absolute greatness, the simplicity of perfection, the strength born of calmness, the calmness born of strength.

In 1845 the Academy offered a prize for the best epic poem; and one of the competing works bore a name hitherto unknown—John Arany. Petöfi, the spoilt favourite of the public, was the first who felt and owned that there had arrived a poet superior to himself; and the very same night when he obtained possession of the manuscript he carried it off to his den, began to read a few lines, and—did not put it away until he had finished all the twelve cantos. And then—as he says in his notes,—with his cheeks aflame, with his soul on fire, he wrote a letter in verse to the unknown poet, telling him that while for others the laurel slowly grows leaf by leaf, to him we must offer the whole wreath at once.

And this admiration and friendship lasted without one passing cloud of jealousy or misunderstanding till the death of Petöfi. And Arany, to whom the Germans gave the name the “Shakespeare of the ballad”; about whom François Coppée, after returning from Hungary, said to Emile Zola, “He is Ossian in the lyric, Homer in the epic,”—this man remained till the very end of his life modesty itself. Never has any poet been a more severe critic of himself. He nearly tortured himself with doubts; but these hard years full of the torment and dissatisfaction with himself, resulted, like the pain of the pearl oyster, in pearls indeed. He sang to us, with all the dignity of the historical epos, the story of King Attila and Buda; he united in the great trilogy of ‘Toldi’ all the happiest memories of the chivalric

times of the Anjous; and while his lyrics expressed the workings of the Hungarian mind, his ballads are the most perfect creations of their kind, really what a ballad ought to be according to its definition—a tragedy told in song. In each of his ballads we see a dramatic progress towards the inevitable psychological conclusion. Arany made a systematic study of poetry in order to discover the principles of the different genres, and he was the first to point out the reasons for the striking similarity between the Scotch and the Transylvanian ballads; he settled the question of the limits between the Southern romance and the ballad of the North; and, when I mention him as the best Shakespeare translator in Hungary, let me add that in their translations of the plays of Shakespeare (of whose thirty-seven dramas twenty are permanently on the *répertoire* of one of our theatres) the characters of several of our poets strangely reveal themselves—the oratorical Vörösmarty having chosen ‘Julius Cæsar,’ the passionate, proud Petöfi ‘Coriolanus,’ while the contemplative and melancholy Arany translated ‘Hamlet.’

It is he whom I should most like you to know, and it is he of whose style, genius, and range of subjects I can least give you any idea. Who would dare to break off one carved marble ornament of the Parthenon to show what the whole was like? He seems to us, indeed, not as one from among us, not the child of a certain short era of our history, but as the expression of the mental life of us all, and of all the history of a thousand years,—the Colossus, who points with one hand to Hungary’s past and with the other to her future.

Allow me to pass over our orators—Felsöbükki, Nagy, Nyári, Deák, Széchenyi, Kossuth. Their activity is probably known to you; if not, the whole history of the last century would be required to describe it, and a knowledge of all the vicissitudes of their country's career would be needed to explain why it was that their activity (which was the throbbing of that country's heart) became now feverish, or subdued, now wild, leaping with joy, or hushed with the suspense of agony.

And let me pass over, among so many others, our novelists as well, and mention but one poet more. The revolution was over; its effects created the twofold impression in many hearts that the best efforts, the highest aims, are sometimes the most cruelly misunderstood, and can lead to the worst results when exaggerated or cast before the unworthy.

These sad impressions working in the mind of the poet Madách led him to write 'The Tragedy of Man.' I can give but the roughest outline of the tragedy. God had just completed the great work of creation; His angels sing His glory, but Lucifer rebels against Him, finding fault with everything in the universe; God banishes him, and when Lucifer says that as he had had a part in *creating* the universe he ought also to have a share in its possession too, God curses the two trees in Eden and gives these trees to him. Lucifer, with the words of vengeance that even with so much power he will destroy God's work, precipitates himself into space. In Eden, awakening doubts in the soul of Adam and Eve whether the coming life of mankind

would be worth living, he promises to show them the future; and, as Adam finds his pride in the thought that *his* aim, *his* efforts and ideas will carry mankind forward, Lucifer shows him the history of the world in images that reveal the oscillation of humanity between the extremes, always driven to unhappy exaggerations.

The first scene shows the sunny plains near the Nile, Adam as Pharaoh, enjoying unlimited power; but as even in the blind devotion of his people, who are just building his pyramid, he sees no voluntary affection, his wife Eve being gained by command, and not by love; just at the moment when the crowd's discontentment becomes visible, he conceives the idea that it is not the millions who ought to serve one man, but the one man who ought to serve the millions.

The next scene realises this: Adam as Miltiades, Eve as his wife—the benefactors of the people,—really serve the millions; but the crowd, driven to an extreme idea of their own greatness, accuse Miltiades and order him to be executed for having been virtuous. Miltiades, embittered, says, “Cast the virtues of citizen, leader, and statesman to the winds. Why strive for higher aims if this is the reward of self-denial? Forget duty, virtue, and religion in the pleasures of the moment.”

This is the threshold that leads us to Rome, at the time of its inner decay; we see the corrupt, immoral city when the oligarchs continued their orgies even during the plague. Petrus, the apostle, shows them the coming destruction of their rotten world, and the new one, recreated by purity, faith, and love.

Adam—Sergiolus in this scene—and Eve rise from their banqueting seats, and Adam finds his new aim in leading a life of chivalric virtue, defending religion and woman, and being united in brotherly love with all the world. In the next scene he is Tancred, and Eve is Isaura, the nun. Adam sees that religion did not teach people to love each other, but to hate; sees the execution of the heretics, and that the spirit of the age puts the brand of crime on virtuous happiness too, as Isaura has to wear the veil.

He sees narrowness, ignorance, prejudice everywhere; he seeks salvation in knowledge. This leads to the next scene, where he appears as Kepler, the investigator of the secrets of the universe; here he sees the degradation of knowledge in being used by the unworthy for horoscopes, nativities, and similar base purposes. His distress, emphasised by the fact that his beautiful and coquettish wife and her circle of admirers smile at him because of his peasant origin, makes him ask what would be the word that would save this world imprisoned in the fetters of class-hatred. He hears as in a dream the words *liberté, égalité, fraternité*. And he hears the distant sound of the Marseillaise.

The scene suddenly changes. The platform of Kepler's observatory is transformed into the scaffold at the Place de la Grève; the stand of his telescope becomes the guillotine; he himself, young, powerful, eloquent, in the personality of Danton, continues the same words, but hurls them thunderingly at the crowd,—*liberté, égalité, fraternité*.

In this way the poet goes on. The yearning of

Adam for the activity of peaceful progress leads him to London ; here he finds that personal interests keep man from taking a broader view, London typifying the *present*. The next scene is already placed in the future, when mankind will have cast aside the ideas of fatherland and nationality, and lives in *phalanstères*—common halls,—when men are classified according to their culture, and independently of their nationality.

We are led forward to the time when the whole surface of the earth will have become like the north pole. Adam awakes, and his dreams urge him to suicide, which would accomplish the wish and aim of Lucifer—that of abolishing the human race. But Eve appears, with the tidings that God revealed the secret to her that she is going to be the mother of the human race. Adam throws himself in the dust at the sight of the sky, which opens, and then he hears the comforting word of God that it is not the success, but the effort itself which brings man nearer to happiness and to God, arms him with the power to struggle for and the power to believe in high aims and perfection.

I have shown you some stars of our firmament. Even though that sky of ours has been so often darkened by storm-clouds, there are many, many I should like to show to you,—to an English audience perhaps more than to any other, just because it was English thought and feeling which valued the light of some of our guiding stars, just at the time when the sky of Hungary was darker with thunder-clouds than ever. And we also know that the great luminaries of your firmament lent more than one

ray to our poets and scholars when they were striving "ad astra."

Continue this understanding and appreciation of our efforts, the efforts of our young mental life, by remembering that there, on the boundary line between West and East, is a small nation engaged in serious work, attired no more in the fantastic Oriental garb with which the imagination of our neighbours invested us, but wearing the sober garment of the working day,—a nation which has left behind the time when others regarded it with benevolent interest as a kind of curiosity, and is strong enough to bear serious criticism.

There this nation stands, a whole forest of vigorous, healthy talents pushing towards the light, like sturdy young oaks sprung from a rich and fertile soil.

Our world is far from yours, but do not turn aside from it that it should be still farther from your thoughts.

Your literature is a mighty river, but there is no stream, however great, which would not be enriched by even a small tributary; small may seem our literature to you, but you will always find that its source is deep and its waves are pure.

HUBERT AND JOHN VAN EYCK: THE QUESTION OF THEIR COLLABORATION CONSIDERED.

BY ALFRED MARKS.

[Read June 24th, 1903.]

IN the history of the brothers Hubert and John Van Eyck, two of the greatest names in the annals of painting, are some interesting and difficult problems. Did the art of Hubert spring suddenly into perfection, as in the old-world fable Minerva sprang fully armed from the brain of Jupiter? Did his genius, as M. Paul Durrieu has lately expressed it, suddenly flash out like some brilliant meteor, which bursts on the dazzled gaze of beholders? All analogy forbids us so to believe; enormous as was the stride made by Hubert, his art must, in its beginnings, have started from the point reached by his predecessors. The problem is similar to that which perplexed early inquirers into the marvels of Shakespeare's art. Those inquirers had, fortunately, records to hand which, patiently and skilfully questioned, were ready to disclose the secret. But thus far the most diligent inquiry has failed to reveal the inspirers of Hubert's art. The ravages

of time, of fire, and of the iconoclasts * have perhaps destroyed the evidence which would have revealed the secret of Hubert's beginnings.

Another problem in the story of the two brothers is that relating to the invention, or, more properly, to the improvement of oil-painting. Much more has been done here; perhaps there is nothing to add to the conclusions reached by Sir Charles Eastlake in his admirable *History of Oil-Painting*—a work as remarkable for the patient investigation as for the wide knowledge of its author.† I shall not presume to deal with these problems. On the first of these questions I do not purpose to touch at all; to the second I shall need to refer only in so far as it may help to elucidate the subject of my more humble inquiry. I ask you now to investigate with me a third problem. Criticism has been greatly perplexed by the question, Which of the works ascribed to the Van Eycks are to be allotted to Hubert, which to John? I ask you to consider the evidence tending to establish the collaboration of the two brothers in a large number of works at present commonly ascribed to one or other of them exclusively. In particular, it will fall to us to consider whether we cannot establish some preliminary notions as to the share of each brother in the great work, the Adoration of the Lamb, the altar-piece of Ghent.‡

* For the destruction committed by the iconoclasts see Voisin (C.), *Guide de Gand*, 4th edit., pp. 43—47.

† Eastlake (Sir C. L.), *Materials for a History of Oil-Painting*, 2 vols., 1847.

‡ It may be convenient to say here something about the inscription of the Ghent altar-piece. The Latin text, recovered from under-

The relations of the two brothers were such as to render collaboration, or, at least, working in agreement, extremely probable. The birth-dates of Hubert and John Van Eyck are not known; the dates generally accepted are—for Hubert, about 1370; for John, about 1390, giving a difference in their ages of twenty years. The invention of the improved method of oil-painting is by all writers referred to the year 1410,* when John would be twenty years old. In the opinion of Sir Charles Eastlake,† this makes it probable that the invention

neath a coat of paint, is not ascertained wholly free from doubt. Three translations of it have been given:—(1) The painter, Hubert Van Eyck, greater than whom none is to be found, commenced [the work]; the bulk was completed by his brother John, second to him in art, relying on the request of Jodoc Vyt. This verse invites you to contemplate that which was completed on the 6th of May, 1432. (The year is given in a chronogram.) (2) The painter, Hubert Van Eyck, greater than whom none is to be found, began the work, which John, second to him in art, completed. Etc., etc. (3) The painter, Hubert van Eyck, greater than whom none is to be found, began [the work]. John, the second brother, with art completed it. Etc., etc.—The first, essentially that given by two recent writers, Herr Kaemmerer ('Hubert und Jan Van Eyck,' 1898, p. 34) and Mr. Claude Phillips ('Fortnightly Review,' October, 1902), is no doubt the correct translation. The others are too obviously coloured by partisanship. The second seeks to exalt Hubert by diminishing John's share in the work. I can find no authority for giving to "pondus," here translated "work," any other meaning than "weight," "mass," "bulk." The third seeks to exalt John by cancelling the statement that he was second to Hubert. Unless in the interest of a theory, no one would translate the words "*Johannes arte secundus frater*" otherwise than in the way given in the first and second renderings.

* Guicciardini (Lodovico), '*Descrittione di tutti i Paesi Bassi*,' 1567, p. 97. Vasari (G.), '*Vite*,' 2nd edit., 1568 ("Di Diversi Artefici Fiamminghi"). Opmeer (Petrus ab), '*Opus Chronologicum*,' p. 406 (the writing of this book, published in 1611, was completed in 1569). Mander (Carel Van), '*Het Schilder-Boek*,' 1604; translated by Hymans (Henri), '*Le Livre des Peintres*,' 2 vols., 1884-5.

† Eastlake, '*Materials, etc.*' vol. i, pp. 191, 192.

must be ascribed to Hubert rather than to John, his pupil and junior. Another argument is derived from the epitaphs of the two brothers, which have fortunately come down to us, though the actual monuments have long been destroyed.* That of Hubert is extremely simple; his career is treated merely as a theme for enforcing the eternal lesson of the shortness of life, and as a text for pious exhortation :

“Take warning from me, ye who walk over me. I was as you are, but am now buried dead beneath you. Thus it appears that neither art nor medicine availed me. Art, honour, wisdom, power, affluence, are not spared when death comes. I was called Hubert Van Eyck; I am now food for worms. Formerly known and highly honoured in painting, this was all shortly after turned to nothing. It was in the year of the Lord One thousand four hundred and twenty-six, on the eighteenth day of September, that I rendered up my soul to God, in sufferings. Pray God for me, ye who love art, that I may attain to His sight. Flee sin; turn to the best, for you must follow me at last.”

In the mention of medicine, coupled with art, Sir Charles Eastlake sees a reference to chemistry as one of the qualifications of the painter.† It would perhaps be unsafe to build much on this vague reference. A stronger point, not, I think, mentioned by Sir Charles Eastlake, is found in John's epitaph. Here there is, as we shall find later, a summary of

* The translation is that given by Eastlake, ‘Materials, etc.,’ vol. i, pp. 185, 186. The epitaphs are given by Vaernewyck (Marcus Van), ‘Die Historie van Belgis,’ 1574. and by Van Mander. John's epitaph still stood in the Church of St. Donatian in the sixteenth century (Delepierre, O., ‘Galerie d'Artistes Brugeois,’ 1840, p. 11).

† Eastlake, ‘Materials, etc.,’ vol. i, pp. 185, 186.

the painter's characteristics, but not the most distant allusion to the invention. That the credit of the invention should have been given to John rather than to Hubert is easily susceptible of explanation. Hubert's name was soon forgotten. John, the court painter, whose works were sent abroad—to Italy, whence the first accounts of the invention came,—John alone was remembered; at most Hubert was treated as the inferior and subordinate of the younger brother.* These questions bear on our inquiry only thus far: it is reasonable to assume that the two, in possession of the secret of a new method of painting, would work in concert.

We pass to the next stage, the declaration of some of the earliest writers that the two brothers actually did collaborate. This is asserted by both Guicciardini and Van Mander. Lodovico Guicciardini, a nephew of the famous historian, was born in 1521. He left Italy at an early age, and was established in Antwerp in 1550. In 1567 he published his book, '*Descrittione di tutti i Paesi Bassi.*' In this he gives a long account of Flemish painters, derived from his own inquiries and from inspection of the pictures themselves. The writer and his book are held in high esteem. To Guicciardini, John was the principal figure of the two brothers, though not, as to Vasari, the only painter named Van Eyck. After describing the Ghent altar-piece, John's altar-piece in the Church of St. Donatian, and mentioning a picture at Ypres, probably the altar-piece on which

* See, for example, Opmeer, *op. cit.*, p. 406, where he gives the portraits of the two brothers from the Ghent altar-piece, John's being placed above Hubert's.

John was engaged at the time of his death, Guicciardini says, "Side by side with John went Hubert, his brother, who lived and painted continually on the same works with this brother."*

Van Mander was born rather more than a hundred years after the death of John Van Eyck. His 'Book of Painters' was first published in 1604. M. Hymans, who has translated the book into French, bears testimony to its value. He speaks of Van Mander as conscientious and learned; he was not content merely to gather chance materials; he had a horror of forming hypotheses. M. Siret, a well-known authority on Flemish art, also bears witness to the value of Van Mander's researches. He says, "Van Mander is the first historian who described the lives and works of the painters of the Netherlands; he is the most deserving of confidence. When he wrote, it was altogether impossible to consult authentic documents, not then, as they are to-day, collected in the archives of the cities. But Van Mander did all that it was possible for him to do. He recorded with the greatest simplicity, and with a great love of truth, all that his researches brought to his knowledge."† It would be easy to multiply favourable testimonies of the same character.

After describing the invention, so called, of oil-painting, Van Mander says, "The new invention was kept secret by the two brothers, who painted together or separately many beautiful works."‡

* Guicciardini, *op. cit.*, p. 97.

† In 'De Christlijke Kunst,' tom. i, pp. 2, 3.

‡ Translation, Hymans, vol. i, p. 30.

So much for tradition collected by diligent and careful inquirers. Taken together with the fact that in two if not in three pictures we find the portraits of the two brothers side by side, there is surely more than enough to put us on inquiry whether the association of the two did not extend beyond the completion by John, after Hubert's death, of the Ghent altar-piece. Let us therefore turn to the pictures themselves, and question them. It is not necessary to say that our inquiry deals with the signed pictures of John Van Eyck only as throwing light on the question of collaboration in other pictures.

The pictures forming the direct object of our inquiry are these :

The Fountain of Life, or, as it should perhaps be more properly called, The Triumph of the Church over the Synagogue, in the Madrid Museum.

The Adoration of the Lamb, the great altar-piece of St. Bavon in Ghent, portions of which are now in the Museums of Berlin and Brussels.

The Virgin and Child, with Saints and a Donor, the triptych of the Dresden Gallery.

The Virgin and Child, with Saints and a Donor, Chancellor Rolin, in the Louvre.

A Carthusian Monk with Saints, in the collection of Baron Gustave de Rothschild, Paris.

The Calvary, in the Museum of Berlin.

St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, in the Turin Museum.

A picture of the same subject, known as the Heytesbury St. Francis. The picture is now in the possession of Mr. J. G. Johnson, of Philadelphia.

The Three Marys at the Sepulchre, in the Gallery of Sir Frederick Cook, at Richmond.

A Donor with St. Anthony, in the Museum of Copenhagen.

A picture of the Virgin and Child, known only by the copy in the Berlin Museum.

The Crucifixion and Last Judgment, in the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg, two wings of a triptych, the central portion, an Adoration of the Magi, being lost.

A Carthusian Monk with Saints, in the Berlin Museum.

From the complete list of the well-known and important works of the Van Eycks I have omitted two only :

The Annunciation, in the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg, one wing of a diptych.

The Virgin and Child, of the Städel Art Institution, Frankfort-on-Main.

I am not prepared to say that these two works are not the result of collaboration, but, in these cases, I am unable to produce such evidence as I shall lay before you with respect to the pictures in the list. The Annunciation of St. Petersburg, it will be observed, is not a complete work.

This list is not very long, but with the exception of the pictures signed by John, of certain portraits, and of some doubtful pictures, it includes, as I have said, all the well-known works ascribed to the two brothers. Though the pictures are comparatively few in number, it is to be borne in mind that one of them, the Ghent altar-piece, is of stupendous dimen-

sions. The measurements of the panels, back and front, taken together as one picture, are—height, 23 feet 9½ inches; width, 42 feet 5½ inches. As the landscapes will claim our chief attention, I may add that the central panel, *The Adoration of the Lamb*, is 4 feet 4 inches high; the width of the five panels taken together, *The Adoration*, *The Judges*, *Soldiers*, *Hermits*, and *Pilgrims*, is 14 feet 5½ inches. It is to be remembered that these vast surfaces are covered with work of the most minute detail. For instance, Van Mander writes that painters had told him that there was a month's work in the sceptre held by God the Father.* We must also remember that even as it is the picture is incomplete. It had originally a predella, now destroyed. It is said that the whole picture comprised 330 figures.†

In considering the evidence of collaboration in the pictures, we will first take those having landscape backgrounds.

Everyone must have remarked the wonderfully faithful representations of exotic plants to be found in these landscapes. All the plants that to-day claim the attention of a traveller from the north are here, except plants introduced and domesticated since the discovery of the New World. The aloe, so called, and the prickly pear, now so abundant in the south of Europe, are not here; but we find the olive, the orange, the cypress, the umbrella or stone pine, and the date palm. One other plant we find, less often seen by the traveller—the dwarf palm. These southern plants are thus distributed in the

* Translation, Hymans, vol. i, p. 31.

† Ibid., vol. i, p. 32.

pictures. In the Berlin Calvary we have the cypress and the stone pine; in the Berlin copy of The Virgin and Child we have the stone pine, the cypress, and the date palm. In the panels of the Ghent altar-piece we have all the exotic plants named, with the exception of the dwarf palm. The dwarf palm is seen in the following:—The St. Francis of the Turin Museum, and the Heytesbury St. Francis, The Donor and St. Anthony of Copenhagen, The Three Marys of Sir Frederick Cook. We will first take the pictures having the dwarf palm.

The dwarf palm, or palmetto (*Chamærops humilis*), has a limited geographical area; it is confined to the countries bordering on the western half of the Mediterranean. Where can either of the two brothers have seen it? For there can be no doubt that the plant was drawn from nature. It grows in Italy. The best authority on the botany of Italy gives this account of it. It is found, he says, “on hills and rocks by the shore, along the western coast of Italy, and in the islands of Sicily, Sardinia, Elba,” and other less known islands; but, he adds, “for the most part, here and there, and not very common.” It occurs near Nice, at one place in Tuscany, near Terracina, at Fondi, at Gaeta, and in other parts of the kingdom of Naples as far as Calabria.*

Now it is not in the least likely that a traveller in the fifteenth century would have visited any one of these places. In Sicily, where alone I have seen the plant growing, it was probably at one time more abundant than now, as we may infer from the

* Parlatore (Filippo), ‘Flora Italiana,’ 1852, tom. ii, pp. 274—277.

mention of it by classical authors.* But the chosen home of the plant seems to be in the south of Spain and Portugal. In their work on the botany of Spain, Willkomm and Lange state that it covers extensive tracts in Andalusia.† A lady writes to me to say that she has seen miles of it there. Sir J. C. Robinson wrote to me :—"South of the Sierra Morena in Spain, and of the Tagus in Portugal, the palmetto flourishes everywhere. Directly after passing the crest of the Sierra Morena, about Baylen, it covers the mountain-side for leagues; it is, in fact, one of the commonest weeds in Andalusia and the Alentejo."

My friend Mr. Luffmann, the Director of the School of Horticulture at Melbourne, travelled on foot from the north to the south of Spain, and has recorded his experiences in a most interesting book, 'A Vagabond in Spain.' I wrote to him inquiring about the plant. He writes, "If you turn to your map and discern the rude triangle formed by Seville, Cordova, and Osuna, you will have a piece of country lying between these towns which is literally overrun by the plant. I have a most distinct recollection of using the palm for a pillow. Baskets, ropes, etc., are made of it, and the roots are dug up and dried, then used as fuel. I paid a halfpenny for such a fire at a hill hamlet near Osuna."

With this evidence before us of the scarcity of the plant in Italy, where it is found only in remote places, and, on the other hand, of its abundance in

* Virgil, 'Aen.,' iii, 705; Cicero in 'Verrem,' Act. II, lib. v, cap. 33 and cap. 38; 'Silius Italicus,' xiv, 200; Theophrastus, 'Hist. Plant.,' ii, 7—11.

† 'Prodromus Floræ Hispanica,' 1861, i, p. 221.

certain frequented districts in Portugal and Spain, it becomes extremely probable—indeed, almost certain—that the plants seen in the pictures were sketched in Portugal and Spain rather than elsewhere. There is no evidence, either historical or traditional, that Hubert Van Eyck ever visited the south of Europe, let alone Spain. But we have documentary evidence, unimpeachable in character, proving that John did actually visit the exact part of Spain where he could not fail to see the dwarf palm. Two years after the death of Hubert, John accompanied an embassy sent to Portugal with a proposal of marriage to the Infanta, on condition that the lady's appearance pleased the suitor, the Duke of Burgundy. To this end John Van Eyck was charged to paint the lady's portrait, and on the portrait the decision was to be made. The expedition set out from Écluse on October 19th, 1428, waited at Sandwich over three weeks for vessels to come from London, was driven to take shelter in several English ports, and at last reached Lisbon on December 16th, 1428. We need not follow the embassy in its wanderings in pursuit of the King of Portugal. The ambassadors came up with him on January 12th, 1429. "Master John Van Eyck, *carlet de chambre* of our lord of Burgundy, and an excellent master in the art of painting," got to work on the portrait of the Infanta. It is interesting to note that he was engaged on the portrait for a month. Unfortunately it is lost, or from it we might form some estimate of the time occupied by him in his work. The portrait was sent off about the middle of February, and, while awaiting the decision to be formed on it, the ambassadors

determined to enjoy themselves. First they and their suite went to the famous shrine of St. James of Compostella, in the north of Spain, and from there turned south and visited the Duke of Arjona, the King of Castile, the King of the city of Grenada, "and several other lords, countries, and places." About the end of May they returned to Lisbon, and, the decision taken on the portrait being favourable, the ambassadors set out with the Infanta on October 8th, 1429. When, after many perils of the sea, the embassy at length reached home, John Van Eyck had been absent more than a year.*

From the mention of the places visited, it is abundantly clear that John Van Eyck must have seen the dwarf palm covering the southern slopes of the mountains of Andalusia. We need surely go no further to seek the explanation of the presence in the pictures of a plant growing so abundantly in this happy clime. Scarcely would one have seen elsewhere the dwarf palm. The visit of John Van Eyck to Portugal and Spain leaves no reasonable doubt that it was he who painted the landscapes in which we find this plant.

The other exotic plants seen in the pictures are not necessarily connected with the journey to Portugal. It is to be noted that the dwarf palm, an assured result of this journey, does not occur in the landscapes of the Ghent altar-piece. I incline to the opinion that the other exotic plants were painted from studies made by John Van Eyck in the course of a much earlier journey to Italy. There is no

* Gachard (L. P.), 'Collection de Documents Inédits concernant l'Histoire de Belgique,' ii, pp. 63—91.

documentary evidence of such a journey, but I will introduce in its proper place the evidence found in the pictures. But let us first finish with the exotic plants other than the dwarf palm. All these might very well have been seen in Italy, without going very far south. There is no difficulty at all as to the cypress, the olive, the date palm. The stone pine has, indeed, a limited geographical range, but it is found in central Italy, and even further north. Some of my hearers may have seen the famous Pineta of Ravenna.* Nor is there, I think, any difficulty as to the orange. The orange in the pictures is not the sweet orange generally seen to-day; that was introduced at a later date. But there seems to be no doubt that the bitter, or Seville orange, was not uncommon in Italy in the fifteenth century. At Rome one is shown an orange tree said to have been planted by Saint Dominick in the beginning of the thirteenth century.† But wherever the exotic plants in the landscapes of the Ghent altar-piece were seen—whether in Spain or in Italy,—I will go on to prove that the landscapes are from the hand of John Van Eyck. To this end I will produce contemporary documentary evidence.

I have already quoted the epitaph of Hubert, written in the homely mother tongue, touching in its humility and its simplicity. That of John, the courtier, the friend of the prince, often employed by him in delicate missions, is in a different vein. It

* Parlatore, *ubi supra*, iv, pp. 35—37.

† In the court of the monastery of St. Sabina. Flückiger (F. A.) and Hanbury (D.), ‘*Pharmacographia*,’ 2nd edition, 1879, pp. 124, 125. Risso (A.) and Poiteau (A.), ‘*Histoire Naturelle des Orangers*,’ 1818, pp. 25, 26.

is written in Latin verse ; it celebrates his skill, placing him above the greatest artists of antiquity. Only in the last line does the author remember the world to come. The epitaph is of the greatest interest and value, for in a very few words it accurately sums up John's characteristics as a painter. In order that we may have a translation free from bias, I quote that given by Sir Charles Eastlake :

“ Here lies Joannes, who was celebrated for his surpassing skill, and whose felicity in painting excited wonder. He painted breathing forms, and the earth's surface, covered with flowery vegetation, completing each work to the life. Hence Phidias and Apelles must give place to him, and Polycletus be considered his inferior in art. Call therefore the Fates most cruel, who have snatched from us such a man. Yet cease to weep, for destiny is immutable ; pray only now to God that he may live in Heaven.” *

We may without using violence thus render the tribute :—His portraits were full of life (breathing forms) ; he painted with the greatest truth all things whatsoever (*quodlibet opus*) ; he excelled in painting flowery landscapes. It would not be possible to express more accurately in a concise form the merits, as a painter, of John Van Eyck. He painted men and women with absolute truthfulness and with unflinching realism. In the same spirit he painted everything. Sir Charles Eastlake truly says, “ The works of John Van Eyck show that he was endowed with an extraordinary capacity for seeing

* Eastlake, ‘ Materials, etc.,’ vol. i, pp. 189, 190.

nature.”* Animals, trees, flowers, birds, every kind of inanimate object, rocks, the tiles of a church, the stuff of a dress, the grain of wood,—he painted all with equal care and equal fidelity. As regards the eulogy of his landscapes, we cannot doubt that it was inspired by those of the Ghent altar-piece. Other works of the painter may have been sent abroad, but these were present to the writer of the epitaph. Moreover in the whole series of the pictures by the Van Eycks there are no landscapes to compare with those of the Ghent altar-piece in importance. In the epitaph, therefore, we have distinct evidence that John Van Eyck was recognised by his contemporaries as a great master of landscape painting. By inference, the epitaph claims for him the landscapes of the Ghent altar-piece. This seems to be the view taken by Sir Charles Eastlake, who, in commenting on the epitaph, says, “The allusion to his treatment of landscape is more characteristic.”

Van Mander also praises John's landscapes. He says, “John also painted many portraits from life, executed with the greatest patience; to them he often added, as backgrounds, agreeable landscapes.”† Van Mander probably refers here to pictures such as that of the Louvre. But we shall find reason to believe that the landscape background and accessories of this picture are alone to be ascribed to John.

We are not yet at the end of our evidence to show that John Van Eyck executed the landscapes

* Eastlake, ‘Materials, etc.’ vol. i, p. 267.

† Translation, Hymans, vol. i. pp. 39, 40.

of the Ghent altar-piece. A remarkable instance of John's "extraordinary capacity for seeing nature" is found in two panels, *The Pilgrims* and *The Hermits*, in the sky of which we see a number of birds disporting themselves. They are not the conventional birds we generally find in pictures. Different kinds are recognisable; some are swallows or martins. All are evidently the result of careful study. Among them we note a flock of wild geese flying, according to the habit of the bird, in two lines converging at an angle. This flock of geese is John's; we find it in one of his signed pictures, the *St. Barbara* of the Antwerp Museum.

We shall find the same flock in nearly every picture of the Van Eycks into which it could possibly be introduced. As regards the class of pictures we are at the moment considering, we find the flock in *The Three Marys* and in the *St. Francis of Turin*. I should have expected to find it in the *Heytesbury St. Francis*, but Mr. Johnson tells me that he cannot discover it in the picture.

Before we leave the landscapes of the Ghent altar-piece, I desire to call your attention to a very remarkable and interesting feature occurring in the panel of *The Soldiers of Christ*. In the extreme distance we see snow mountains. Where did John Van Eyck see snow mountains? They must be some portion of the Alps. We must try to forget the ease and frequency of visits to mountainous districts in our own day, and go back in imagination to the time when travel was a costly and arduous affair, not to be lightly undertaken. On what errand can John have been bound when he

came within sight of the Alps? No explanation offers itself but this—that he was on his way to Italy. We shall presently find in the pictures evidence of such a visit. Meanwhile I ask you to note that we find these snow mountains in no fewer than six pictures—in the panel just mentioned of *The Soldiers of Christ*, in the *Berlin Calvary*, in *The Crucifixion of St. Petersburg*, in the *Louvre picture*,



Snow mountains in the Ghent altar-piece.

in that of the Rothschild collection, and finally in the *Dresden triptych*.^{*} These snow mountains are especially interesting as being, if I am not mistaken, the earliest representations of the Alps. Mr. Josiah Gilbert, who has made an admirable study of the landscapes in the early masters of painting, praises

^{*} The landscape of the *Dresden triptych*, seen through a window, is extremely small, two inches high and half an inch wide. Dr. Woermann, who was so kind as to examine the landscape for me, expressed himself somewhat doubtfully as to the presence of snow mountains, but I have since found that Mr. Gilbert speaks positively on the subject (Gilbert, Josiah, 'Landscape in Art,' p. 153).

highly these mountain scenes. He suggests that the mountains may be those of Savoy, perhaps even Mont Blanc among them. But Mr. C. E. Mathews, the veteran Alpinist, tells me that, so far as he can judge from photographs, he cannot identify any mountain. John Van Eyck may have sketched the mountains in the saddle, just as, a hundred years later, Erasmus crossing the Alps wrote in the saddle his poem on old age.* The circumstances would not be favourable to exact delineation, but Mr. Gilbert assures us that the mountains in *The Soldiers of Christ* show appreciation of the beauty of mountain form.†

We will now go on to consider the pictures having backgrounds of architecture or containing architectural features. In the following pictures we find architecture of a peculiar character:

The Virgin and Child, with Saints and a Donor, the triptych of the Dresden Gallery.

A Carthusian Monk, with Saints, in the Rothschild collection.

Chancellor Rolin, with Saints, in the Louvre.

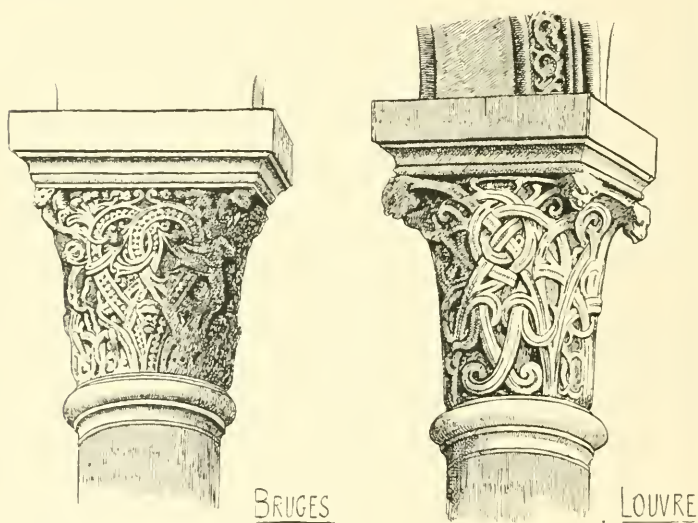
Architecture of the same character is found in the altar-piece now in the Museum of Bruges, signed by John Van Eyck, and dated 1436.

The architecture in these pictures is Romanesque, with round-headed, stilted arches, resting on the richly carved capitals of columns of rare marble. In the Rothschild picture, where the architecture

* Nichols (Francis Morgan), 'The Epistles of Erasmus,' p. 416.

† Gilbert (Josiah), 'Landscape in Art before Claude and Salvator,' 1855, p. 53. See also pp. 146, 150, 153, 164, for references to John Van Eyck's snow mountains.

merely forms a frame for the landscape, the arches are wide, the other characteristics being the same. The architecture of these pictures is not a real architecture,—that is, it has not been copied from any actual examples. My friend Mr. G. H. Birch, the Curator of the Soane Museum, thinks that it is based on Lombardic forms. Others would trace the capitals to the architecture of the Rhine churches.*



But agreement is general that it is an architecture invented, not merely copied. It may be described as a Gothicised form of an earlier style. Whether the suggestion came from Italy or from the Rhine, from southern or northern types, is immaterial to my argument. There is no difficulty in either sup-

* See, for instances, Moller (G.), 'Denkmäler der Deutschen Baukunst,' pl. ix (from Mainz); pl. xvii (from Worms). Also King (T. H.), 'The Study Book of Mediaeval Architecture,' 1868, vol. iv, pl. ix (from Worms).

position. The Rhine churches would be easily accessible to John Van Eyck. From the snow mountains we have deduced the probability of a journey to Italy. In these pictures we find further proof of such a journey. Marble abounds in the architecture. In his description of the Rothschild picture, von Tschudi speaks of slabs of porphyry and verde antico.* In his description of The Fountain of Life, Señor Madrazo remarks on the columns of "polished jasper." Columns of rich variegated marble occur in other pictures. These things belong to the architecture of Italy, not to that of the North. St. Barbara's tower in the Rothschild picture reproduces features of Italian Gothic. Writing of The Fountain of Life, Señor Madrazo says, "The two towers at the sides, containing the tribunals in which the singing angels are placed, have a character wholly Italian. It is an architecture part Latin, part Byzantine, part Romanesque, part Gothic,—the architecture of Florence, Pisa, and Siena in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries."† I am myself not sure that it is safe to go quite so far as this. We have already seen, in discussing the question of the origin of the capitals in the architectural backgrounds, that the painter did not give literal copies of architectural features; he took, rather, as suggestions, the forms before him.‡

* In 'Jahrbuch der Königlich Preussischen Kunstsammlungen,' 1894.

† In Rada y Delgado (J. de Dios de la), 'Museo Español de Antigüedades,' tom. iv.

‡ A very interesting example of this is perhaps found in The Annunciation of St. Petersburg. The pavement shows two Biblical subjects: David slaying Goliath, and Samson throwing down the

We note two points. The architecture bears the impress of the painter's individuality, and it shows that he had visited Italy. The painter was John Van Eyck, not Hubert. This is proved by the identity of the architecture with that of John's signed picture in the Bruges Museum.

In the Louvre and Rothschild pictures we find the flock of wild geese, and also the snow mountains—two other features identified as due to John.

Some recent criticism has tended towards the conclusion that the landscape backgrounds in the Van Eyck pictures are to be ascribed to Hubert, and the architectural backgrounds to John.* In claiming the architectural backgrounds for John, I might therefore look for the support of some critics. But I regret that I cannot go with them in ascribing these pictures wholly to John. Take the Dresden triptych. There will be no disagreement in assigning the architecture to John. But John has given us his conception of a saint in the altar-piece of the Bruges Museum. The Saint George in this picture is, it must be admitted, deplorably vulgar. How is it possible to ascribe to the painter of the St. George the noble and beautiful figures of the Dresden triptych, especially the St. Michael and the St. Barbara, two of the most beautiful figures in the whole range of the Van Eyck pictures?

Again, it would seem that the Louvre picture is certainly the work of two painters. Otherwise we must suppose that the painter, having completed his

pillars of the house. The border contains signs of the Zodiac. Was this suggested by the famous pavement of the Duomo of Siena?

* Weale (W. H. James), in 'Catalogue de l'exposition des Primitifs flamands,' Bruges, 1902. "Section des Tableaux," p. xvii.

figures, proceeded to kill them with his accessories. John surpassed himself in painting the accessories of this picture—one of the chief glories of the Louvre. Everything is painted with the utmost minuteness and delicacy: the two magpies in the middle foreground; the peacocks; the lilies and irises of the garden; even weeds springing up in the chinks of the paved walks are not forgotten. Marvellous is the view of the distant city and of the winding river, which can be no other than the Rhine, descending from the snow mountains in the extreme distance. John shows here, perhaps even more than in the Ghent altar-piece, that he is a great master of landscape painting. All is a very marvel of beauty; nevertheless I fear that we must admit that, taken as a whole, and as a devotional picture, something is lacking in this wonderful work. It almost seems that Michael Angelo had this picture in mind when he so severely criticised Flemish painting. It consisted, he said, of garments, houses, green fields shaded by trees, rivers, bridges, what are called landscapes, many figures here and there, without symmetry or proportion.* I fear we must admit that the dominant interest of the picture does not centre in the figures.

The backgrounds of these pictures being John's, we must ask, If the pictures are wholly his, how is it that they do not bear his signature? The question brings us to the consideration of John Van Eyck's later practice of signing his pictures.

* MS. of François de Hollande, quoted in 'Les Arts en Portugal,' par le Comte de Raczyński, Paris, 1846. (Quoted in Eastlake, 'Materials, etc.,' vol. i, pp. 221, 222.)

The date, 1420, affixed to a Head of Christ, in the Museum of Bruges, is now by everyone admitted to be, like the signature to the picture, a forgery. There is another picture, The Consecration of Thomas à Becket, the date affixed to which, 1421, is not so universally disallowed. In the catalogue of the exhibition held last year at Bruges, it is stated:—"This picture was given by John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, to Henry VI, King of England."* This appears to be an enlargement of Walpole's statement that the "tradition" is to this effect. He significantly adds, "But tradition is no proof."† There is no foundation for the tradition. The picture is much later, perhaps a hundred years later, than the date it bears. It is now generally ascribed to John Gossart, whose birth-year is supposed to be about 1470. The Duke of Bedford died in 1435; therefore it is clear that he cannot have sent over the picture as we now see it. It has been suggested that underneath the picture of Gossart or another is a genuine picture of John Van Eyck, to which the date properly belongs.‡ The supposition seems far-fetched, as there is nothing in the picture to recall John Van Eyck. Till we have evidence of the existence of the hidden picture, we cannot accept the date as genuine, removed as it is by eleven years from the earliest authentic signature.

Till that evidence is produced we must regard The Virgin and Child of Ince Hall, and one of the por-

* Catalogue, as in note on page 21, p. 4.

† Walpole (Horace). 'Anecdotes of Painting,' ed. 1888, vol. i, p. 27, note.

‡ Weale (W. H. James), in 'Athenæum,' March 14th, 1903.

traits of the National Gallery, both works dated 1432, as beginning the series of John's signed pictures. The series continues till the year preceding that of the painter's death. We have one picture dated 1433, one 1434, two 1436, one 1437, two 1439. I have omitted the date 1438, that of the Berlin Head of Christ, as the picture is clearly not by John Van Eyck, and the signature is manifestly not genuine, the device, ALS IKH KHAN, having been copied by someone who did not know the meaning of the words.* In several cases John Van Eyck has affixed his signature to the frame of the picture. The frames of some pictures may have been lost. Subject to this reservation, the absence of a signature renders doubtful an ascription to John Van Eyck.

For two years, 1422 to 1424, John Van Eyck was engaged in decorating the palace of John of Bavaria. But, according to the received opinion, he was thirty-two years of age when he entered this service. If up to that time he was not working in collaboration with Hubert, where are his pictures painted before 1432, when the series of his signed pictures begins? And if we reject the hypothesis of collaboration, how are we to explain that John began to sign only when, on the completion of the Ghent altar-piece, collaboration finally ceased?

I have now stated the evidence for collaboration as it presents itself to me. I have, as far as possible, avoided controversy, but I might be misunderstood if I refrained from answering certain

* See fac-simile in the catalogue of the museum. See also Kaemmerer (L.), 'Hubert und Jan Van Eyck,' p. 101.

objections that have been raised to the case as partially stated by me in the 'Athenæum.'*

It has been objected that John Van Eyck could not possibly have taken any part in painting the altar-piece of Ghent before 1425, as he was not a burgher of Ghent.† I ventured to ask whether our knowledge of the working, nearly five hundred years ago, of the rules of the guilds, is sufficient to justify so uncompromising an assertion. On this point I will quote the remarks of a very high authority. Messrs. Crowe and Calvacaselle say :—"According to the rules of the Guild of St. Luke, at Ghent, no stranger could practise the art of painting without being a burgess of the city and a freeman of the guild. . . . There were certain conditions, however, under which it was possible for strangers to avoid the penalties enforced on evasion or neglect of the guild laws, and these were, service under a member of the ducal family. For some time previous to 1419 Ghent was the habitual residence of Philip of Burgundy, then Count of Charolois, and his wife, Michelle de France; and it is not improbable that Hubert Van Eyck was connected in some way with the Count of Charolois, and that John Van Eyck enjoyed the privilege of exemption as his assistant."‡

It has also been urged that John Van Eyck's time was too fully occupied in the duties of his appointments to leave him leisure to collaborate with Hubert. This can only apply to the period after

* 'Athenæum:' May 26th, June 23rd, 1900; November 1st, December 13th, 1902; February 28th, March 21st, 1903.

† Weale (W. H. James), in 'Athenæum,' December 13th, 1902.

‡ Crowe and Calvacaselle, *op. cit.*, pp. 36, 37.

1422, when he entered the service of John of Bavaria. In that service he remained up to September 11th, 1424, being employed in decorating the chapel, or certain rooms in the palace at The Hague.* This is incontestable; it no doubt brought about, temporarily at least, what Messrs. Crowe and Calvacaselle call a "severance of the partnership in which John Van Eyck had lived till then with his brother."† His service with John of Bavaria having terminated in September, 1424, John Van Eyck entered the service of Philip the Good on May 9th, 1425. Here, then, is an interval of several months during which "the partnership" may have been renewed. John's new appointment was as painter and *varlet de chambre*. As court painter he received a salary as a retaining fee; he was bound to paint for the Duke when required to do so. As to the functions of *varlet de chambre*, the Marquis de Laborde says that the title implies no fixed duties, the favour of the Prince and the aptitudes of the holder completely changing the nature of the duties.‡ There is evidence that John Van Eyck held the office of court painter up to a short time before his decease in 1440. There are grounds, not perhaps conclusive, for thinking that during the early part of his service with Philip the Good John Van Eyck may have resided at Lille. He was sometimes entrusted with secret missions. We have seen

* Crowe and Calvacaselle, op. cit., pp. 40, 41; note of M. A. Pinchart.

† Crowe and Calvacaselle, op. cit., p. 42.

‡ Laborde (L. E. S. Joseph de), 'Les Ducs de Bourgogne,' 3 vols., 1849-52. This work is the authority for all statements relating to John's service with Philip the Good.

that he was absent for a year in connection with the embassy to Portugal. In 1426 he made "a certain pilgrimage" and "a certain long journey," for which he received payment in August. At the end of October in the same year he received payment for "certain long secret journeys." Then in 1428-29 comes the journey to Portugal. After this there is no record of any lengthy journey for some years. A short journey is recorded in 1431. So that after his return from Portugal there is no serious interruption to the completion of the Ghent altar-piece and other pictures left unfinished by Hubert. In 1436 we find him sent on "certain long journeys and foreign travel," but the interruption did not prevent him from completing his Bruges altar-piece and the Vienna portrait, both bearing this year's date. With the exception of the journey to Portugal, there does not seem reason to suppose that his opportunities of working at his profession were more restricted in the earlier than in the later portion of his career.

In support of this contention I may cite a well-known writer on the Flemish painters—M. Ruelens, one of the annotators of the French translation of Crowe and Calvacaselle. He says:—"It is true that he (John) made journeys in the years 1426, 1428, and 1429, but one may still reckon that he had four years free," that is, between 1426 and 1432.*

The "severance of the partnership" in 1422 may account for the accumulation of pictures awaiting completion when Hubert died.

* Crowe and Calvacaselle, French translation, 'Les Anciens Peintres Flamands,' 1862, "Notes et Additions," liii.

It has been asked whether the persons who had given commissions for these pictures would wait six years for them.* The answer is, in the first place, the delay of one year due to John Van Eyck's absence in Portugal was not foreseen. Then, if, as is believed, Hubert and John were the sole possessors of a certain method of painting in which the pictures had been begun, those who gave the commissions had hardly any choice but to wait. Finally, in the principal case, that of the Ghent altar-piece, we are not required to say whether Jodoc Vyt, who gave the commission, would or would not wait. Unless we wholly reject the testimony of the inscription on the Ghent altar-piece, we must admit that he did wait for six years, for that inscription tells us that the picture was completed in May, 1432. And if Jodoc Vyt waited, there is no discernible reason why the others should not also have been content to wait.

I think that I have now dealt fairly with such objections as have reached me.

Let us now sum up the results of our inquiry. We have established four points as distinctive of John's work in pictures painted in collaboration :

1. Exotic plants.
2. A fanciful architecture.
3. A flock of wild geese.
4. Snow mountains.

The altar-piece of the Madrid Museum stands outside pictures having one or other of these features. Evidence of collaboration is, in this case, furnished by the portraits of the two brothers, as in the Ghent

* Weale (W. H. James), in 'Athenæum,' March 28th, 1903.

altar-piece, and by architectural features borrowed from Italy. I will refer later to this picture.

We will now reconstruct our list of pictures, appending to each the numbers indicating the particular feature or features found in each, testifying to John's share :

The landscapes of the Ghent altar-piece, 1, 3, 4.

The Crucifixion of St. Petersburg, 4. (We find also here the winding river of the Louvre and Rothschild pictures.)

The Calvary of the Berlin Museum, 1, 4.

The Virgin and Child (copy), Berlin Museum, 1.

The triptych of Dresden, 2, 4.

Chancellor Rolin with Saints, Louvre, 2, 3, 4.

Carthusian Monk with Saints, Rothschild collection, 2, 3, 4.

The same subject, Berlin Museum, 3.

St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, Turin Museum, 1, 3.

The same subject (Heytesbury, now Philadelphia), 1.

The Three Marys, Sir F. Cook's collection, 1, 3.

Donor with St. Anthony, Copenhagen, 1.

I ought to add, as to The Crucifixion of St. Petersburg, that Passavant claims to have found in this picture also, as in those of Ghent and Madrid, portraits of the two brothers.* I have not seen the picture, and do not find in Mr. Hanfstängl's admirable photographs, recently executed, warrant for expressing an opinion.

I have not attempted any chronological arrangement, beyond placing first The Fountain of Life, and last, the four pictures with the dwarf palm.

* In 'Kunstblatt,' 1841.

The reason for placing them last is obvious: the landscapes must have been painted after John Van Eyck's return from Portugal in 1429.

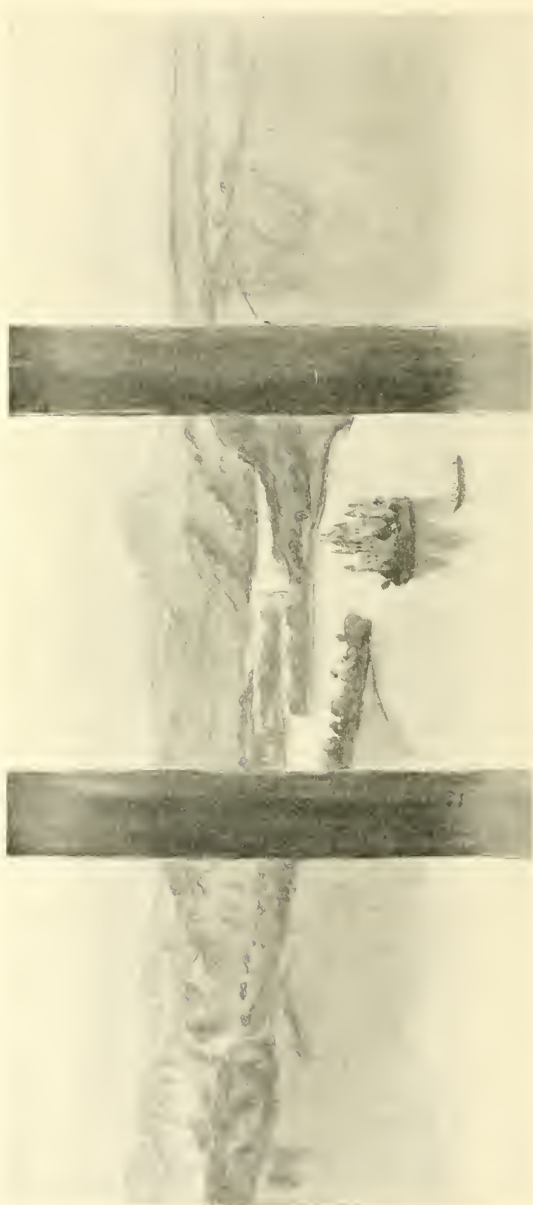
A fuller explanation must be given of the reason for placing first *The Fountain of Life*. Critics are not in agreement as to this picture, whether it is an original or an old copy. At least in design it is older than the Ghent altar-piece. *The Triumph of the Church over the Synagogue*, to give the picture its true name, contains the germ of the idea which afterwards found broader and more human expression in *The Adoration of the Lamb*. In form also it is earlier, simulating in painting the carved work which, in earlier altar-pieces, filled the centre of the picture.

This picture is of great interest, as it is probably the first that has come down to our times—it may even be the first picture—on which the two brothers worked together. It contains their portraits.* Passavant gives as forty the age of Hubert in this picture.† According to the received dates of birth of Hubert and John, this would give us the year 1410 as the date of the picture, and the age of John as twenty. The year 1410 is also that given as the date of the invention of the new method of oil-painting.

We have already seen that the details of this picture reveal a study of Italian architecture. The drawing of the architecture is hard; it is the work

* Crowe and Calvacaselle, *op. cit.*, pp. 96—98. A drawing of the heads is given.

† Passavant (J. D.), '*Die Christliche Kunst in Spanien*,' 1853, p. 127.



Snow mountains in the Louvre picture.

[The note in the left-hand corner refers to the size of the drawing.]

of a prentice hand, but the hand of a prentice who had visited the enchanted land of Italy, and had noted much. He had travelled through the Rhine country, and seen its castled crags, and the Pfalz, a fortress seemingly moored in mid-stream; he had crossed the Alps, noting the wonder and beauty of the snow mountains; he had seen the architecture of Italy, and had marvelled at the wealth of jasper and porphyry and many rich and costly marbles, spoils of the old pagan world, enriching the churches. With what delight must he, this keen observer of nature, have seen for the first time a world of plants new to him, coming from the North—the solemn cypress, the grey olive, the spreading stone pine, the graceful date palm, above all the orange with its blaze of golden fruit! I am not drawing on my imagination; he saw all these things, and noted them in his sketch-book. After nearly five hundred years we see in the pictures of the two brothers the rich harvest of this journey.

I have now concluded my presentation of the case. I have refrained from touching on the question whether John's part in the pictures painted jointly went beyond the painting of landscapes, architectural backgrounds, and accessories. My object has been to direct attention to the question of collaboration, leaving its extent and limits for further consideration. But I desire to say a few words more about the chief work of the two brothers—the Ghent altar-piece. We have seen that, according to the accepted dates, John would attain the age of twenty in 1410. Leaving aside the evidence of *The Fountain of Life*, we may cer-

tainly suppose that at this age he would be fully capable of assisting Hubert. We should be justified in assuming this, even if we had not the testimony of tradition that he showed a quick intelligence at an early age.*

We have therefore a period of twelve years during which the partnership between the two brothers may have continued before John Van Eyck entered the service of John of Bavaria. Was any portion of this time employed by John in working on the Ghent altar-piece? Van Mander affirms this. These are his words :

“It is said that the work, commenced by Hubert alone, was afterwards finished by John. I, on the contrary, think that from the beginning the two brothers worked together, but that Hubert died before the completion of the picture.”†

I myself have no doubt that this is a correct statement. Examination will, in my opinion, prove that John executed not only the landscapes, but much of the detail of the upper portion of the picture. I think that, without venturing on doubtful ground, we may in all security ascribe to John the marvellous detail of the panels of *The Singing Angels* and *The Playing Angels*, the dresses, the painted tiles, the carved desks, and the grained wood of the organ-front. We now see that there is no need to place the execution of these and other landscapes with exotic plants (always excepting the

* Translation, Hymans, vol. i, p. 25.

† Ibid., p. 30.

dwarf palm) after John's return from Portugal in 1429. As I have said, the absence of the dwarf palm from the landscapes of the Ghent altar-piece goes some way—not perhaps very far—to support the conclusion that they were painted before the journey to Portugal.

Now let us recapitulate. We first found, in the invention of a new method of oil-painting, a circumstance which made probable the collaboration of the two brothers. Next we found that collaboration had been expressly affirmed by two of the earliest writers on Flemish art, diligent and careful inquirers. From these preliminaries we turned to the pictures themselves. We discovered evidence of collaboration in the presence in them of exotic plants and of a fanciful architecture, both traced to John. Corroborative and cumulative evidence was found in forms of bird-life, also traced to John. We found documentary evidence which we could but interpret as ascribing to John the execution of the landscapes of the Ghent altar-piece. This, again, enabled us to ascribe to John the representations of snow mountains found in several pictures. The evidence of southern travel thus furnished, supported and completed the evidence of a visit to Italy found in architectural features. An unbroken chain of evidence showed that the visit to Italy, proclaimed by the pictures, was made by John, and was made by him at a very early date in his career, before the painting of the first known work produced by the two brothers in collaboration.

Finally, we record that the conclusions reached affect, with only two exceptions of importance, the

whole of the works ordinarily ascribed to one or other of the two brothers alone.

At the outset of our inquiry I spoke of problems attaching to the history of the two brothers. Our investigation, if my conclusions are well founded, reveals yet another problem. The period from the death of Hubert Van Eyck in 1426 to the death of John in 1440, is well accounted for in John's works, signed and unsigned. The same may, I think, be said of the period reckoning back from the death of Hubert in 1426 to the year 1410, when we may assume that John began to work in collaboration with Hubert—"in partnership," as Messrs. Crowe and Calvacaselle have phrased it. But where are the works executed by Hubert during the youth of John, a period of, let us say, twenty years—the twenty years by which Hubert was the senior of John? If my conclusions are correct, there is scarcely a single work—indeed, I do not know of even one—that we can assign to this period as the sole work of Hubert. It is a singular coincidence that the attainment by John of an age when we may assume that he would be qualified to enter on his career as a painter, should agree with the date assigned to the discovery of the new method of oil-painting. M. Paul Durrien thinks that he has identified Hubert as the painter of the marvellous miniatures of Turin and Milan, works that would add to the renown even of the painter of the Ghent altar-piece.* Was Hubert engaged in another branch of art up to the time when his discovery of the new method launched him and his pupil on a

* In 'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' January and February, 1903.

new and wider career? There is perhaps here a solution of what seems to be a fresh enigma in the story of these two great lives.

The inscription of the Ghent altar-piece declares that no greater painter than Hubert Van Eyck was to be found; John was second to him. But after a time the very name of Hubert was all but forgotten; his invention and his works alike came to be ascribed to the younger brother. In our day we have witnessed a somewhat violent reaction. In spite of the inscription on the altar-piece of Ghent declaring that the bulk of the work was executed by John, in spite of the clear indications furnished by the altar-piece itself, some modern criticism has gone so far as to refuse to John all share in this great picture beyond the two small panels of Adam and Eve.* But we must not allow our desire to do justice to the greater to betray us into injustice to the less. We cannot doubt that to Hubert we owe the conception and design of this immortal work. Greater he was than John if, as we should, we place first the gifts of a lofty imagination and the power of awakening the deepest emotion. On the other hand, John is here revealed as a very great master. As the result of our inquiry we may to-day unhesitatingly grant the claim that he is the father of landscape painting,—that, in the words of Lord Lindsay, “all that we gaze at with such rapture in the works of Poussin and Claude, Cuyp and Ruysdael, nay, even in the lovely backgrounds of Perugino, Pinturicchio, Ghirlandajo, Bellini, Francia, Zingaro, Leonardo, and Raphael, may be traced

* Weale (W. H. James), in ‘*Athenæum*,’ December 6th, 1902.

back to his sunny banks, shady woods, and glittering waters, the green freshness of his foregrounds, and the transparent purity of the atmosphere through which the eye roves delightedly over hill and mountain, till lost in azure distance.” *

We need not to grudge to John his share in the execution of *The Adoration of the Lamb*. It is a marvel that in any age of painting two such great artists should have been found to collaborate, for the most part, in complete and well-adjusted harmony of endeavour. It is a unique instance. Each was supreme in his own domain. To each let us render due and unstinted homage.

It only remains for me to record my obligations to some of those who have very generously assisted me in this inquiry. To Mr. James Britten, of the Natural History Museum, I am indebted for frequent help in botanical questions. I have already mentioned my obligations to Mr. G. H. Birch, and to his name I must add that of Mr. R. Phené Spiers. Both gave me much assistance in the architectural part of my study. It is hardly necessary to add that no one of these gentlemen is to be held responsible for my conclusions.

* Lindsay (Lord), ‘*Sketches of the History of Christian Art*,’ 2nd edit., 1885, vol. ii. pp. 318, 319.

ON THE PROBABLE AUTHORSHIP AND DATE OF THE 'TREATISE ON THE SUBLIME' ATTRIBUTED TO LONGINUS.

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[Read November 25th, 1903.]

ONE effect of the essay which I am about to have the honour of addressing to you will be, I fear, to suggest to you how much easier it is in criticism to arrive at negative than at positive conclusions. My subject is the authorship of one of the world's classics, the famous 'Treatise on the Sublime' attributed to Dionysius Cassius Longinus. Could we maintain the belief in Longinus's authorship which was held undoubtingly until about the beginning of last century, all would be plain and easy. If I could tell you that this memorable work was indubitably written by the celebrated Longinus, a bright light in a dark age, and counsellor of the Queen of Palmyra, I might spare myself much curious and, as I must own, not very satisfactory speculation as to its authorship. I might, *mutatis mutandis*, address you as the Emperor Francis of Austria addressed the Hungarians: "Totus mundus stultizat, et vult habere novas constitutiones, sed vos jam habetis unam constitutionem antiquam, ut non opus sit his novitatibus peregrinis." The rejection of the author-

ship of Longinus, on the other hand, leaves us at sea with little prospect of finding a port. I need hardly say that it would be far more satisfactory if the result of the investigation should be to leave Longinus in possession of the Treatise. He was a great man, great not only by ability but by character. By the unanimous testimony of his contemporaries, he towered above every other man of letters of his age. But, with the exception of this fine torso, the 'Treatise on the Sublime,' if, indeed, it be his, and of a treatise on rhetoric which has got entangled with the work of another author, his works are lost; and if he is deprived of this, his pre-eminence must be accepted on the testimony of things not seen. One would not like to bereave him of any title to fame, or diminish his wreath by a single leaf of laurel. Much rather would we see it augmented, and the general testimony of his contemporaries and successors leaves little room for doubt that his lost writings would be found to equal the 'Treatise on the Sublime' in critical discernment, though, if we may judge by the few fragments which have survived, hardly in elevation of thought or vigour of expression.

Yet the pursuit of truth alone must influence our inquiry, and, should it appear that this work is indeed wrongly attributed to Longinus, the recognition of the fact will bring with it one great gain. It must in that case have suffered from the want of the right historical background. Although a treatise of abstract criticism, it cannot have been uninfluenced by the circumstances of the time at which

it was written. It must have imbibed from these a peculiar atmosphere, proper to the period. It must have borne a more or less definite relation to the literary taste of the age. The general principles of criticism are indeed not for an age but for all time, but when the author descends to particulars it is material to know what period he is commending or rebuking. Otherwise his treatise suffers, like a good picture shown in a wrong light. If the book is not by Longinus every reason for supposing it to be a production of the third century disappears, and, place it where we will, we shall view it in connection with a different set of circumstances from those existing when the Roman Empire was beginning to break up.

It will be desirable to preface the consideration of the external and internal evidence for the authorship of the 'Treatise on the Sublime' with some account of its literary history and the origin of the controversy respecting it. It was first published by Franciscus Robortellus in 1554, under the name of Dionysius Longinus, which he had found in his manuscript. Longinus was of course identified with the famous philosopher and critic of the third century, and, though some particulars of internal evidence might well have excited suspicion—as, for example, that there is no other authority for giving him the name of Dionysius,—the tract continued to be unanimously received as his until the beginning of the nineteenth. The first shock which this confidence received was from a minute piece of external testimony. In 1808 the Italian scholar Amati

observed that the title of the work in a Vatican manuscript did not read (The Treatise) of Dionysius Longinus on the Sublime, but of Dionysius *or* Longinus. The scribe, therefore, or the authority from which he copied, did not unhesitatingly attribute the work to Longinus, but doubted whether it might not rather be the work of some other Dionysius. There were many Dionysiuses eminent in Greek literature, but the transcriber can hardly have had any other in his mind than the most famous, Dionysius of Halicarnassus. We will inquire by-and-by whether he may not have been mistaken, but will leave the question at present between the Halicarnassean Dionysius and Longinus. After a while, the same superscription was discovered in two MSS. at Paris, and it was afterwards found that an inscription on the cover of a manuscript at Florence declared the book to be the production of an anonymous writer. The question, therefore, whether it should be attributed to Dionysius or Longinus had, so far as the evidence of manuscripts was concerned, become a fairly open one, and one manuscript even afforded ground for rejecting both. It remained to look for external or internal evidence, extraneous to the MSS., which might incline the scale.

The external evidence is soon stated. There is none. It is very remarkable that so admirable a work as the 'Treatise on the Sublime,' by common consent one of the chief ornaments of classical literature, whether we regard the author's critical acumen or the elevation of his sentiments, should not once be mentioned by any ancient author. We

know that it was copied in the tenth century, and then attributed to either Dionysius or Longinus, but all its preceding history is a blank. This is much against its being written by either of them. Both were widely read, particularly Dionysius, and it seems strange that a book like this, which the students of their writings must have put at the very head of their productions, should have been utterly forgotten when the titles of many of inferior interest have been preserved. As regards Longinus, indeed, an explanation has been attempted. His principal work was an extensive treatise entitled 'Philologica,' in twenty-one books. It is maintained that the tract on the 'Sublime' was one of these books which has got detached from the rest. But this theory is not borne out by examination, the book does not appear to be a part of a larger whole, but has much more the air of a writing complete in itself. It was by the author's own statement called into being by a special cause—his dissatisfaction with the treatise of Cæcilius, and is addressed to a particular person. This lack of external testimony certainly corroborates the view that the treatise is the production of some writer not of the very first distinction as far as general popularity was concerned, whose name has not been preserved, but whose merit has caused his work to be variously attributed to two critics of the highest rank.

The internal evidence is much more affluent. One of the strongest points is thus ably put by Professor Rhys Roberts, who has surpassed every English predecessor as a translator of Longinus:—

"The 'Treatise on the Sublime' abounds in references to Greek authors and in quotations from them. Catholic alike in praise and blame, it ranges the centuries for its illustrations of good style or of bad. Bards of the prehistoric days of Greece, writers of its Attic prime, erudite poets of the Alexandrian era, rhetoricians of the Augustan age—all figure in its pages. But notwithstanding the great number of its references to writings of an earlier date, the Treatise (or so much of it as we now possess) makes no mention of any rhetorician, philosopher, or other writer belonging to the second or third century A.D. Here again the supporters of the traditional view that Cassius Longinus was the author are confronted by a grave difficulty. The gap is a truly remarkable one. How comes it that no reference is made to the rhetorician Hermogenes, who flourished during the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and whose shortcomings (rather than those of Cæcilius) might have provided an opening for a book? How is it that Longinus, who was the centre of a wide circle, makes no mention of his companions in the schools or of his friends? How is it, lastly and above all, that he makes no mention of his enemies, some of whom presumably had written books? For, granted that his taste may have been too fastidious to find examples of excellence in the writings of his contemporaries or of his more immediate predecessors, yet the task he set himself was the exemplification not only of the elevated manner, but also of its opposite. And to go back for examples of defective style to Alexandrian times, or to a period earlier still, instead of attacking living offenders, would have entailed the sacrifice of much obvious point and piquancy."

This is admirably put, and I have only to observe that it is by no means certain that Longinus would have found anything to censure in Hermogenes, whose extant treatises on rhetoric are highly valued, and upon whom he himself wrote a commentary,

now lost. The fact remains that the absence from the 'Treatise on the Sublime' of allusion to any author later than the first century is a strong argument against its being the production of an author of the third.

There are other arguments less easy to express with precision, but even more convincing. Under any possible view, the 'Treatise on the Sublime' was written in Roman times. It was called forth, the author tells us, by his dissatisfaction with a treatise on the same subject by Cæcilius, and Cæcilius was an eminent rhetorician in the time of Augustus. If, then, we can find any correspondence between statements in the book and the condition of the Roman Empire at any particular period, we shall have made some progress towards determining a date, to confirm or confute the authorship of Longinus as the case may be. It cannot be expected that an essay on a literary subject should be fertile in data bearing on the contemporary condition of empires. Near the end, however, the author, whom we will continue to call Longinus, quotes or professes to quote a contemporary philosopher who has been examining into the causes of the decay of eloquence in his time. If he was a real person, and could be identified, the identification would yield the date; but it seems highly probable that he is only introduced dramatically, and that Longinus, who represents himself as answering his arguments, speaks in an assumed character that he may the better exhibit various aspects of the question. Even if so, the delineation of a state of society as actually existing tends to narrow the ground and render one period more

probable than others. What, then, are the special notes of time which the anonymous writer, or Longinus in his person, affords us? First and foremost he dwells upon the deficiency of his age in original genius, especially for oratory. It is an age of high culture, but the creative breath is wanting. "I wonder," he says, "how it happens that in our time there are men who have the gift of persuasion to the utmost extent, and are well fitted for public life, and are keen and ready and particularly rich in all the charms of language, yet there no longer arise really lofty and transcendent natures unless quite exceptionally. So great and world-wide a dearth of high utterance attends our age." He then proceeds to adduce what he calls the trite explanation, with which nevertheless he appears to agree, that the cause is the loss of liberty, and the consequent decay of that emulation, and that consciousness of counting for something in the State, which are requisite to inspire the public orator. There are no more popular assemblies to address, and nothing remains but panegyric, for which the speaker has been well prepared by being trained up in servility throughout his boyhood. It is evidently implied that the state of things thus signalled had endured for a considerable time, and that the habits of servility thus indicated had become inveterate, and had continued long enough to blight genius everywhere, and occasion a total decay of oratory in particular. It is further evident that they are attributed to no partial cause, but to one affecting the entire civilised world, and that this can be nothing

else than the loss of liberty through the world-wide power of Rome. It follows that the treatise must have been composed under the Roman Empire, but when the Roman Empire had lasted long enough for the state of subjection to a master to have become an accepted idea, and to have produced its full effects upon society and literature. This manifest fact goes far to invalidate the claim of Dionysius of Halicarnassus to the authorship of this treatise, for his literary activity scarcely extended to the Christian era, too early a period for the pernicious influence of despotism upon literature to have become the perfect commonplace which it appears to have been considered in the days of the author of the 'Treatise on the Sublime.' He also appears to have been a friend of Cæcilius, the object of criticism in the Treatise.

It seems clear, then, that the Treatise cannot be by Dionysius. Other weighty objections are adduced in a recent able article in the 'Quarterly Review.' But the reply which the complaints of the pernicious influence of despotism call forth seems to indicate a different period from that of the great critic Longinus, who flourished in the third century. The writer, speaking now in his own person, attributes the torpor of literature and the decay of genius to the universal passion for wealth, which has gone so far that "the entire life of each of us is ordered by bribes, and huntings after the death of others, and the laying of ambushes for legacies." Legacy hunting is a favourite theme for the indignation of serious writers and the scoffs of satirists during the

first and second centuries, but after that period we hear little of it, and the general tenor of the writer's remarks on wealth-worship seems fitter for a period when wealth was accumulating than for the impoverished and distracted third century. In connection with this is to be taken a fact of momentous bearing on the question—the author speaks of himself as living at a period of world-wide peace; for it appears a desperate shift to understand *εἰρήνη* otherwise. "The peace of the world," he says, is not a reason for that decline of eloquence which he acknowledges as an indisputable fact. It is clear that he could not have spoken thus if the general tranquillity to which he alludes was something recent or casual: it must have prevailed for a long period, and must have been giving promise of persistence. What period of Roman Imperial history accords with this state of things? Certainly not the third century.* The historical Longinus is believed to have been born in 213. Supposing him to have written his treatise between thirty and forty, the empire would in his time have been once at war with the Parthians, twice with the Persians, and in a chronic state of warfare with the Northern barbarians, would be upon the brink of the most terrible disaster Rome had sustained since Cannæ, and would have experienced a series of

* The able writer in the 'Quarterly Review,' already alluded to, who contends that Longinus wrote in his youth, yields his own case by admitting that Longinus's language would be inappropriate if he wrote after the accession of Maximin, when he would be only twenty-two. The attitude of the author to the youth to whom the treatise is addressed shows that he cannot have been a young man.

revolutions and civil wars. This surely was no period of world-wide peace. Nothing could overcome the improbability of a contemporary author having described it as such but the strongest external evidence, and there is no external evidence except the dubious, and in some cases, retracted superscription of MSS. I have the highest respect for genuine external testimony, and fear that it is in the habit of modern criticism to allow it too little weight. If a catena of classical authorities quoted the treatise as the work of Longinus, or Dionysius even, or any other author, I would accept their testimony, all difficulties notwithstanding. But not one classical authority ever quotes it at all. I therefore feel considerable surprise at the attitude assumed by Professor Saintsbury, a critic for whose judgments I entertain the highest respect. "There is," he says in his 'History of Criticism,' "absolutely no evidence against the authorship of Longinus, only a set of presumptions, most of which are sheer opinion, and carry no weight except as such." Is there no such thing as presumptive evidence? Surely the disturbed state of the world in the third century is not a matter of opinion but of fact, and the inconsistency of its condition with the statement of the author of the Treatise is a matter of fact also, and very obvious matter of fact besides.

Admitting, as I think we must, that the allusion to the peaceful character of the age puts the authorship of Longinus out of the question, it remains to be inquired at what period of Roman Imperial history such an allusion was most likely to have been

made. There is one period at which we know it might have been made, because it was made. The long-continued prevalence of peace is emphatically stated as a cause of the decline of eloquence in the anonymous 'Dialogue on Oratory' usually ascribed to Tacitus: *Longa temporum quies et continuum populi otium et assidua senatus tranquillitas*. This dialogue, which could not have been published under the despotism of Domitian, was probably written under Titus, A.D. 79—81. This, therefore, is a possible date for the 'Treatise on the Sublime,' and it may be said at once that there is no internal evidence inconsistent with it. It might, indeed, appear at first sight that the Treatise ought to be placed somewhat nearer to the time of Cæcilius, whose disquisition on the same subject it proposes to supersede. Cæcilius flourished about the beginning of the first century. But we see from the allusions made to him by Quintilian, about A.D. 90, that he had retained great authority as a critic, and might well be thought worthy of a reply at the end of the first century, or later. On the other hand, the peaceful condition of affairs alluded to by both authors endured for more than a hundred years after the date of the 'Dialogue on Oratory,' and there would be no insuperable objection to placing it at any time within this period which we may be able to confirm by a probable association with any person or event. Before examining whether there be any such we may remark that its generally lofty tone renders it, in our opinion, impossible to date it before the time of Seneca, from which the general tone of feeling, at

least among the literary classes, was much raised. A different moral atmosphere prevails thenceforth until the death of Marcus Aurelius, and we feel instinctively that this treatise is a child of the time. It is also to be observed that the most eminent representatives of the new morality were usually in some way connected with Rome, and that this is especially the case with our author, whose essay is addressed to a Roman, and who shows an acquaintance with Roman literature unusual in a Greek. Plutarch had this acquaintance, but, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of an eminent editor, the evidence of style seems decidedly against the identification of the biographer, who is, moreover, an indifferent literary critic, with the author of the Treatise.

If any piece of external evidence is to be found, it will consist in the identification of the person to whom the Treatise is addressed, Terentianus. And here, I think, Longinus's able translator and commentator, Professor Rhys Roberts, has rendered signal service. He points out that, although the MSS. are in every other place unanimous in reading the name of this person Terentianus, one of the best reads at the beginning *Florentianus*. As the same manuscript has Terentianus everywhere else where the name occurs, the editors are bound to reject this various reading, as they unanimously do. Professor Rhys Roberts, however, observes that the error cannot be fortuitous, that there must be some reason why it was committed. Remembering that the only literary Roman of the name of Terentianus with whom we are acquainted is called Terentianus

Maurus, he suggests that the original reading may have been *Maure Terentiane*, that *Maure* may have been corrupted into *Flore*, and that *Flore* and *Terentiane* may have grown together into the *Florentiane* of the MS. He does not put this forward as anything more than a conjecture; on the contrary, he scarcely appears to allow sufficient weight to the case which he has himself made out for the identification of the Terentianus with Terentianus Maurus. Not only is the supposition that *Maure* may originally have stood in the MS. highly plausible, but the Terentianus whom I have mentioned as a Latin man of letters is exactly the sort of person to whom we might have supposed the 'Treatise on the Sublime' to have been inscribed. He is the author of an ingenious and elegant poem on Latin metres, in which every metre under review is illustrated by verse composed after its own pattern. He must therefore have been a literary expert, versed beyond the common in metrical and grammatical studies, just the kind of man to whom our author's treatise would be likely to be inscribed, whether he be the actual person or not.

It would therefore be of considerable assistance towards determining the period of the author of the 'Treatise on the Sublime' if we could fix that of Terentianus Maurus, not that we shall ever be able positively to identify the author's friend with the poet, but, provided of course that this period is not an impossible one for the composition of the Treatise, we shall have established a presumption which may help to incline the scale. Quite apart from the

question of the 'Treatise, the matter is worthy of investigation with reference to Terentianus himself, because I believe it may be shown that he is at present placed too late. I cannot but suspect that the current belief that he wrote near the end of the third century deterred Professor Rhys Roberts from pressing his identity with the friend of the pseudo-Longinus as strongly as he might have done, for he would feel that in this case such identity was inconsistent with the date which he himself assigned to the 'Treatise on the Sublime.'* I suppose I shall not err in asserting that, as a rule, the soundest conclusions respecting the date of any Latin author are to be found in Teuffel's 'History of Roman Literature,' representing as they generally do the ripest fruits of critical investigation. This great authority in the first edition of his work placed Terentianus Maurus near the end of the third century, but in later editions at the end of the second. He had been originally influenced by the view of Lachmann in his edition of Terentianus (1836). Lachmann was always inclined to paradox in questions of scholarship, and in this instance his view partly rests upon a manifest error. Terentianus mentions Petronius, and must consequently have lived

* This passage is preserved as originally delivered at the request of Professor Rhys Roberts, who has, however, pointed out that he contributed in 1897 a paper on Longinus to the 'Journal of the Hellenic Society,' in which he stated most of the arguments for assigning to Terentianus Maurus a comparatively early date in the second century. The greater part of this paper was embodied in his translation of Longinus published in 1899, but the section on Terentianus was omitted from this, and was unknown to the writer when his paper was read to the Royal Society of Literature.

after him. In determining the date of Petronius, Lachmann deferred to the authority of Niebuhr, who, on the evidence of an inscription, placed Petronius under Septimius Severus. It followed that Petronius must be later than the beginning of the third century. But at the present day no one doubts that Petronius wrote under Nero, or Domitian at the latest; and this argument to establish the late date of Terentianus has fallen to the ground. Nor does there seem to be any conclusive reason for placing him very late in the second century. Terentianus quotes an elegant poet named Septimius Serenus, who wrote poems on country life in peculiar metres of his own invention. Lachmann and Teuffel, in his early editions, have placed him at the beginning of the third century. Why? The fragments we have of him are much too few and brief to afford any internal evidence, and the solitary piece of external evidence we possess, though too problematic to allow of any great stress being placed upon it, so far as it goes, makes the other way. One of the minor poems of Statius ('*Silvæ*,' iv, v) is addressed to an orator and poet, distinguished by his love of country life, called in the manuscripts *Septimius Serenus*, but if the probable emendation *Serenus* be admitted, the poet Serenus flourished in the reign of Domitian. There are difficulties both ways: on the one hand, the person celebrated by Statius certainly came from Leptis, the native city of the Emperor Severus; on the other, if he were related to Severus, it is strange that he should not be mentioned by Severus's biographer in the Augustan History, who is full of

family particulars. Whether, however, we can obtain a positive date for Serenus or not, there seems no reason for placing him, or consequently Terentianus in so far as the latter's mention of him is concerned, at any considerable interval after Domitian. But there is a nearer clue to the date of Terentianus. He speaks of the Faliscan verses of a poet whom he does not name in a way which seems to indicate that they were written near his time. In all probability this poet is to be identified with Annianus, who is frequently referred to elsewhere as the author of similar compositions, and for whose date we have the testimony of Aulus Gellius, who says that he had been accustomed to visit Annianus in his younger days. The 'Noctes Atticæ' of Gellius, where this statement is made, appear from internal evidence to have been written about A.D. 170. He was probably born about 120, and might have visited Annianus somewhere about 140 A.D. If, therefore, Terentianus is speaking, as he appears to be speaking, of Annianus as a comparatively recent poet, he might very well be writing a little after the middle of the second century. Before considering the bearing which this may have upon the date of the pseudo-Longinus, we must advert to the circumstance that Terentianus speaks of himself as an elderly man with grown-up children. The reading *νεαρία*, in the 'Treatise on the Sublime,' is disputed, though Professor Rhys Roberts is probably right in maintaining it. Apart, however, from any particular passage, the inference from the general tenor is irresistible that the person addressed was younger than the

writer, who appears rather in the light of an instructor than of an equal laying his views before a friend. With the data which we already possess for the probable period of the composition of Terentianus's poem, we may reasonably infer that, if he is the Terentianus of the 'Treatise on the Sublime,' this would reach him towards the end of Trajan's reign or in the early days of Hadrian.

The one point which may be considered absolutely certain respecting the date of the 'Treatise on the Sublime' is that it was written after and during a long period of profound peace, which, with the luxury it encouraged, was deemed by the thinkers of the time to be one of the two causes responsible for the admitted decay of eloquence. The other cause was the loss of political liberty. Both these causes were recognised as in operation under the Flavian dynasty, as we know from the 'Dialogue on Oratory'; both were still operating in the latter days of Trajan, the period when the author is most likely to have been in communication with Terentianus Maurus, supposing this author to have been the Terentianus addressed by him. Apart from this certainly dubious identification, there is but one reason for preferring the later date to the earlier; but it is one of weight. Could the censure of despotic government as the enemy of greatness in literature have been safely expressed under the Flavian dynasty? Certainly not under Domitian, who put Hermogenes, the historian, to death on account of certain expressions in his history; and probably not even under Vespasian. This difficulty

has been so much felt that it has been supposed that the Treatise was circulated privately, but this implies that the author knew his danger, and he would hardly have virtually suppressed his treatise for the sake of a few expressions not material to his main argument. Under Trajan or Hadrian the book might have been circulated without risk, and this is a strong reason for attributing the Treatise to their period. It may be added that, although the general style and manner seem to exclude the possibility of Plutarch's having been the author, the vocabulary and the general spirit of both authors appear to indicate that they wrote much at the same time. Plutarch's works were chiefly written under Trajan. It also deserves notice that Tacitus, returning in the days of Trajan to the subject of literary degeneracy which he had touched in the Dialogue, expresses himself with even more energy: "*Postquam bellatum apud Actium, atque omnem potestatem ad unum conferri pacis interfuit, magna illa ingenia cessere.*" The age of Trajan, therefore, is quite as likely a period for the utterance of Longinus's complaint as the first century.

If these views are correct, we must look for the author of the Treatise in some man of considerable distinction in the time of Trajan and Hadrian. I lay stress upon the point of distinction, because, when it is once admitted that he can be neither of the two eminent men to whom the work is attributed in the MSS., Longinus and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, we feel instinctively drawn to attribute it to some one entirely obscure. Upon examination we

must allow that this cannot be the case. It is indeed quite possible that the name of the author may have perished from modern knowledge, but it must clearly have been distinguished among his contemporaries. The bold, confident tone prevalent throughout bespeaks a man accustomed to lay down the law either as teacher or as orator, or both. He must have had considerable experience as a rhetorician or as a writer on rhetoric, or in both capacities, and have felt himself on a level with the best minds of his age. We further learn from him that this treatise is by no means his only composition. He tells us that he has written a critical essay on Xenophon, and two books on the orderly and harmonious arrangement of words, a subject all-important to a Greek orator. He also says that he had intended to write a treatise upon the Passions, but seems to intimate that he will make this a portion of his 'Essay on the Sublime,' the latter part of which is wanting. It appears, however, that he had written at least four separate books, one of which we know to be of the very highest merit, while the others, so far as compatible with the less interesting character of the subjects, were probably not inferior; nor is it likely that these summed up the entire literary activity of so superior a mind. He must therefore have held a distinguished place among contemporary authors in his department, and it is possible that unsuspected quotations from or allusions to him yet lurk in some ancient scholiast or grammarian. It is worth observing that no books on the subjects he mentions having treated are mentioned among the

lost writings of Longinus, for, although a treatise on the arrangement of words is attributed to the latter, it is merely on the strength of this passage in the 'Treatise on the Sublime.' There is a work on this subject among the extant writings of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, but we have seen that his authorship of the 'Treatise on the Sublime' is highly improbable.

We must cordially echo the conclusions and aspirations of Professor Rhys Roberts. "While," he says, "it is good science to refuse to hazard any conjecture which our information does not warrant, it is good science also to decline to follow some critics in abandoning all hope of ever seeing a solution of this knotty problem. Let us rather recognise that we are confronted with one of those stimulating and fruitful uncertainties which classical research so often presents to its votaries—uncertainties which are stimulating because there is some possibility of removing them, and fruitful because in any case they lead to the more thorough investigation of the obscurer byways of history and literature." Professor Rhys Roberts proceeds to mention as the best hope we have of solving the problems presented by this Treatise the recovery of a more perfect manuscript. The lacunæ in the MSS. which we possess amount to about a third of the book, and it is highly probable that some allusion decisive as to date or authorship might be found in the chapters now missing. So much has of late been effected in the recovery of ancient MSS. from Egyptian ruins that this hope no longer appears so chimerical as it might have done a few years ago. A mere frag-

ment might elucidate the date by the character of the handwriting.

If any proof of the authorship should be gained from the discovery of the missing portion of the *Treatise*, it will probably come in the shape of an allusion by the author to some work by him or some circumstance in his own life allowing of his identification with some distinguished man. If, for example, he should claim as his own any undoubted work of Plutarch, we should have to put aside all the arguments against Plutarch, convincing as these appear at present, and admit the '*Treatise on the Sublime*' to be his work. Only one such identification has been attempted hitherto. The eminent scholar Christ has pointed out that a treatise on the arrangement of words, and also a commentary on Xenophon, are enumerated among the lost works of Theon, a rhetorician of Alexandria. The coincidence is certainly remarkable, and would be entitled to much attention if Theon had lived in the latter half of the first or in the second century. But there is reason to suppose this Theon, who quotes no writer later than the reign of Tiberius, to have flourished in the first half of the first century, and the neat manual of rhetoric he has left us is quite unlike the '*Treatise on the Sublime*.'

Another possible clue may be suggested. When we find the names both of Dionysius and of Longinus prefixed to a treatise which cannot be the work of either, we are almost necessitated to suppose that the ancient copyists, struck with the great merit of the work and not knowing from whom it came,

attributed it conjecturally to the most eminent writer on rhetoric with whom they were acquainted.* Such is the general belief, and it is probably correct. But it is just possible that the Dionysius of the title does not denote Dionysius of Halicarnassus, but that the book was really the production of some other Dionysius, and came to be attributed to Longinus in consequence of his prænomen being, or being supposed to have been, Dionysius also. The copyist who wrote "of Dionysius or Longinus" on his manuscript may well have intended Dionysius of Halicarnassus, but this would not prove that the Treatise may not have been the work of some other person of the name, which was a very common one. If this were so, and our conjectures respecting the date of the Treatise are well founded, there is but one Dionysius of that period at present known to us to whom it could be attributed, the eminent rhetorician Dionysius of Miletus. Any attempt at an absolute identification would be hazardous; we can only say that the few characteristics of Dionysius of Miletus presented by Philostratus agree well with those which we may suppose to have belonged to the author of our Treatise. He was, we are told, studious of brevity, and, as our author certainly would have done, discouraged the cloying sweetness of the rhetoricians of his day, whom he admonished that honey should be administered with the finger, not with the whole hand. He appears to have been a man of

* It is worth remarking that Eunapius, in his life of Porphyry, written about the beginning of the fifth century, names Dionysius of Halicarnassus and Longinus together as the two most distinguished Greek critics.

great dignity and authority, and also of great modesty and temperance, and must have had some talent for administration, as Hadrian entrusted him with a government,—where is not stated, except that it was over “citizens of no mean city.” Hadrian also put him on the list of those entitled to public entertainment at the Alexandrian Museum, which would seem to argue some previous connection with the city. Professor Rhys Roberts has pointed out that our author seems to have some special points of contact with Alexandria. Dionysius had been a pupil of the eminent rhetorician Isæus, and his flourishing period may be roughly stated as the first third-part of the second century. He was a native of Lesbos, a circumstance which, if he were really the author of the ‘Treatise on the Sublime,’ would lend point to his quotation of the ode of Sappho’s, for the preservation of which we are indebted to this writer. These indications are exceedingly slight, but it may be said with some confidence that if the name of the author of our Treatise was Dionysius, and if he was neither Dionysius Longinus nor Dionysius of Halicarnassus, no person of the name hitherto known to us has so strong a claim as Dionysius of Miletus.*

We may sum up our general conclusions as follows:—That the author of the Treatise lived in an age of peace, which when he wrote had continued long and gave promise of indefinite continuance in

* The claim of Dionysius of Miletus was advocated by Professor Schoell, in his *History of Greek literature*, published in Paris in 1813, but he assigns no reasons.

the future. That this peace had been productive of wealth, which had in its turn developed luxury and extravagance. That the Roman world had so long been deprived of liberty that this deprivation and its consequences admitted of discussion as academical questions. That legacy hunting was a conspicuous feature of the times. That these circumstances, as well as the absence of allusions to writers later than the first century, are inconsistent with the period of Dionysius Longinus, the minister of Zenobia, whose authorship would otherwise have been most probable. That they accord best with the state of the world under Trajan and Hadrian. That if the Terentianus addressed by the author can be identified with Terentianus Maurus, the treatise may be referred with some confidence to the second decade of the second century, a date probable on other grounds. That the writer was an active man of letters in his day, and is probably to be identified with some person already known to us by name. That the possibility of his having been Dionysius of Miletus is not entirely unworthy of consideration.

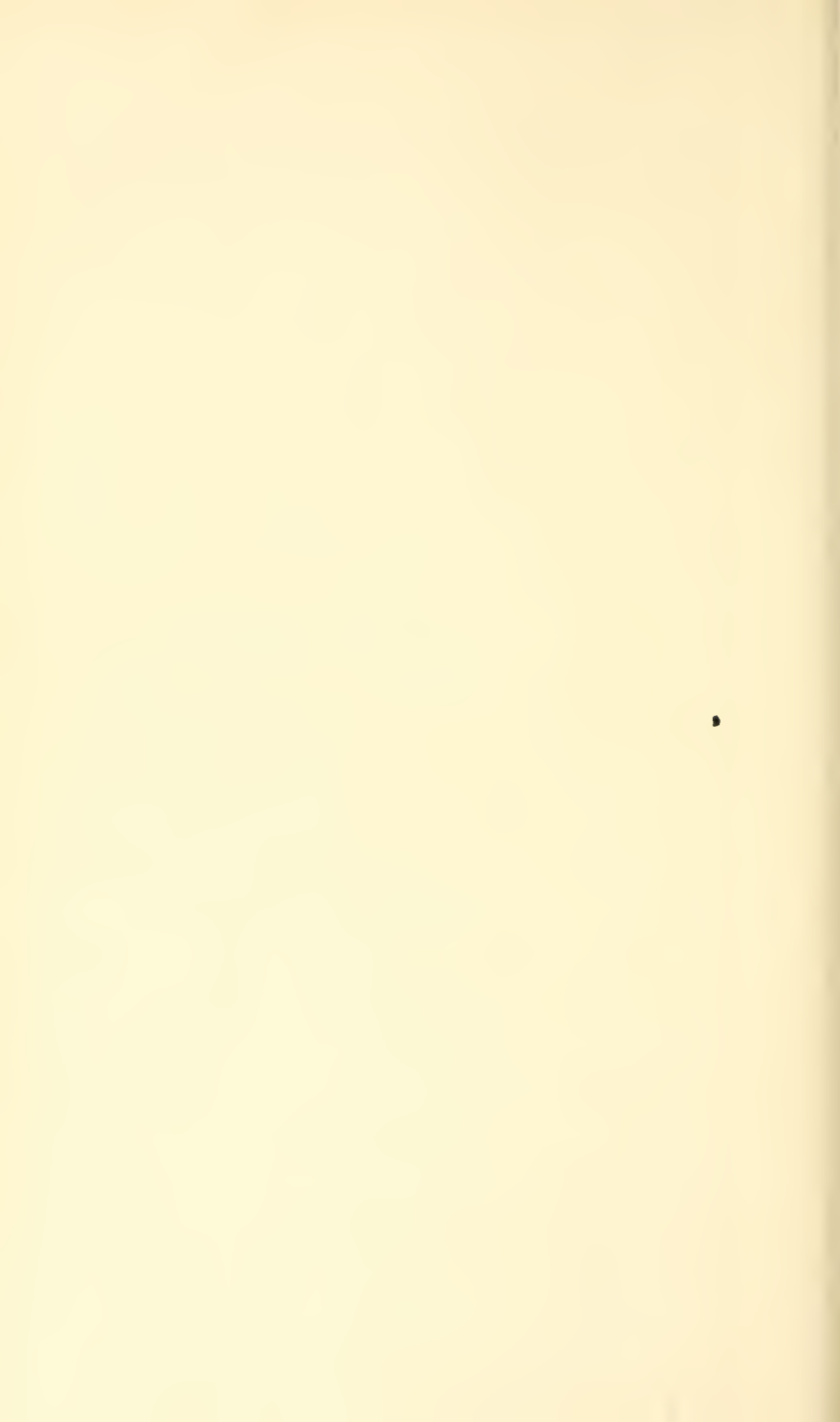
This is all that I can find to say upon the main subject of my paper, the purpose of which is not to deal with Longinus in his character as critic. I will only observe that he has great significance for our own day, and that Matthew Arnold seems to me to have been much indebted to him. There is one point, however, very subordinate, but of interest, upon which I may add a few words. Longinus cites as an instance of descriptive poetry whose picturesqueness amounts to sublimity, Euripides'

description of the Sun guiding and counselling Phaethon after he has entrusted the reins of his own chariot to his hands. Euripides says, as rendered in Mr. Way's version, contributed to Professor Rhys Roberts's translation of Longinus:—

“ Hard after on a fiery star his sire
Rode, counselling his son—Ho, thither drive !
Hither thy car turn, hither ! ”

The word which Mr. Way has translated “fiery star” is, in the original MSS. of Longinus, “of Sirius,” the dog-star. Literally, “The father rode behind, having ascended the back of Sirius.” But many of the editors of Longinus, and all the editors of Euripides, have adopted the emendation of *σεῖραϊον* instead of *Σειρόιον*. *Σειράϊος ἵππος* is the outer horse on either side; so that if the Sun mounted him, he would be riding in front of the driver, Phaethon. Mr. Way, in a letter to Professor Rhys Roberts, protests against this emendation, which, as he points out, cannot be reconciled with the poet's express statement that the Sun rode behind Phaethon (*ὀπίσθε*). I should like to say a word in his support. It is manifest that the learned men who have adopted the emendation, *σεῖραϊον*, have formed no clear picture of the situation in their minds. The poet's idea evidently is that the Sun, riding behind and slightly above Phaethon, is able to take a comprehensive view all around, and see things which might well escape Phaethon's attention, occupied as he is with the management of “his snorting four.” He is therefore continually calling out to his son from behind

and directing him to go this way or that. Nothing could be more spirited. But imagine the Sun seated upon a horse in front of the car, "his own postillion," as Mr. Peacock says, and he is evidently unable to give his son any clear directions, except by turning round in the most undignified manner. Is it not further manifest that unless he is able to control all four horses, and not one only, he must himself be involved in Phaethon's catastrophe; and that if he can control them the catastrophe will not happen at all? As observed by the late Thomas Love Peacock, in his restoration of the Phaethon in his "*Horæ Dramaticæ*," "he had indisputably abandoned the guidance of the chariot wholly and exclusively to Phaethon." Mr. Peacock's remarks are exceedingly to the point, but he has somewhat injured his own case by proposing the unnecessary emendation, ἐν ᾧ τὰ for νῶτα. His idea seems to have been that Sirius ought himself to be riding in a chariot, which the Sun would enter; but, as Mr. Way remarks, "there is nothing improbable in Sirius being represented as a single horse." The reason for the introduction of Sirius is evident:—There is a time in the year when Sirius rises with the Sun, and "their horses run side by side along the circle of the sky." The conception of Sirius thus affording a steed for the Sun when he has temporarily yielded up his own is a fine one, and the spirit and picturesqueness of the passage, which the unlucky emendation, σεῖρατον, would entirely destroy, amply merit the commendation bestowed upon them by Longinus.



REPORT
OF THE
Royal Society of Literature,
20, *HANOVER SQUARE*, W.
AND
LIST OF FELLOWS.
1903.

Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom.

Founded in 1825 by H.M. King George the Fourth.

Patron.

1901. *HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.*

COUNCIL AND OFFICERS FOR 1903-4.

President.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALSBURY, F.R.S., LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

Vice-Presidents.

SIR CHARLES NICHOLSON, Bt., D.C.L., LL.D.
GEN. SIR COLLINGWOOD DICKSON, R.A., G.C.B., V.C.
REV. THE MASTER OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, D.D.
E. W. BRABROOK, Esq., C.B., F.S.A., V.P.A.I.
J. S. PHENÉ, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.
THE BARON DE WORMS, F.S.A.
JAMES CURTIS, Esq., F.S.A.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY, F.S.A.
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.
J. HENNIKER HEATON, Esq., M.P.

Council.

PERCY W. AMES, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.
REV. H. J. DUKINFELD ASTLEY, M.A.
WILLIAM BOLTON, Esq.
CHARLES ANGELL BRADFORD, Esq., F.S.A.
REV. F. STJOHN CORBETT, M.A.
SAMUEL DAVEY, Esq.
PROFESSOR ROMESH DUTT, C.I.E.
ARNOLD FRANCKE, Esq.
EMANUEL GREEN, Esq., F.S.A.
E. GILBERT HIGHTON, Esq., M.A.
H. M. IMBERT-TERRY, Esq.
REV. CANON MACCOLL, M.A., D.D.
KENNETH MCKEAN, Esq.
PHILIP H. NEWMAN, Esq., R.B.A.
REV. H. G. ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D.
T. CATO WORSFOLD, Esq., F.R.Hist.S.

Officers.

Treasurer.—E. W. BRABROOK, Esq., C.B., F.S.A.

Hon. Foreign Secretary.—ARNOLD FRANCKE, Esq.

Secretary and Librarian.—PERCY W. AMES, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.

Auditors.—{ R. INIGO TASKER, Esq.
 { REV. WM. WILLIAMSON, B.A.

Royal Society of Literature.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

APRIL 29TH, 1903.

IN the unavoidable absence of the RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALSBURY, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, Dr. PHENÉ, *Vice-President*, took the Chair.

THE Notice convening the Meeting was read by the Secretary. The Minutes of the Anniversary Meeting of 1902 were read and signed. The following was presented as the—

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

THE Council of the Royal Society of Literature have the honour to report that since the last Anniversary Meeting, held on April 23rd,

1902, there have been the following changes in, and additions to, the number of Fellows of the Society.

They have to announce the loss by death or other causes of—

H. C. LEIGH BENNETT, Esq.

B. N. DUTT, Esq.

MISS KENEALY.

REV. W. T. LARDGE.

CHAS. GODFREY LELAND, Esq.

J. Y. W. MACALISTER, Esq.

H. A. NEEDHAM, Esq.

DR. G. A. TUCKER.

On the other hand, they have much pleasure in announcing the election, as Honorary Fellows, of—

THE RIGHT HON. LORD AVEBURY, F.R.S.

THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

S. R. CROCKETT, Esq.

PROFESSOR F. DOWDEN, M.A.

GEORGE MACDONALD, Esq., LL.D.

And as Ordinary Fellows—

DR. C. W. BOTWOOD.

W. A. BOWEN, ESQ., LL.B.

MISS VIOLET DEFRIES.

W. C. DEVEREUX, ESQ.

L. J. H. DICKINSON, ESQ.

DR. R. GARNETT, C.B.

M. A. GEROTHWOHL, ESQ.

MRS. AYLMER GOWING.

MISS EMILY HUGHES.

GALLOWAY KYLE, ESQ.

J. J. LANE, ESQ.

JOHN SMEDLEY NORTON, ESQ.

THOS. B. TILLEY, ESQ., B.LITT.

Charles Godfrey Leland, M.A., Hon. F.R.S.L., author of Hans Breitmann's ballads, died this year at Florence on the 20th March in his seventy-ninth year. He was a student and writer of immense energy and industry, and published over twenty original works, and contributed papers to literary societies, and to Oriental, social science, and folk-lore congresses.

He studied at the universities of Princetown, Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris. He was an original member of the Rabelais Club and of the Hungarian Folk-lore Society, and was President of the Gipsy-lore Society. He was admitted to the American Bar, but only practised law for three or four years, the greater part of his long life being devoted to journalism, literature, folk-lore, and art. He took an active part in the revolution in France in 1848, and in the American Civil War in 1864. During his visits to London he attended meetings of the Royal Society of Literature, and on June 23rd, 1886, he read a paper on *The Legends of the Algonquin Indians*; and on July 6th, 1887, another on the *Literary Training of the Memory and of the Eye*.

Dr. G. A. Tucker, who died in November last year, was elected a Fellow of the Society in 1883, and served on the Council from 1890 to 1900. He will be remembered for his

researches into the causes of lunacy, and for his exhaustive reports to the Government of New South Wales on the treatment of the insane and the administration of asylums throughout Australasia, North America, and Europe. In the course of these labours he travelled 140,000 miles, and personally inspected 400 institutions.

The Balance-sheet for 1902, showing the financial state of the Society, after being laid on the table for the information of the Fellows, is printed with this Report as follows :

Royal Society of Literature.

Dr. CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1902. Cr.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance forward	By Rent and House Charges
Dividends on Investments	Salaries and Commissions
Entrance Fees and Compositions	Stationery and Postages
Subscriptions	Printing
Sale of Publications	Library
Amount due to petty cash	Balance—Cash at Bank
	88	14	6		249	8	8
	211	1	6		150	0	0
	63	0	0		26	4	2½
	245	14	0		31	11	6
	15	8	7		3	17	2
	1	6	8½		164	3	9
	£625	5	3½		£625	5	3½

Vouchers produced.

Examined and found correct.

R. INIGO TASKER.
T. CATO WORSFOLD.

April 22nd, 1903.

BALANCE-SHEET, DECEMBER 31ST, 1902.

<i>Liabilities.</i>	£	s.	d.	<i>Assets.</i>	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Amount owing for Rent and Salary ...	95	0	0	By Investments—						
Compositions received in 1902 ...	63	0	0	£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock,	214	0	0			
Amount owing to Dr. Richards' Fund ...	59	16	7	1931 ...						
Dr. Richards' Fund at date, viz.—				£1659 2s. 11d. Queensland 4 per						
Principal as estimated, and ac-				cent. Stock, 1924 ...	1758	13	10			
cumulated interest, brought	£2904	12	4	£1667 7s. 7d. Victoria 4 per						
forward ...	78	14	1	cent. Stock, 1881 ...	1667	7	7			
Interest received in 1902 ...				£2119 10s. Canada 4 per cent.						
				Stock, 1904 ...	2151	5	10			
Decreased Value of Investments	2983	6	5					5791	7	3
	41	17	6	Cash at Bankers ...				164	3	9
				Stock of Publications (as estimated) ...				250	0	0
Balance, being surplus at 31st Dec., 1902 ...	2941	8	11	Dr. Richards' Fund, Investments, and Cash—						
	5986	9	5	£500 Consols ...	405	0	0			
				£1800 Metropolitan 3½ per cent.						
				Stock ...	1926	0	0			
				£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock ...	214	0	0			
				Amount owing from General						
				Fund ...	59	16	7			
				Cash at Bankers ...	275	7	4			
								2940	3	11
								£9145	14	11

Examined and found correct according to Messrs. Coutts & Co.'s Statement of the Consols and Inscribed Stocks in their possession.

April 22nd, 1903.

R. INIGO TASKER.
T. CATO WORSFOLD.

The following Papers have been read before the Society since the last Anniversary Meeting :

I. April 23rd, 1902. E. W. Brabrook, Esq., C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *The Fools, Jesters, and Comic Characters in Shakspeare*, by SAMUEL DAVEY, Esq., F.R.S.L.

II. May 28th, 1902. Dr. Phené, F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Literary Forgeries of the Eighteenth Century*, by WM. BOLTON, Esq., F.R.S.L.

III. June 18th, 1902. James Curtis, Esq., F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Pageantry and Art*, by PHILIP H. NEWMAN, Esq., R.B.A., F.R.S.L.

IV. July 9th, 1902. J. Henniker Heaton, Esq., M.P., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Literature and Politics: the Accession of Sultan Mahomet III; a Literary Puzzle*, by THE REV. H. G. ROSEDALE, D.D., F.R.S.L.

V. November 26th, 1902. E. Gilbert Highton, Esq., M.A., Member of Council, in the chair. A Paper on *Gil Vicente*, by DR. W. E. A. AXON, F.R.S.L.; also a Paper on *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, by MRS. AYLMER GOWING, F.R.S.L.

VI. January 28th, 1903. Dr. Phené, F.S.A.,

Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Tree and Pillar Worship*, by THE REV. H. J. DUKINFELD ASTLEY, M.A., F.R.S.L.

VII. February 25th, 1903. E. W. Brabrook, Esq., C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Tennyson's "Lover's Tale:" its Original and Analogues*, by DR. W. E. A. AXON, F.R.S.L.

VIII. March 25th, 1903. James Curtis, Esq., F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *S. T. Coleridge as a Lake Poet*, by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, ESQ., M.A., HON. F.R.S.L.

The Secretary, acting also as Librarian R.S.L., has drawn up the following report of donations to the Library of the Society since the last Anniversary. These are classified under the several headings of Governments or Societies, Home, Colonial, and Foreign; Public Institutions, and Individual Donors.

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Home.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Journal to date.

EAST INDIA ASSOCIATION.—Journal to date.

GUILDHALL, *per* Town Clerk.—Calendar of Letter-books of the City of London. Letter-book D. Edited by Reginald R. Sharpe, D.C.L.

MANCHESTER GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Journal to date.

ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE. — Proceedings, Vol. XXXIII. 8°.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.—Proceedings and Transactions.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Geographical Journal to date.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Proceedings and List of Members.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON.—Proceedings to date.

——— Archæologia. Vol. LVIII, Part i.

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHÆOLOGY.—Proceedings to date.

THE PEWTERERS' COMPANY.—The History of the Worshipful Company of Pewterers of the City of London. By Charles Welch, F.S.A. 2 vols., 8°. London, 1902.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—Calendar.

GOVERNMENTS.

Colonial.

NEW ZEALAND.—From the Registrar-General. New Zealand Official Year Book, 1902.

——— Statistics of the Colony of New Zealand, 1900.

——— Census of New Zealand, 1901.

FROM THE AGENT-GENERAL.—The Seven Colonies of Australasia, 1901-2. By T. A. Coghlan.

——— Year Book of New South Wales, 1903.

——— Picturesque New South Wales. By T. A. Coghlan.

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Colonial.

CANADA, DOMINION OF.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.—Proceedings and Transactions. Second Series, Vol. VI. Ottawa.

——— Geological Survey, Annual Report, General Index, 1900.

AFRICA.—BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA CO.—Reports on the Administration of Rhodesia, 1900—1902. Appendix to ditto.

AUSTRALIA.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.—
Journal and Proceedings.

MALTA.—MALTESE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Report
and Rules, 1902.

NEW ZEALAND.—NEW ZEALAND INSTITUTE.—Transac-
tions and Proceedings. From Sir James Hector,
Director Colonial Museum of New Zealand.

TASMANIA.—Handbook of Tasmania. From the Agent-
General.

Foreign.

BELGIUM.—SOCIÉTÉ DES BOLLANDISTES.—*Analecta Bol-
landiana*.

DENMARK.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES,
COPENHAGEN.—*Nordiske Fortidsminder*.

ITALY.—ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, TURIN.—*Atti*,
continued to date. *Meteorological Observations*,
1902-3. *Memorie*, Vol. LII.

ITALY.—ROYAL LOMBARD INSTITUTE, MILAN.—*Rendi-
conti*, 8°. Ser. ii continued to date. General
Index, 1889-1900.

RUSSIA.—IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, ST. PETERS-
BURG.—*Bulletins*.

The Society has received the following from individual donors :

ADLARD & SON, Messrs.—Palæontographical Society,
Vols. LV and LVI.

ANON.—À la mémoire de François Chabas.

BAKER, CHAS. E., F.R.S.L., *Author*.—Local Education.
London, 1903.

CORBETT, REV. F. ST. JOHN, M.A., F.R.S.L., *Author*.—
A Thousand Things to say in Sermons.

FORSHAW, DR. CHAS. F., F.R.S.L., *Editor*.—Odes on
the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh.

GEROTHWOHL, MAURICE A., F.R.S.L., *Editor*.—Le Bour-
geois Gentilhomme.

——— Emile Sigogne.

HIGGINS, MRS. NAPIER, F.R.S.L., *Author*.—The Ber-
nards of Abington and Nether Winchendon.
2 vols., 8°. London, 1903.

HILBERT, JAMES, *Author*.—Monimenta.

KIDD, W., *Author*.—The Dundee Market Crosses and
Tolbooths.

MIFFLIN, LLOYD, *Author*.—At the Gates of Song.
London, 1901.

MULLICK, PROMATHA NATH., *Author*.—History of the
Vaisyas of Bengal. 1 vol., Calcutta, 1902.

ROSEDALE, REV. DR. H. G., F.R.S.L., *Author*.—The
Growth of Religious Ideals. 1 vol., London, 1902.

RUSSELL, EDMUND, *Author*.—The Arts of India. Calcutta, 1901.

STANLEY, MABEL F., F.R.S.L., *Author*.—A Manual for Assistants' Examination, Apothecaries' Hall.

WATSON, EDWARD J., F.R.S.L., *Editor*.—Pleas of the Crown, taken at Bristol, A.D. 1221.

WELCKER, ADAIR, *Author*.—A Dream of Realms beyond us.

WORSFOLD, T. CATO, F.R.S.L., *Author*.—Staple Inn and its Story. London, 1903.

The thanks of the Society are due to the respective Editors and Proprietors of the following Journals for presentation copies:—The *Athenæum* and the *Edinburgh Review* to date.

The subscription has been continued to the New English Dictionary.

The following resolutions were agreed to by the meeting:

That the entrance fee be re-imposed.

That the amount payable henceforward for life-composition be thirty guineas.

The list of names recommended by the outgoing Council as the Officers and Council for 1903-4 having been submitted to ballot, the scrutineers, Dr. T. C. Woodman and the Rev. Dr. Wm. C. Minifie, reported that the House List was unanimously adopted by the meeting. The list will be found *ante*, on the leaf facing the commencement of the Report.

FELLOWS OF THE SOCIETY.

The sign † indicates an Honorary Fellow. c = a Compounder.

Year of
election.

1894. †HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.
1901. MARCUS ANSLOW ALABONE, Esq., L.R.C.P.E.,
L.R.C.S.E., L.F.P.S., F.R.M.S., 20, Lower
Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.
1899. ROBERT VICKERY ALLEN, Esq., Guilden Morden,
Royston, Hertfordshire.
1878. cPERCY WILLOUGHBY AMES, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.,
Secretary and Librarian, 20, Hanover Square,
W.
1861. cTHE RIGHT HON. LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY,
F.S.A., *Vice-President*, 8, Grosvenor Square,
W.; Didlington Hall, Brandon, Norfolk; and
Athenæum Club.
1902. REV. HUGH JOHN DUKINFIELD ASTLEY, M.A.,
Council, East Rudham Vicarage, King's Lynn,
Norfolk. (Hon. Edit. Sec., B.A.A.)
1903. †THE RIGHT HON. LORD AVEBURY, D.C.L., LL.D.,
F.R.S., 6, St. James's Square, S.W.; High
Elms, Down, Kent; and Athenæum Club.
1868. WILLIAM E. A. AXON, Esq., LL.D., 6, Cecil
Street, Greenheys, Manchester.

Year of
election.

1901. REV. ALBERT BAGE, Hon. Ph.D., 28, Birklands Road, Shipley, Yorks.
1901. HENRY BELLISE BAILDON, Esq., M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S.E., University College, Dundee.
1899. CHARLES E. BAKER, Esq., J.P., Park Hill Lodge, Shortlands, Kent.
1901. N. BALSUBRAMANYAN, Esq., M.A., M.R.A.S., Purasaoakam, Madras.
1903. †REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A., J.P., Rector Lew-Trenchard, Lew-Trenchard House, N. Devon.
1872. REV. FREDERICK A. BILLING, M.A., D.D., LL.D., 7, St. Donatt's Road, Lewisham High Road, S.E.
1899. FRANK M. BLADEN, Esq., LL.B., Barrister-at-Law, Public Library, Sydney, N.S.W.
1869. cSIR FRANCIS GEORGE MANNINGHAM BOILEAU, Bt., F.S.A., Ketteringham Park, Wymondham, Norfolk.
1898. WILLIAM BOLTON, Esq., *Council*, 36, Elgin Road, Addiscombe, Croydon.
1902. HERBERT LLEWELLYN BOOTH, Esq., Pretoria.
1902. DR. C. W. BOTWOOD, Micklegate, York.
1902. WILLIAM A. BOWEN, Esq., LL.B., Mombasa, British East Africa.
1865. cEDWARD WILLIAM BRABROOK, Esq., C.B., F.S.A., F.S.S., Vice-President of the Anthropological Institute, *Vice-President* and *Treasurer*, Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, S.W.
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